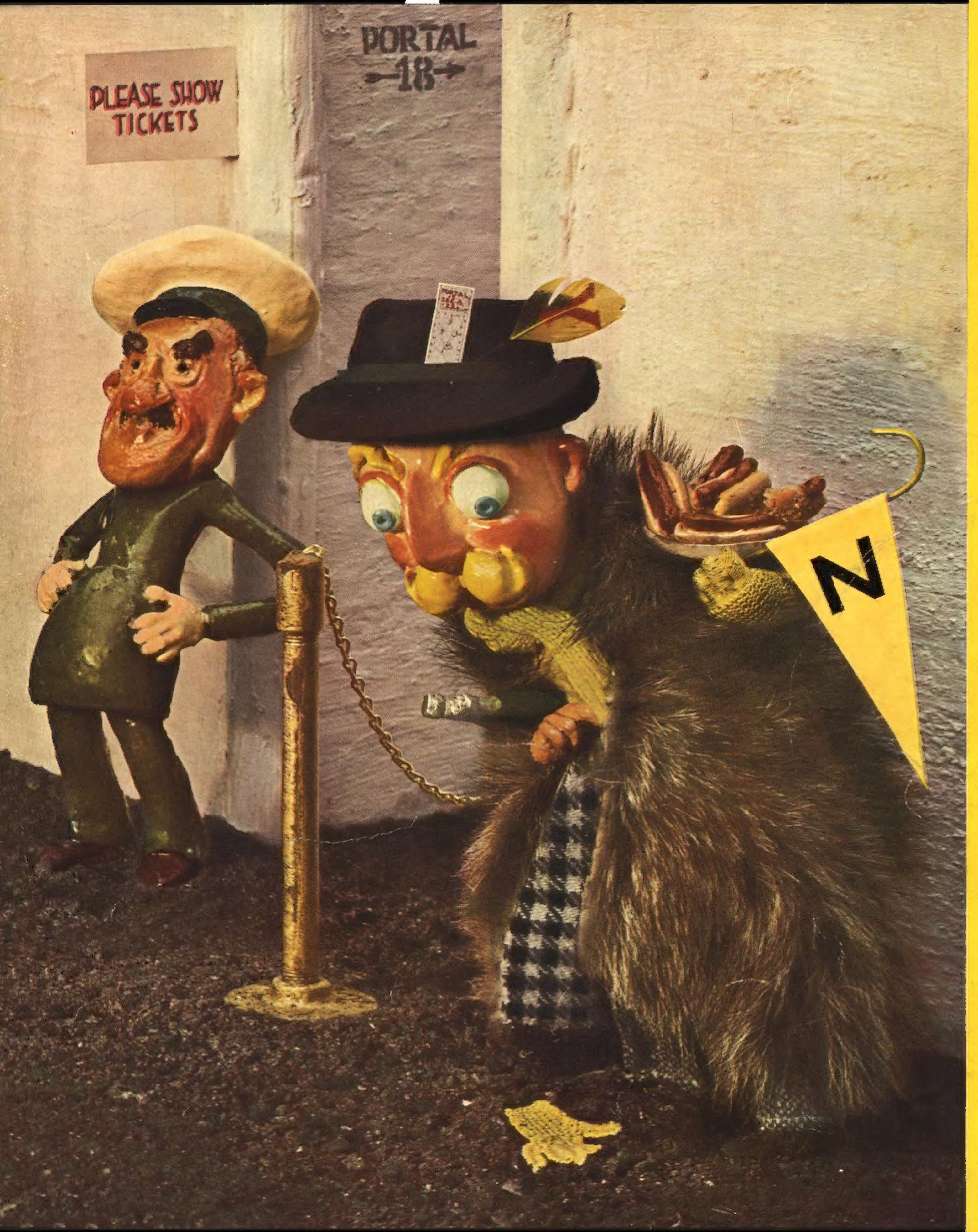
A. N. C.

NOVEMBER

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES
THEODORE DREISER
HAVELOCK ELLIS
HENDRIK W. VAN LOON
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
FRANK SCULLY
PAUL W. KEARNEY
EDWARD M. BARROWS
MAJ. HOWARD S. REED
JOHN D. MORSE
RUSSELL BOYD

FICTION
HANS FALLADA
CONRAD AIKEN
BEN HECHT
JOHN COLLIER
NAHUM SABSAY
ANTHONY GITTINS
ROBERT BUCKNER
HARRY ASHE

SPORTS
HARRY G. KIPKE
HAROLD TITUS
CHARLES PARMER
ROGER WARNER

HUMOR
REX BEACH
HOMER CROY
JOSEPH SCHRANK
REED JOHNSTON

POETRY
ALFRED KREYMBORG

DEPARTMENTS
GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

PHOTOGRAPHY
REMIE LOHSE
DUDLEY LEE

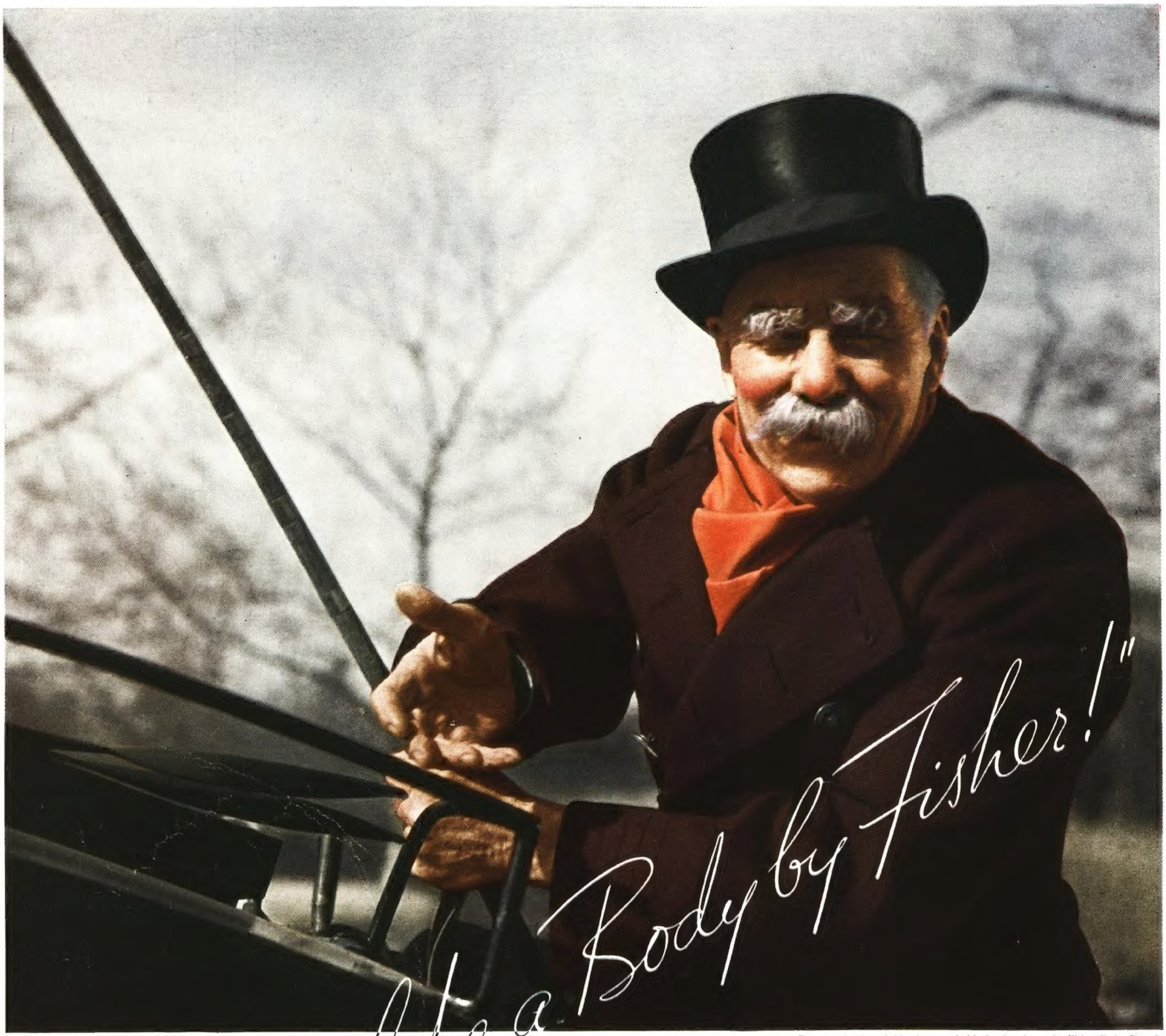
CARTOONS
JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
D. McKAY
SIDNEY HOFF
ABNER DEAN
EVERETT SHINN
HOWARD BAER
TY MAHON
JAY IRVING
RODNEY de SARRO
GEORGE LICHTY
PAUL WEBB
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 9

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

Nov 1934


"Nothing like a Body by Fisher!"

For reproduction of this picture suitable for framing write Fisher Body, Detroit

The taxi has replaced the cab—horsepower the horse. But progress does *not* and never will replace the value and virtue of good craftsmanship. The honest desire of competent men to do good work, remains one of the most inspiring and hopeful signs in this troubled world. It explains why the vehicle of many an old cabby has outlasted its era. It explains why people seek out and prize century-old furniture, fine metal and the well-wrought handiwork of other days. It is the plain blunt kind of integrity that has been passed down, father and son, to those who build Body by Fisher. Fortifying the utility and value of General Motors cars, it goes far to explain their rugged safety, their restful quiet, their satisfying beauty, their incomparably long life.

Body by Fisher

on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

ESQUIRE
November, 1934

ESQUIRE is published monthly by the Esquire Publishing Company, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 40 East 34th Street, New York, New York. Subscriptions for one year, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00 in advance; in Canada, $6.00; elsewhere, $7.00. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. II, No. 6
Whole No. 12

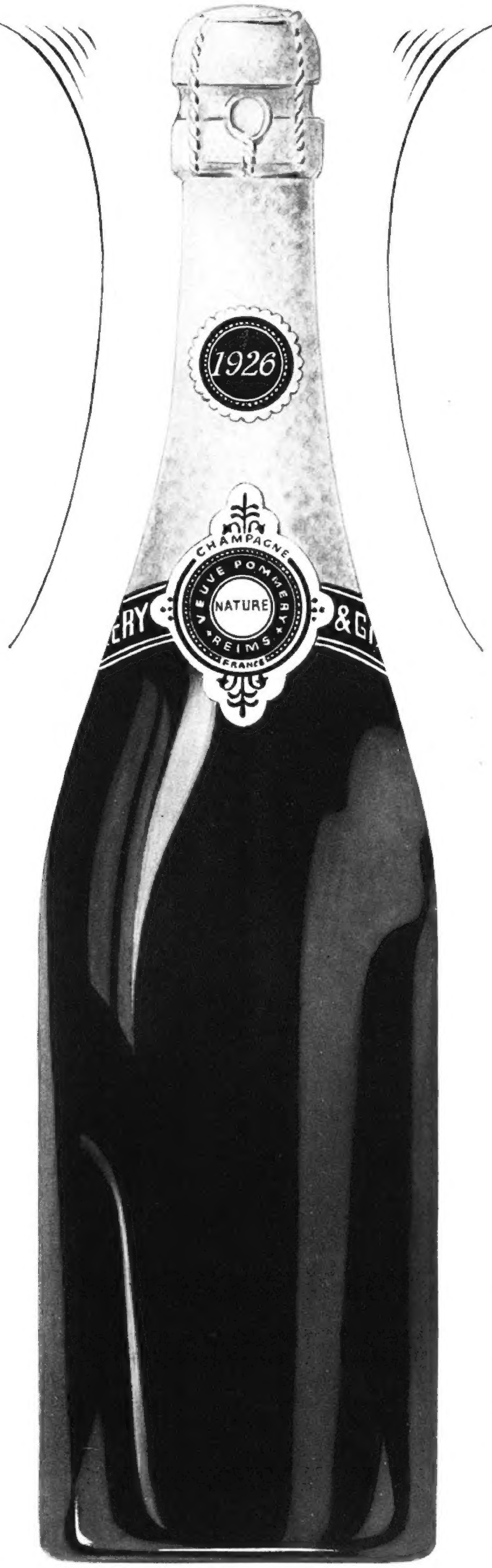
Discriminating people automatically accept some few names as standards of excellence. In gin, DIXIE BELLE enjoys the enviable favor of those whose taste is unquestioned. Flawless smoothness. Restrained but definite bouquet. Flavor that blends gracefully without overplaying its part. Such superior qualities are the result of surpassing equipment and scientifically controlled distillation in America's Largest Distillery. DIXIE BELLE'S merit, not its moderate price, won overwhelming preference this first year of Repeal. Distilled and bottled by Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia. Another Continental quality liquor is Rittenhouse Square 100 proof Straight Rye Whisky.

DIXIE BELLE
DISTILLED
DRY
GIN

Cocktail hour at the Waldorf

In The Oasis Room

DIXIE BELLE distilled dry GIN



The very name POMMERY spells "perfection" the civilized world over . . . known from 1836 to 1934 as the ultimate in Champagne . . . the unvarying choice of the notables of almost a century.

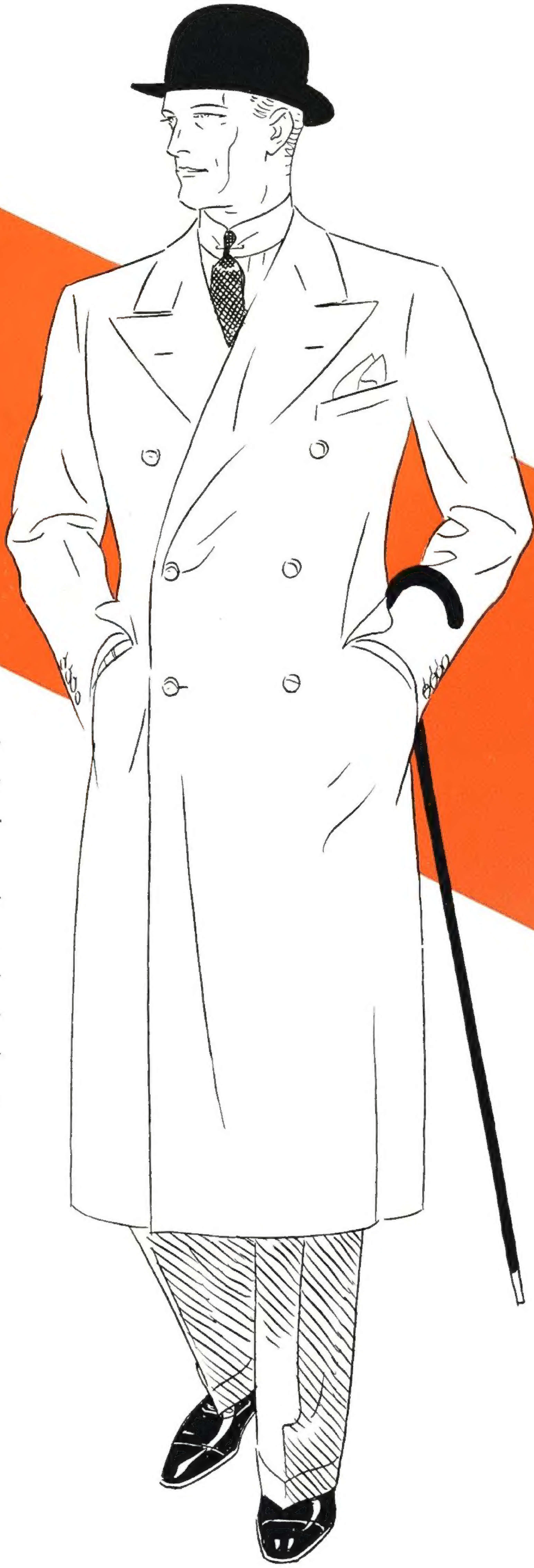
So when the memorable occasion calls for a really memorable wine (or if you insist on nothing less than the finest on any occasion) think of one wine . . . and one wine only . . . POMMERY.

POMMERY & GRENO . . . FOUNDED 1836 . . . REIMS

SOLE UNITED STATES DISTRIBUTORS: IMPORT DIVISION, McKESSON SPIRITS CO., INC., NEW YORK

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
QUALITY SINCE 1833

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK



THE
FINCHLEY
GUARD OVERCOAT

THE ENGLISH GUARD COAT, SKETCHED, WAS ORIGINATED BY FINCHLEY IN COLLABORATION WITH A FAMOUS LONDON CUSTOM TAILOR. IT EMBRACES ALL THE TONE, GRACE AND VIRILITY ASSOCIATED WITH THE RED-COATED, BLACK BUSBIED GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WITH EVERY DETAIL OF TAILORING STAUNCHLY ADHERED TO IN THE INIMITABLE FASHION PARK MANNER. IN FINE QUALITY BLUE OR GRAY CHINCHILLA. EXPERT ATTENTION GIVEN MAIL ORDERS WITH SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS

AND MORE

FINCHLEY INTERNATIONAL CORRECT FALL DRESS
GUIDE AND CATALOG MAILED ON REQUEST

Finchley

FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

JACKSON BLVD.
CHICAGO

When Correctness is Essential . . .

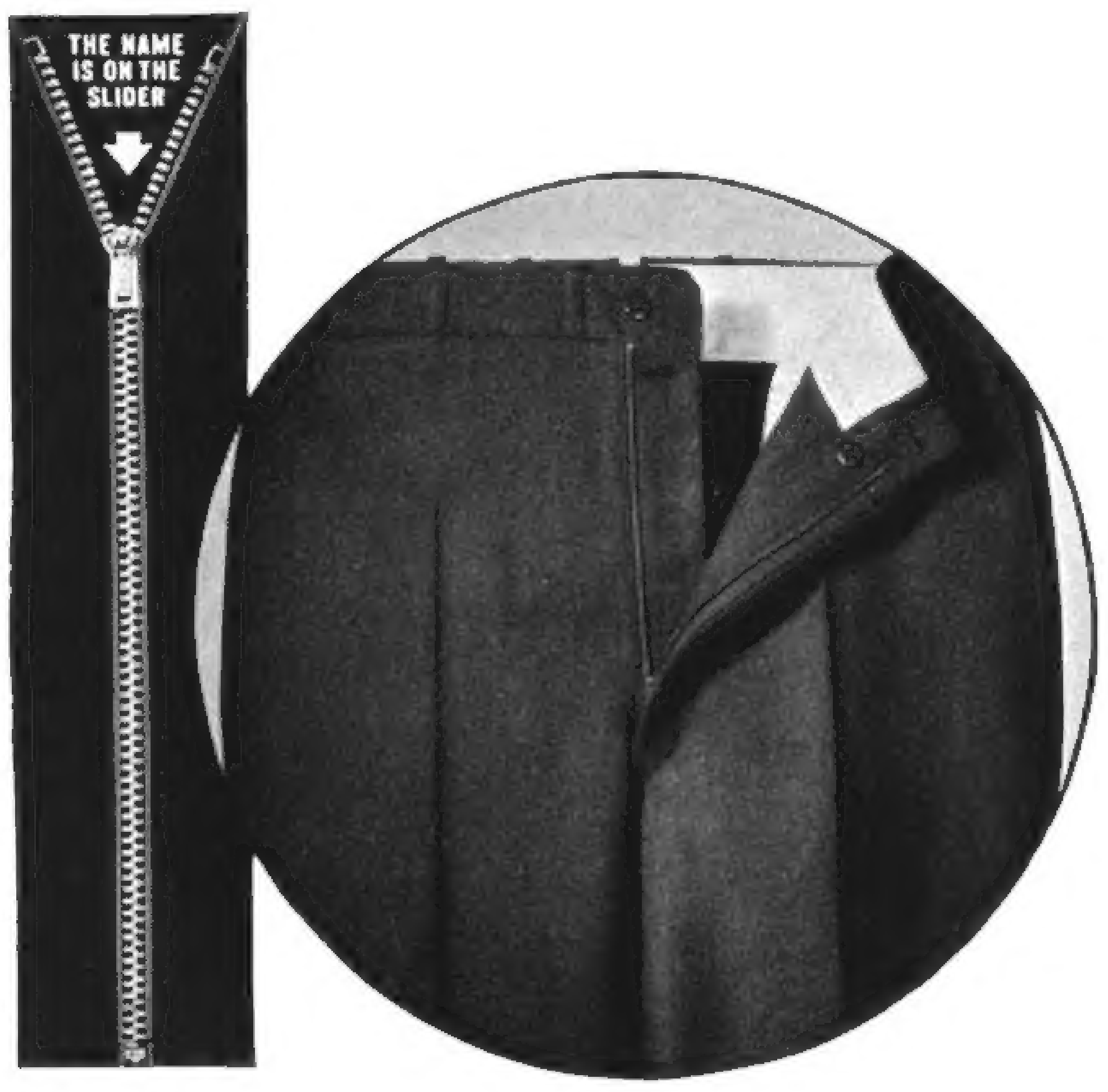
wear

Trousers tailored with TALON

No matter how perfect the cut of a coat or a waistcoat, no man is perfectly tailored whose trousers are marred by the bulk and ugliness of the old button closure.

In the formal, as in the business world, thousands of men today are wearing trousers closed with the little, light, invisible Talon Slide Fastener, which means not only security and convenience, but a smooth, thin, continuous, seamlike closure that is the last refinement of tailoring.

Social judgments are merciless. Men who insist upon being perfectly turned out can meet them fearlessly with the added distinction which the Talon Slide Fastener has brought to trousers.


THE NAME IS ON THE SLIDER

HOW TALON BRINGS NEW TAILORING DISTINCTION TO TROUSERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

1 Talon Trouser Fastener is a special slide fastener made expressly for trouser use . . . very small and extremely flexible.

2 Talon Trouser Fastener is absolutely invisible when the fly is closed—almost invisible when the fly is open.

3 Talon Trouser Fastener scientifically applied—it is impossible for it to catch in underclothing.

4 Talon Trouser Fastener creates a continuous closure so smooth and *thin* that only a fine line indicates the opening.

5 Talon Trouser Fastener eliminates the ugliness of the button fly. Side wrinkles and gaps between buttons are gone.

6 With Talon Trouser Fastener, the old buttonhole strip is omitted—eliminating the bulkiness of fly tailoring.

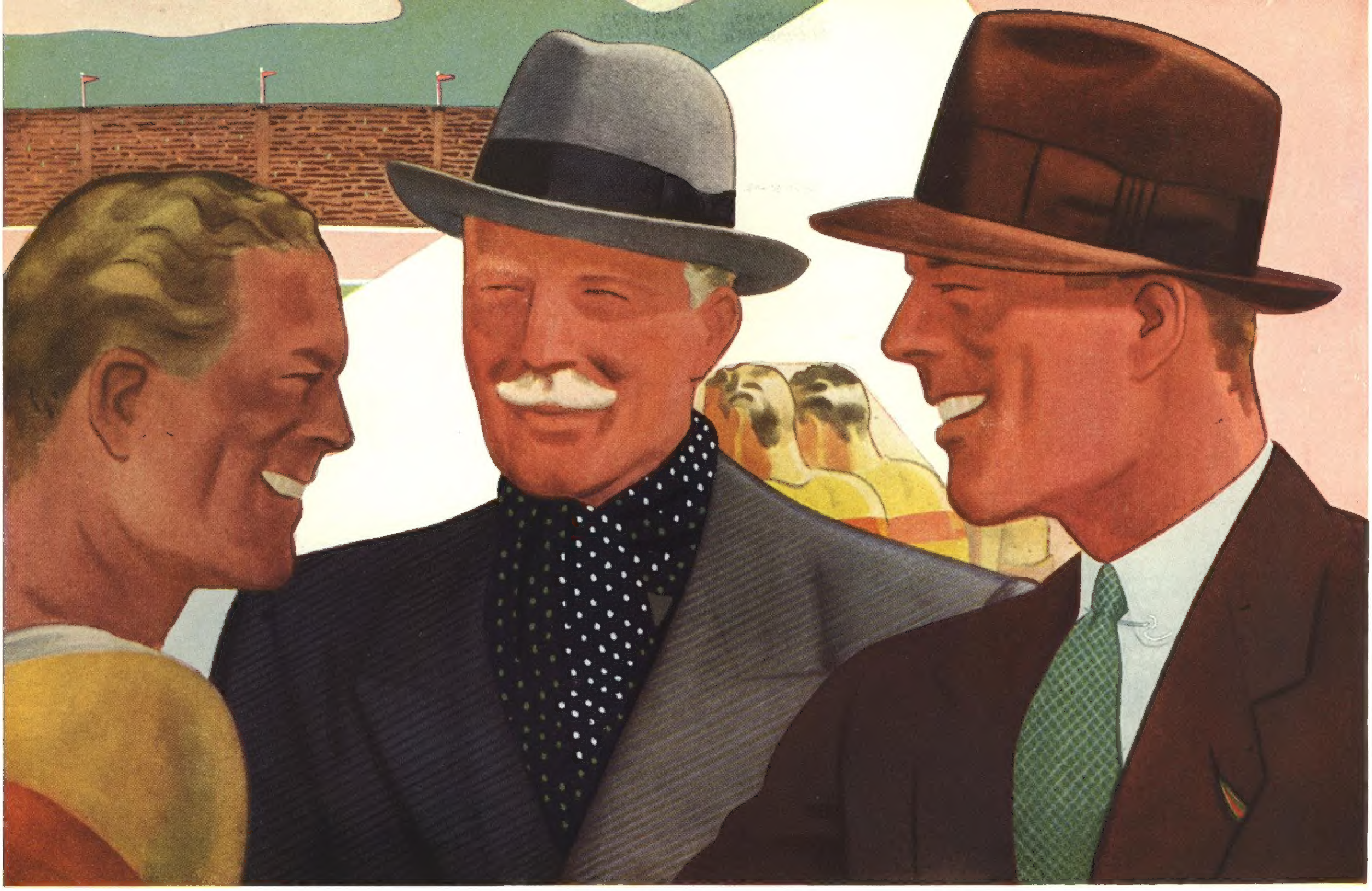
7 Talon Trouser Fastener excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray. It gives complete assurance of security.

8 Talon, in use, does not require undoing the top trouser button. It moves smoothly from top to bottom of the fly.

9 Talon Trouser Fastener is the slide fastener that is not harmed by either dry cleaning or pressing.

10 Talon, unlike the old buttons and buttonholes, gives perfect, unchanging service far beyond the life of a suit.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA. • NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

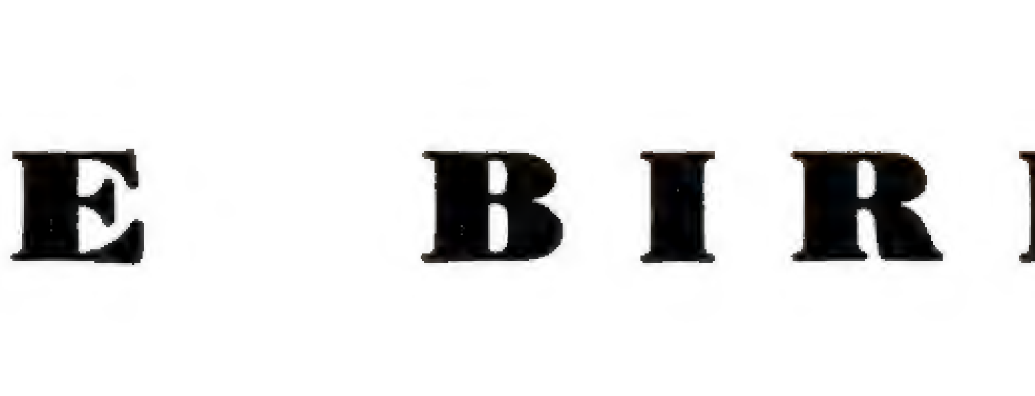


DOBBS GAME BIRD MIXTURES

. . . Styled by Dobbs to match the fall season's favored patterns in suits and overcoats. Never before has a hatter offered so wide a range of rich and natural colors in fine and mellow felt — browns, greens, greys, blues — for an individual, becoming choice.

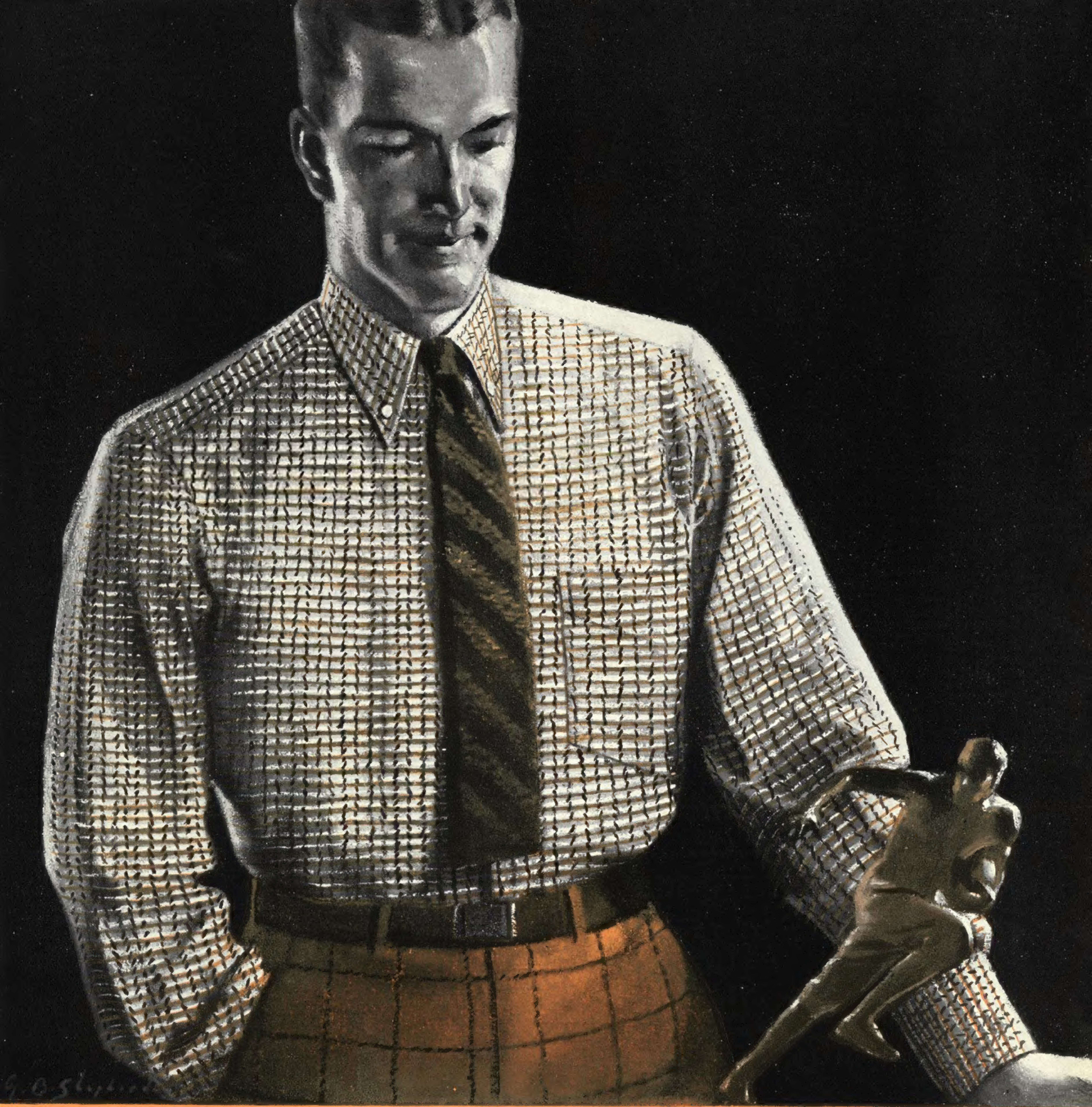
THE GAME BIRD WITH THE
FAMOUS CAVANAGH EDGE
(BROWN HAT) . . . $10

THE GAME BIRD WITH THE
NEW HAND-FINISHED CRONAP
EDGE (GREY HAT) . . . $8.50



DOBBS
NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS 711 FIFTH AVENUE
Representatives in all the principal cities

It's the DOBBS



Do You Blame the Store When Your Shirts Shrink?

If, after each wash, your collars get smaller and smaller and your sleeves creep shorter and shorter, your store has without question sold you shirts made from fabrics that are only partially shrunk or not shrunk at all.

Shirts that will not shrink out of fit in washing are made from cloth completely shrunk—Sanforized-shrunk. Go to the good store that guards your comfort and values your patronage. Buy shirts to fit—that will continue to fit.

Don't buy until you find on the label the words . . .

Sanforized-Shrunk

40 WORTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

Entire Contents Copyright 1934 by Esquire Publishing Company, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. All Rights Reserved

Contents for November, 1934

ARTICLES

Page
You, the Phantom........................*by* Theodore Dreiser 25
The Problem of Sterilization................*by* Havelock Ellis 31
On Being Fashionable............*by* Hendrik Willem van Loon 37
Sweet Faces and Foul Minds...........*by* George Jean Nathan 43
For Gentlemen and Wine Scholars.........*by* Lawton Mackall 46
Last Stand of Man..........................*by* Stanley Jones 64
Care and Breeding of Watches..........*by* Edward M. Barrows 66
So You Want to Go Native?.................*by* John D. Morse 70
Old Twiddle Toe..As Told to Paul Kearney *by* Maj. Howard S. Reed 85
The Ghost on the Campus..................*by* Denis Coughlin 92
Sit Down and Play............................*by* Russell Boyd 98
The Fish Doctors............................*by* Paul W. Kearney 100
He Who Rides a Tiger.........................*by* Jack Morrow 124

DEPARTMENTS

***Correspondence:* The Sound and the Fury**.................. 10
***Contributors:* Backstage with Esquire**...................... 22
***The Lively Arts:* The Prize-fighter and the Bull** *by* Gilbert Seldes 52
***Technical Fashions:* Streamlines for the Interior**............
.... *by* Alexis de Sakhnoffsky 101
***Theatre:* Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.**........*by* John V. A. Weaver 131
***Music:* The Listening Post**.................*by* Sigmund Spaeth 132
***Movies:* The Candid Cameraman**..............*by* Meyer Levin 134
***Books:* Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf**.........*by* Burton Rascoe 137

FICTION

Devil, George and Rosie.......................*by* John Collier 28
Snowfall in Childhood..........................*by* Ben Hecht 40
The Last Flight...............................*by* Harry Ashe 45
The Tiger's Paw...........................*by* Robert Buckner 49
Fly Away Ladybird..........................*by* Conrad Aiken 50
A Date with Jean.........................*by* Howard Valyear 55
Beware off the Dogg!..........................*by* Hans Fallada 69
Alone With Emyl..........................*by* Nahum Sabsay 73
The Ancestor's Return....................*by* Anthony Gittins 78
The Girl at Thorp's........................*by* Warren Gibson 80
The Battle Royal...........................*by* Lewis Herman 121

HUMOR

Page
It Will Come Out All Right.....................*by* Rex Beach 38
Welcome to a Lunatic......................*by* Joseph Schrank 63
A Red of Deepest Dye.......................*by* Reed Johnston 83
The Dear Departed............................*by* Homer Croy 110

PERSONALITIES

Author! Author! For Governor................*by* Frank Scully 32

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design.................................*by* Sam Berman
(Direct Color Process by Rosenow)
La Belle France..........................*by* Alfred Kreymborg 27
(Illustrated in Monotype by John Groth)
Enemies of Man No. 7: The Blonde Joybaby...*by* Howard Baer 48
More Pages from a Russian Portfolio...........*by* John Groth 59
The Routine of the Cock Fight....Photographs *by* Remie Lohse 76
Sit Down and Play..........................*by* Russell Boyd 98
(Photographs by Dudley Lee)
State Fair...............Drypoints and Drawings *by* John Groth 114

POETRY

La Belle France.........................*by* Alfred Kreymborg 27

SPORTS

The First Hundred Seconds................................
............As Told to Harold A. Fitzgerald *by* Harry G. Kipke 34
Let the Buyer Beware.......................*by* Roger Warner 56
A Gentleman's Game..........................*by* Harold Titus 58
Pit Your Birds!............................*by* Charles Parmer 74

TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the new clothes and accessories in sketches.........
....................*by* Fellows and Hurd, beginning on page 93

Art Directors: JOHN GROTH, MAURICE FREED

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for feminine readership The oldest college newspaper in America cracks at us editorially in this wise: "A magazine for men, which quite incidentally sells better in Northampton and Poughkeepsie than in Hanover and New Haven . . ." Personal to the editors of the oldest college newspaper in America: Esquire newsstand sales in New Haven (Yale) 902, in Hanover (Dartmouth) 168, in Poughkeepsie (Vassar) 83, in Northampton (Smith) 34. Esquire subscriptions in New Haven 70, in Hanover 36, in Poughkeepsie 19, in Northampton 7. Total Esquire sales in New Haven 972, in Hanover 204, in Poughkeepsie 102, in Northampton, 41. It's still a man's magazine.

As for offending Peoria It seems that we are fated to offend somebody, all unwittingly, every month. Month before last it was the bankers of Ohio. Last month it was the civic pride of Peoria. Some Peorian wrote a Sound and Fury letter panning his home town to such a ridiculous extent that we didn't dream (nor he, either, we imagine) that anybody would take his letter as a seriously-intended affront to Peoria's fair name. The thing was only funny to us. We thought it would be regarded as funny in Peoria, too. (Unfortunately, it seems that it wasn't.) We really think, though, that Peorians are needlessly concerned over their city's standing. The average American can't help but have a warm spot in his heart for Peoria, since he knows that some of his nicest drinking whiskey comes from there. Perhaps we're wrong to enter the argument though, as The Sound and the Fury usually dispenses its own vengeance and in all probability the Peorian who spoke out of turn will be promptly put in his place in the robust manner characteristic of the way such things are handled in that department. It's probably lucky that he signed himself only as "Fugitive" or it's a cinch that he would have to live up to the name.

Anyway, The Sound and the Fury is open to letters *pro Peoria*, and meanwhile we apologize to the city fathers. We wonder, wistfully, whether there will ever be a month when we won't, with our now customary uncouthness, rest our elbow in somebody's eye. Was this what you meant, Mr. O. O. McIntyre, when you said that Esquire is awkwardly edited?

As for Esquire's birthday With this issue we're a year old. We're going to celebrate by starting the second year, in our December issue, with the biggest and brightest and we hope the best Esquire that there's ever been. The big parade of color pages is lining up now. Boy, wait'll you see those cartoons.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ANONYMOUS PEORIANS

I have just read in your October issue—the letter by one who signs himself as "A Fugitive." He is a Peorian, or at least he states he is.

If he is, he surely isn't a credit to the town. Peoria is not the dirtiest city in the U. S. If it weren't for the breweries, the distilleries, the slaughter house, the glucose house, Peoria would probably be the most forlorn city in Ill. The fact that there are these big plants here shows that it is a rising city. Of course all the smells that "A Fugitive" notices may be from the breweries, etc., but more likely he backed up and got a whiff of himself in doing so. All cities have their own distinctive smells and if Peoria is destined to smell like beer, whiskey and so on, let the people of Peoria get used to it. Most of them are unless they were born and brought up in the region of the North Pole where the air is crisp, clean and there are no such disagreeable smells as there are here.

The weather here is just the same as anywhere else. "A Fugitive" must have been living in a hothouse before he lived here or else he wouldn't notice it so much. The reason there is soot out here is because all the coal mined in the near-by mines, is soft coal, and the people in Peoria believe in buying locally.

If the streets are littered with garbage and insect-breeding refuse (which they certainly are not), they are that way because of such citizens as "A Fugitive." And as to hogs running through the streets—they're all kept where they are supposed to be kept—in butcher shops, in the form of chops, bacon, pigs' feet, etc.

Perhaps if the kind person who signs himself as "A Fugitive" had looked up the reason for tearing down those two-story buildings he would have discovered that he was entirely wrong in his belief that the "tortured Citizens were trying to escape from their environment." He would have found that through the distilleries, etc., the people of Peoria had increased their fortunes and were demolishing these buildings in order to erect more pretentious homes for themselves.

In conclusion let me say that "A Fugitive" should have taken a bath in acid after writing that deplorable letter about our city.

A Citizen of Peoria

INVITATION TO CRITICS

I grow increasingly weary of your *Sound and Fury* Department correspondents who seem to pass away otherwise dull time picking to pieces the fiction published in your magazine. They are like buzzards over a week-old carcass.

I should like to ask these self-appointed and hyper-critical dilettantes if they have ever tried to write a story themselves. It sounds so inviting and looks so easy at first. That's what *I* thought five years ago. In the interim I'm not ashamed to confess that I have tried, not once but literally scores of times, to turn out a story that said something worthwhile in a fresh, effective manner. Try it, you critics, on one of your afternoons off and see where you end up. Then go back to reading Esquire and keep your mouth shut.

Personally, I think we all owe you a bow from the waist for the quality of the copy you are publishing, and I wonder if any of your editorial staff realizes fully just how much the fresh, original tone of your magazine is due to your "open-door" policy with regard to new writers. Your big hits, in my opinion, have been scored by Louis Paul, Francis Fuhr, Arthur Shumway, and others whose typewriters are still practically brand new. Nearly every issue of your magazine has carried at least one story worthy of any man's anthology, and I know that when the volumes are compiled this year Esquire will be rating among the top-notchers.

There is just one criticism I have in mind with regard to your fiction department. That is the simple fact that many of your stories are in reality merely sketches, not narratives with a full story effect. For example, if you will recall Francis Fuhr's *The Love Match*, and Charles M. Bayer's *The Beauty Pageant*, I think you will know what I mean. Both of these particular pieces of copy started out to be genuine social documents in miniature. They fizzled out like a hot poker in cold water, falling far short of their predestined emotional effects, mainly because of your editorial insistence on brevity, and the too stringent limitations of space you impose on your contributors. Despite the oft-quoted models of the Lord's Prayer and the Gettysburg address, as examples of saying much in little, I still insist there are some situations which require more than a couple of thousand words to develop.

But that criticism is a minor one. The big truth remains. You are head and shoulders above the other big circulation magazines in the quality and versatility of your stuff, and after years of reading the cut-and-dried, manufactured tripe forced down our throats by the big-time editors under the mistaken impression that we wanted them, I turn with a grateful heart and a willing four-bits to Esquire. Give us more of Morley Callaghan and Langston Hughes and others who have been hitting the bull's eye time after time—and you can cease worrying about your circulation total.

And to you new writers who more than likely read the *Sound and Fury* contributions far too closely and seriously after the appearance of your work, don't be bothered by the brickbats and would-be clever comments you may find there. Just remember that nine out of ten times these originate with "gentlemen," the major portion of whose reading is still confined to Popeye and the sport page.

Very sincerely,

Tulsa, Oklahoma Allen McGinnis

FROM NO UNPREPARED CRITIC

Congratulations! You have achieved in less than a year what took the Republican Party generations to effect as evidenced in the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover presidencies—a "triumph in mediocrity." I am no unprepared critic, quibbling about a single article or story. I have read Esquire from stem to stern since its inception and compared to it, names writ in water are enduring monuments to the memory of their bearers.

New York, N. Y. Carleton Berwynd

TWENTY-THREE YEARS AFTER

In the September issue, Joseph Fulling Fishman, in his article, *A War Without a Truce*, related the story of a famous Leavenworth Prison break of twenty-three years ago. He mentioned that of those who effected the break, only Grigware was never apprehended. Grigware is now living a peaceful life in the neighborhood of Jasper National Park, Alberta.

About a year ago, hard times "got him down" and he was arrested on a charge of poaching. For years he has been living an honourable life with his wife and children under an assumed name and became a respected citizen of this locality. Through his arrest he was identified as an escaped convict and his identity was confirmed by the U. S. Dept. of Justice.

A complete investigation ensued and many petitions were sent to Washington from many parts of Canada begging that he be left unmolested as he had a clear slate for twenty-three years. Grigware insistently denied that he had been guilty of the offense for which he was first imprisoned and after some time the U. S. Dept. of Justice exonerated him, I believe, on the recommendation of President Roosevelt. So, he is still living peacefully in Alberta and will continue to do so, knowing that he will never again be in danger of being molested.

Yours sincerely,

Milton M. Limbert

Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada

REWARD OF THE CANDID

What is all this fuss about the *Candid Cameraman?* It seems that no other department in your mag. gets such frenzied and ill-directed kicks. Apparently the general public likes its finder equipt with a rose-colored lens, and prefers the camera to be out of focus.

Not since George Jean Nathan was in his heyday has there been such a burst of hatred directed at a critic. If the degree of irritation he provokes can be taken as a sign, Mr. Levin must be a genius.

The funny thing is he is always right . . . well, almost always!

Sincerely,

New Haven, Conn. Edmond L. Buchanan

QUERY ON BOUND COPIES

In your October issue, page 165, the Bookshop Bindery advertises that it has effected an arrangement with you by which subscribers can have their copies economically bound to Esquire's specifications. They request that the copies and money be forwarded to them for the purpose. This advertisement has been of interest to me but I do not want to risk losing my copies of the back issues of Esquire and would therefore appreciate knowing from you whether this is a reliable bindery.

Yours very truly,

New York, N. Y. Edward Stone

Editor's Note: Esquire substantiates statements made by all its advertisers. In a case like this, we would be responsible in the (very unlikely) event that the bindery should prove not to be reliable.

A DOGFACE IN DIAPERS?

Congratulations: First, because of a first rate magazine with enough diversified material to appeal to the majority of the great American Public.

Second, because your advertising is better than any other periodical on the market (don't you take the credit for this but pass it on to the advertisers).

Third (and most emphatic of all), because you are an *honest* magazine. Your *Sound and Fury* department does not only print comments favorable to your magazine. I make particular reference to your printing of the comment by the "soldier boy" M. E. Teague (October issue). He should be wearing diapers, judging from his childish remark "We're not all imbeciles, and when soldiers start to complain, things are getting pretty bad." Why all the flag waving about soldiers not complaining (he forgets about the thousands "woofing" about bonuses). Or maybe that isn't complaining? And from what I can gather there are as many "imbeciles" in the army as in any other field. From his letter there is certainly one imbecile in the army whose initials are M. E. T. Wish his bet had been fifty bucks instead of five. If he was so sure he was to win why didn't he bet more?

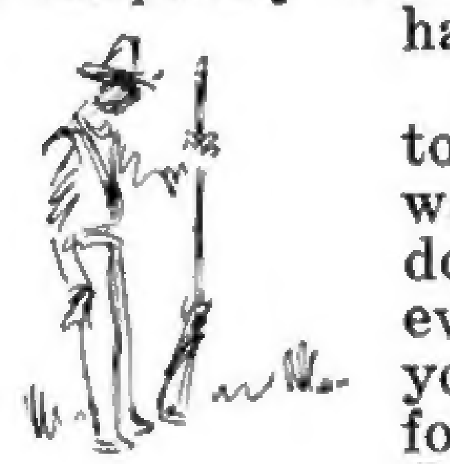
Here's to Esquire and less letters from "Teagues."

Mexico, D. F. Robert Guggenheim, Jr.

DOG FACE IS RED FACE NOW?

I have your good letter informing me of the acceptance of one of *mine* for October *Sound and Fury*. It is really remarkable how these little unexpected spurts of popularity always make me exceedingly dizzy in the head, reminding one of the simplicity of life, and upon what trivialities happiness depends.

After all, much of what I had to say against your publication was said in jest, even though it does happen to be true. However, you can rest assured that you will not lose my patronage for at least several more months: By all means I will have to purchase the October issue in order to get my own name; and then, I really should buy several more copies just to see what the folks back home have to say about a "Dog Face" (Hawaiian for soldier) who is given to getting so hot in the collar.



Heretofore, I have depended upon *Golden Book* and *American Mercury* for most of my heavy contemporary reading, but I am thinking seriously now of definitely adding Esquire to the list. No! Not because it is nearly as good as either, but because it is by far the best of the rest in the literary group; and it does combine features which neither of the aforementioned magazines attempt to present. Your style illustrations and cartoons are not only colourful, but humorous and delightful, and serve as most fitting *hors d'oeuvres* to the other contents as one passes through the book.

Many of the stories and articles are passable—and a few of them excellent. But you have not yet been successful in obtaining any real poetry.

I am mailing herewith page 131, June Esquire, which I tore out in a rage after reading from it Edgar Lee Masters' *Two Views of a Rainy Night*. If you have read it, you will recognize the truth of what I am about to say: The first verse can be passed over hurriedly. It is beautiful. Beautiful, because it is perfect in every respect: it is realistic, organic, it conforms to the principles of sincerity and the principles of life; in a very few lines it depicts the misery and suffering of these perilous times, which we all know. It is life in the raw, showing one plainly that the author, at some time or another, has gone down into the depths, that he really has spent some time alone with his soul.

But the second verse—God help us! Who, but an imbecile, could be led away by such nearsightedness. It is a delusion; a weak grasping after something that never did exist. It is all bad enough—but this: "How still the city is! Its happiness is like our own, too perfect to express." And I suppose he was speaking about New York, a veritable hell on earth! Is that all the man knows about cities? Can he become so absorbed in himself and in his own happiness to forget for a minute the manifold suffering that is daily going on around him? Do real poets ever become so blinded by success that they completely lose sight of the shattered spirits, the dull eyes, the bleeding hearts, the hunger-emaciated bodies, and the nakedness of the wretches who are forever groping around out there in the darkness on cold rainy nights? Mercy! Such shallowness is sacrilege! When I read the thing, I jumped to the conclusion right away that both Edgar Lee Masters, and the editor, who was foolish enough to publish it, have water on the brain. I'll bet William Saroyan smiled deeply when he read it.

"Ah-ha Ah-ha!" there's a fellow who knows about it all—he knows—he knows! Print him, and Whit Burnett whenever you have the chance. Ernest Hemingway is a good number, and old man Dreiser is always desirable. Come to think of it, Saroyan is the only man in America, to my knowledge, to whom I can concede superiority over myself when it comes to writing prose poems. I'll mail you one of mine some time!

Don't let the growlers get your goat. Remember that all is well that ends well, and that "the severest critics are always those who have either never attempted or who have failed in original composition." Best wishes for your continued success, providing you will keep up the Sound and Fury.

Just So,

Honolulu, Hawaii M. E. TEAGUE

BACKTALK TO TEAGUE

In all probability I would never have written this letter, since I am not prone to criticize magazines, had it not been for the letter written by M. E. Teague of Hawaii. From the contents of his letter it appears to me that an island is the ideal place for him. It seems to me that if people do not care for a magazine, the well-known saying always rings true: they are, after all, not forced to continue reading it. I have been a steady reader of ESQUIRE for many months (nine to be exact) and I find it to be one of the most substantial and interesting it has been my privilege to read.

Naturally there are a few suggestions that I would like to make and I'm sure my friends that read ESQUIRE will bear me out on their value. First of all, the stories although large in number are too short in length. In reading them the reader becomes nicely involved in a good plot when suddenly the story is at an end. One thing that would help a great deal is to cut out Raymond Knight's articles, if such they can be called, and make space for something more enjoyable. His columns are the silliest and most senseless things in the whole magazine. He may be funny over the radio, but as a writer he just isn't there.

Aside from these two things ESQUIRE meets every qualification for being a good magazine. I daresay that my friend from Hawaii has a bad taste for literature, therefore I suggest he read some extremely light adventure stories. Keep up the good work, ESQUIRE!

Sincerely yours,

Brooklyn, N. Y. NORMAN T. MARTEN

DEPARTMENTS, TAKE A BOW

Don't pay any attention to those October correspondents who are writing in after Mr. Levin's scalp. My God, the man's stuff is wonderful.It's everything that it should be. And this goes too for Gilbert Seldes and Burton Rascoe and Sigmund Spaeth.

Many things don't interest me particularly that appear in ESQUIRE, some not at all. But I'm not kicking. Perhaps other people like them and there is so much and such variety everyone should be entertained. An assurance that the four above-mentioned gentlemen are to contribute each month is alone enough to make ESQUIRE worth the money.

Yours very truly,

Little Rock, Arkansas ROBERT L. MIXON, JR.

Continued on page 12

McCallum's
Perfection
Scots Whisky
Edinburgh (Founded 1807) London
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland

McCallum's
Perfection
Scots Whisky
EDINBURGH (FOUNDED 1807) LONDON

This Oval Bottle

. . . is filled in Scotland with McCallum's "Perfection", that finest of all Scots Whiskies. Then it is taped and sealed to make it tamper-proof and ready for shipment to your welcoming table. That is why this distinctively labelled bottle never disappoints. It always contains the real McCallum's—"Perfection" itself in Scots Whiskies.

Distributors:
TOWER WINES & SPIRITS CORP.
New York - Chicago
HERMAN ELSBACH & SONS, INC.
San Francisco - Los Angeles

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WE SHARE A HOPE

I have enjoyed your magazine very much. I believe that you are improving as you grow older. Perhaps the biggest fault I have with your book is that the stories are so damned modern every so often that they leave a rather bad taste. I am by no means an Arnold, but sometimes just a little sweetness and light make a good contrast. As for humor, you do nicely with the exception of Mr. Knight. Every time I read his stuff, I yearn for the return of Groucho Marx who at least had the dubious honor of being the originator. But there have been a greater number of your stories which stay in my mind than in any other book I have found. And, perhaps not at all strange when you consider it, most of the good stuff is done by first-timers. Off-hand, I would say that the three best were *Ashes to Ashes, The Man in the Black Hat*, and *Keeping Cool at Conneaut.* I still snicker when I think of the last one.

As for your art, I am convinced that you must have some sort of a club over the business manager. I was an editor of a cow-college mag. and I distinctly remember the fights I had over whether or not I could use more than two two-colors in one edition or not. I marvel at you!

You have done remarkably well with Esquire, keeping it entirely a mag. for men; women and children can go to hell—first door on the right. I hope that you can keep it up indefinitely.

Cordially,
Adrian, Michigan Jack Millikin

FAKE SUBSCRIPTION SALESMAN

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of September 4th enclosing check for fifty dollars in payment of reward for the arrest and conviction of Fletcher S. McDonald.

Needless to say, I am very grateful for the check and appreciate your fairness in the matter.

It was a source of satisfaction to me to be able to put this subject in the penitentiary, as he had been working this game for a long time and had swindled people, not only in this city but in cities and towns all over this section of the country.

Yours very truly,
Phoenix, Arizona F. A. Weage
Detective Sergeant

PRIAPUS IN PHILADELPHIA

Rion Bercovici . . . *Call Me Up* . . . or was it *Come Up and See Me Sometime* . . . ? . . . but no matter, one implies the other, anyway. Damn fine work. Very. Hits the spot.

Have you ever been married, Mr. Furious? Yes? And have you ever cheated? Ah—yes? Hmmm! Then you know that Mr. Bercovici has captured a certain particular, peculiar tang; that certain flavor, that CERTAIN SOMETHING.

For instance, after the mutual adoration of that glorious goddess, Aphrodite (holy and sanctified be her name!) when the inevitable ennui sets in—who was it said "After love, both man and beast is sad"?—well, anyway, as I was saying, the delineation is proper, accurate and truthful. The man, relieved, seeks escape. An almost cowardly impulse comes over him to hide his sin, to get away from it, and also get away from his partner who, just a few minutes previous, was the most desirable thing on earth.

And then, later, the erotic aftermath. Lord, how it bites deeply into one! Desire has only been temporarily satiated. A mad craze to try again the Priapic Rites sweeps over the blood, like curdling acid. Respect, duty, sacredness, obligation are all cast aside. How well Mr. Bercovici emphasizes this subtle, complex impulse! The man is first afraid the girl will become a nuisance and when he sees that she doesn't, he proceeds to become one. Her reticence only eggs him on the more. It's an odd game.

Consummate, Mr. Bercovici. Splendid! You have captured the ability to arrest human emotion in lexicology and make the words flame. Lord, isn't it a terrible feeling . . . ? . . . having a beautiful charming wife oneself . . . and paradox upon paradox, seeking the enticing flesh of other women? Brrrr! Makes one shudder (deliciously) even thinking about it. Sans rhyme nor reason; neither sense nor lack of it, can save one. It's in the blood. Your moral goose is cooked to a turn and all one can do is have the alimony ready or else take fittings for a bullet-proof vest.

And you, dear Mr. Furious, editor of this wonderful courageous magazine, you, too, deserve credit for your daring to present such stark, fascinating, realistic entertainment. In fact the writer, who happens to mess around with lexicological terminology pertaining to THE EROTIC, is almost tempted to submit something of a similar nature, crudely called SEX. So what? So nothing!

But hurray for SEX! It's responsible for us all being able to be here, enabling us to enjoy the erotic experience of others who understand how to subtly employ words.

What I really meant to say was, that if Mr. McFadden could do it with sex, then so can you. Only instead of moronic erotica for the masses "that only must show the shadow of the bed but never the bed itself," make it your aim to show the bed, the salesman who *stands behind* each bed he sells . . . and all the other bed fixins. And, possibly, an inmate or two . . . why not?

Philadelphia, Pa. Basil Dorien Ramald

ESQUIRE: COLLECTOR'S ITEM

I have just been offered $5.00 for my copy of the first edition of Esquire.

What a comforting thought—to know that in the years to come, one can always provide for old age by selling early editions of Esquire for a few hundred apiece.

Perhaps the day may come when banks will accept first editions of Esquire as collateral!

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou—" was probably written in anticipation of your magazine.

Yours sincerely,
Washington, D. C. Charles F. Kraft

Editor's Note: Highest previously reported quotation on Vol. I, No. 1: $2.00. Esquire bought up about seven hundred. Judging from the mail we get, there must be plenty of people who would be delighted to give 'em away.

PERHAPS THE POSTMAN READS TOO?

This is the third time I have written you or rather been forced to write to notify you that my subscription copy of Esquire has not arrived on schedule. Apparently, by the looks of all newsstands, the new copy of Esquire has been out for a week or two . . . yet my copy seems to have suffered from mishandling, inferiority or plain erosion by intent.

May I expect my copy by mail soon before my whole damn family goes nuts and *buys four copies* . . .

Expectantly,
Lakewood, Ohio Al Cameron

AH YES, NEEDLESS TO SAY . . .

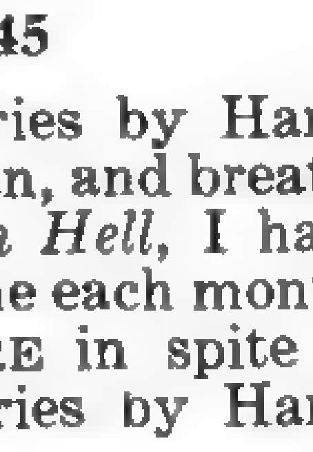
Close my subscription. I dislike your publication immensely; needless to say, I have not read a single issue, though I have tried to find something at times worth reading. I read *Time* inveterately so perhaps my mentality is not sufficient to appreciate your expensive *Whiz Bang.* The only thing funny about it is how you rope in the suckers at five bucks per. I *was* one.

Bemidji, Minn. Ferris Gordon

ANSWER ON PAGE 45

A question. Why no more stories by Harry Ashe? Since the day I casually began, and breathlessly finished *No Spare Wings in Hell,* I have religiously purchased your magazine each month. Must admit I've enjoyed Esquire in spite of the fact I've found no more stories by Harry Ashe, but I'd enjoy it much more if I'd meet Ashe again.

Missed his story *Zero Zero* and think my friends are all very sorry. In one breath I say "Hello" to them, and in the next I ask them if they have any back numbers of Esquire. Have become quite a menace.



Ashe, I think, has the rare combination of sentiment, plus restraint. In women writers you generally find sentiment without restraint. In men the opposite. When I find the combination in any one person, I settle down to some real pleasure in reading.

Sincerely,
Huntington, W. Va. G. Ginn

NOW LOOK WHO'S PANNING!

I have no comment to make on your magazine other than the suggestion that I find one Esquire a month quite enough.

The thing that *does* gripe me, however, is that great human document known as *The Sound and the Fury.*

I am entirely out of sympathy with all "panning" departments. Each publication has its own policy. Out of necessity this policy must have some aim, no matter what. *The Country Gentleman* is aimed at one class of reader; *Vogue,* at another; and Esquire, another. Perhaps the bird who finds you so completely intolerable may have mistaken himself for somebody else. Criticism of individual pieces seems unnecessary. If you wish to know what the people don't like, your circulation or lack thereof will tell you much more accurately than will a minority report from the gallery.

The boy that tops them all, though, is the gentleman who, in your September issue, complains about the lack of wit and of beauty of Hoff's cartoons. I trust that the masterpiece produced on page seventy of the same issue by his favorite, E. S. Campbell, and the sentiments therein contained have returned him to a state of fulfilled esthetic ecstasy.

Yours very truly,
Meadville, Pa. Richard Cooper

RAISE YOU TEN AND CALL YOU

Have you made any arrangements for people who would like to take a life membership in Esquire? If you have, I would appreciate you letting me know the price. In my opinion I should think that it would be around 35 or 40 dollars. Of course my opinion and yours may be entirely different but if you have something to that effect I would be very interested in it.

Very truly yours,
Rochester, New York John H. Du Bois

Editor's Note: Maybe Esquire should offer a life subscription rate. At less than fifty dollars we couldn't stand it. Anybody want one at that price?

ANSWER ON PAGE 24

Imagine my surprise upon leafing through the new October issue of "The Magazine For Men" to discover a perfume ad on the page facing Ernest Hemingway's latest Havana Letter. This repudiation of your original policy cannot be excused by saying that Xmas is coming on and here is a lovely gift for the little woman though, for once the bars are let down for a few months the added income from female-tainted ads will be hard to resist, and continuance will be more than likely. So PLEASE—stop it now.

I have been reading Esquire now for some eight or nine months, and have found it rather uniformly excellent. Because of its size I can pick it up almost any evening in the month and find some article or story I have not read as yet, and when the fifteenth rolls around I am always waiting for the new issue.

Your fashion pages are very good, but are coming to include too many fabric pictures. The cartoons are fair, with the exception of Petty's which are too good to miss an issue (I have not found any in the October issue), and the covers continue to please.

Incidentally, if some of the sound and furiers could retain their sense of humor, and add in a little tolerance, many of their letters would not be so humorous.

Sincerely yours,
Pittsburgh, Pa. George L. Williams

SONG OF A SAGGING MAN

You boys no doubt produce a mag
That's really rich and that's no gag.
There's just one branch in which you lag,
Your styles! They make a man's man sag.
I'd sooner wear Mahatma's rag
Than those rank clothes of which you brag.

May Esquire's flag forever fly,
But hasten the day when their good Fellows die.

Baltimore, Md. Milton Donald
(A Man's man)

WELL, WAS YOURS BONA FIDE?

May I add my congratulations to the thousands you receive? It is all that mortal man can ask for.

Occasional weak spots do crop up, but no editorial staff can be a walking encyclopedia.

Honestly now, is some of the bilge in *The Sound and the Fury* bona fide, or do you print it for the fun of starting feuds and controversies? It's fun to read, anyhow.

Cordially yours,
Cincinnati, Ohio — S. B. Ottiker

WE LAUGHED OUT LOUD

Listen! I'm no old grouch but I am forced to tell you that in spite of your ever-growing popularity your sense of humor (and you really had one) is gradually disappearing. At least this is true if you meant it when you listed Joseph Schrank's *Toujours L'Amour* along with a few other articles in your September issue under the heading of "Humor." If there was any humor present I missed it completely. How about you?

Yours,
Los Angeles, Cal. — Stanley Carlow

CRACK AT THE CARTOONS

Approximately one year ago it was that the fledgling Esquire first bowed to a bored but hopeful world. One glance at the cartoons was all that was needed to captivate me; I went into an immediate dither. With nary a thought for the stark realities of life, I plunked down my hard-earned dollars for a subscription—and subsisted on milk toast till the next pay-day. Since then I have watched it grow from a promising experiment into an established, respected, and sophisticated star on the periodical horizon. And now you are letting me down in the one feature which first endeared me. I refer to those same cartoons.

Try a little more variety; get some new blood. Don't persist in publishing any mediocre drawing, or number of drawings, by a given artist, simply on the strength of the fact that you have published his work before. Base your selection on the merits of the drawings and ideas themselves (which seems to be a too obvious statement, but which apparently is not). And forget the names; the readers are not impressed with them. Because a drawing is signed *Hoff*, or some other supposedly potent name, we are not going to burst our appendices laughing at it in the complete absence of intrinsic merits.

In conclusion, a plea. Puh-lease, don't continue to foist such ap-cray on us, your loyal supporters. Keep your cartooning up to the standard you set in the first place, and on a par, as much as possible, with the unquestioned excellence of your other departments.

In the hope that springs eternal,
Chicago, Ill. — H. M. Berntsen

MEYER CAME CLOSE THOUGH

In your *Candid Cameraman* in the September issue of Esquire you mentioned the ten best pictures ever made. In this list I was thrilled to find one which I wrote. I was very surprised to know that this picture, made about six years ago, was viewed by you, and received such honorable mention in your column. The title of this picture which you didn't remember, wasn't *Mann Am Sonntag*: it was *Menschen Am Sonntag*.

It will surely interest you to know that the entire picture was made for about $5,000. The salary which I received as author was $18.

Yours sincerely,
Hollywood, California — Billie Wilder

SO HEARST IS GOOD TOO?

Next to the *American Weekly* you have the best magazine in the United States; herewith my subscription.

Can you supply a complete file from and including Vol. I, No. 1?

How much?

Van Nuys, Calif. — Tiffany Thayer

Editor's Note: For Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 2, one dollar each (we had to buy 'em after selling out). For all others 50c per copy.

FOUND: A PLEASED READER

Have been admiring your superb publication from afar for quite some time. I feel that the time has come for me to join the happy throng of "point with priders" and "view with alarmers" by contributing my praises to your all too candid *Sound and Fury* Dept.

Lots of superlatives for your fine staff of con-

Continued on page 14

His Most Gracious Majesty King William IV

We rise to the King!

When King William comes *in* the truth comes *out*—no other venerable Scotch provides quite so peaty a party! A right royal, super-mellow old-world nip that makes you feel right royal yourself. On call, for only a small coin more, at better cafes and hotels; every case being delivered from an U. S. Customs bonded warehouse. *Sole U. S. Distributor, Bluebell Importing Corporation, Graybar Building, New York.*

KING WILLIAM IV

V·O·P

SCOTCH WHISKY

JOHN GILLON & CO., LTD., Established 1817, GLASGOW and LONDON

By Appointment to His Late Majesty, King William IV

V·O·P
KING WILLIAM IV
V·O·P
SCOTCH
WHISKY
BLEND

Four centuries have passed since a King first praised it

Francis I visiting Fécamp Abbey in 1534

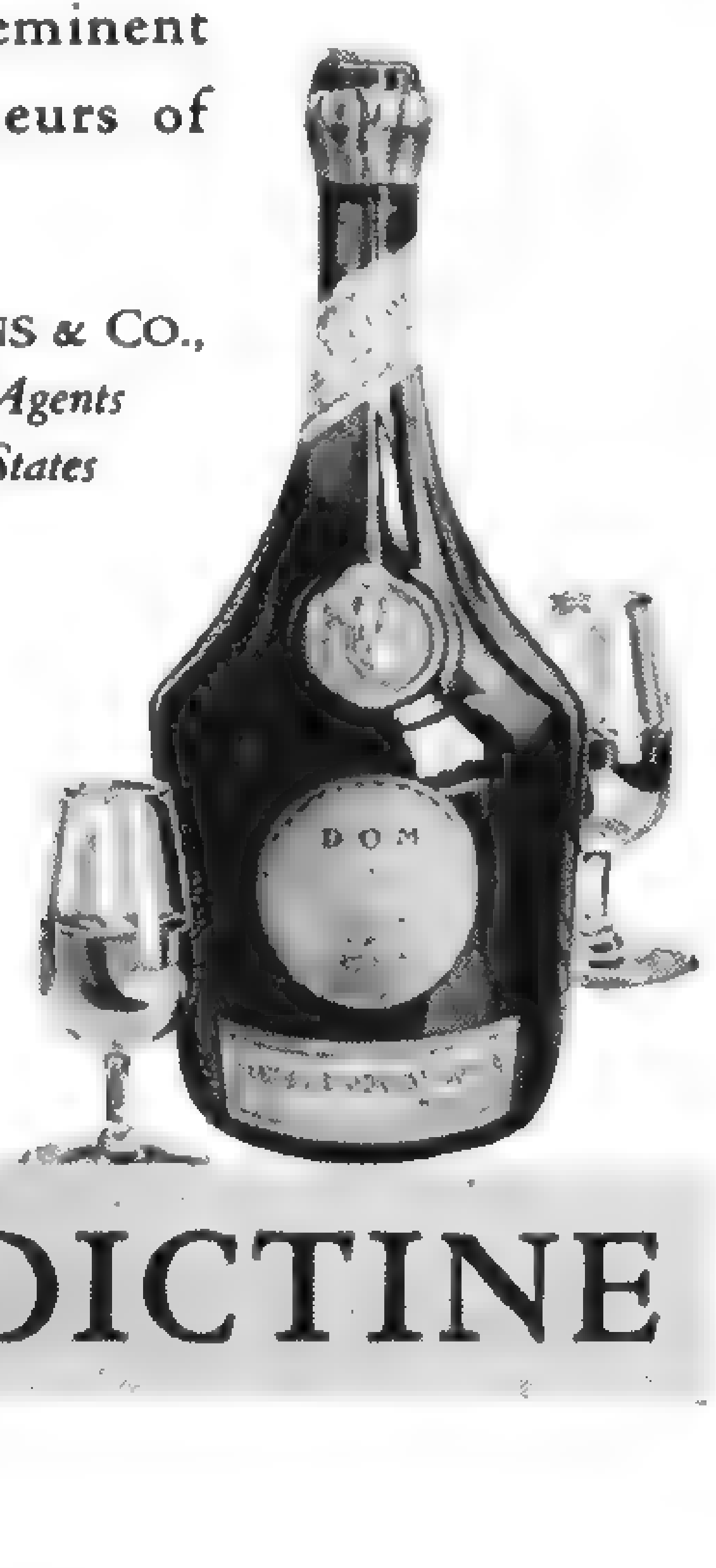
When your guests sip their Bénédictine, they are linked, through your courtesy, to a gentle ritual of enjoyment four centuries old. For this golden liqueur is like a legend—impervious to time and change, treasured from age to age.

At the ancient Abbey at Fécamp, France, the slow, secret distillation still goes on, hardly changed since 1510, when the learned monk, Dom Bernardo Vincelli, first produced his "elixir" and named it Bénédictine.

There is only one *Veritable Bénédictine*—identified by the ecclesiastical initials D. O. M.—Deo Optimo Maximo, "To God most good, most great."

Bénédictine is *"La Grande Liqueur Française"*—preeminent among the liqueurs of the world.

Julius Wile Sons & Co.,
New York. Sole Agents for the United States



D. O. M.
BÉNÉDICTINE

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 13

tributors. Both the mewling "comers" and the seasoned veterans of the ink pot.

Keep Mr. Hoff on your payroll. His work is priceless and genuinely funny.

In closing, I trill in my tubercular tenor: "More power to you, Esquire. Long may your gleam embellish the periodical firmament."

Sincerely,
Lakewood, Ohio JAMES P. VIZZARD

ADD TO TEN BEST MOVIES

A glance at Meyer Levin's September article told me that another infernal "list of the best" had cropped up, and I made a mental bet that Henry VIII would be the only European film named. Written apologies: Mr. Levin must be nearly unique amongst better known American movie critics. Rational, in fact.

Nevertheless, quibbles apart, there is one amazing omission from his selections, and a few surprises.

To my mind the funniest, best constructed, best acted, best photographed and most spitefully exhilarating of all silent comedies was Rene Clair's *The Italian Straw Hat*. This is often revived in London, and seeing it recently for the sixth time, I got more pleasure from any one reel than the whole of *Palooka*.

However, 750 is very few films for a critic to have viewed, and maybe this one got overlooked. But the alibi surely doesn't hold good for *Quick Millions*, which was so downright excellent that its production by the saccharine factory Fox has never seemed quite believable.

And, though Meyer Levin is generous to Germany, *The Student of Prague* was unforgettable, and Pabst would probably rather be remembered by *The Loves of Jeanne Ney* than *Secrets of the Soul* (an experiment solely for the sake of experiment).

Finally, to see *She Done Him Wrong* and *Zoo in Budapesth* there, and fine pictures like *Earth, Kameradshaft, Therese Raquin, The Front Page, Cimarron, Le Million* and *En Natt* denied the honour of mention in Esquire isn't pleasing. Nor is the omission of Conrad Veidt and Harry Bauer from the "For the Actor's Sake" group.

Still, a fair summary, and typical of Esquire's international outlook.

But, to change the subject in the last paragraph, though I enjoyed *Petey the Beep* and Hemingway on Pegler on the Astor wedding, it takes more than my share of international outlook to appreciate any of your cartoonists except Campbell and sometimes Nelson. The sheer concentrated effect of ugliness achieved by the others pushes Gustav Doré into the family calendar department. Compared to any good half-tone work Hoff's cartoons look like the sort of thing one absent-mindedly traces in the sand with a walking stick. In fact, compared to anything they still look like that.

Yours truly,
South Croydon, Surrey, England B. D. SMITT

NO, WE WON'T PRINT IT

It may not strike you that your magazine is no less smug than any other on the market today, for all your claims to daring, emancipated manliness. Indeed, it has all the smugness, banality and artificiality of any other bourgeois institutions. (More power to you, of course, that your magazine has become a bourgeois institution.)

Far from having any originality, Esquire is a queer mixture of *The Saturday Evening Post, The New Yorker* and *The Woman's Home Companion.* Mongrels, I admit, are often very strange, but no one ever credits them with having much individuality.

You are so self-satisfied about being a "magazine for men" that you ought to take notice of a few interesting facts:

1. You seem to appeal far more to women readers (within my knowledge).

2. It seems unnecessary to go to such lengths to tell a man how to clean his pipe: do you honestly think that your ideal he-man needs lessons in smoking from a magazine? The same with swearing; judging by that recent Hemingway article, one might think that none of your subscribers had ever spilled whiskey all over their best pants, and that they had to be told that prize-fighters (and others) made a habit of openly doubting each other's parentage, personal cleanliness, and chances of salvation in the great hereafter.

3. What is most important, do you think men have to be told they are males before they realize it? Then why do you devote so much advertising to reassuring your prospective readers of their sexual "normalcy"?

4. The less said about those fashion plates the better. Why don't you urge your readers to knit some of those ducky creations in their spare time? The best dressed men usually leave matters in the hands of either their wives or their tailors.

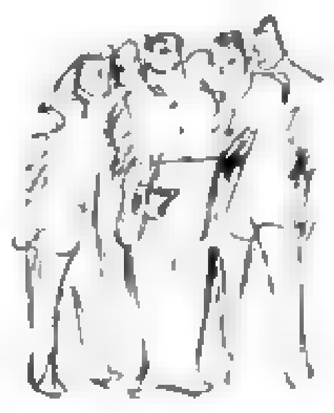
The substance of this criticism boils down to this: You devote too much time to kidding your readers along, and you don't give them anything substantial to think about. You never go below the surface of anything; your articles are disjointed and trivial, and have nothing new to say. You underestimate a certain class of reader, by offering him flattery and polite chat—but it is probably just what your subscribers like, so it is no use criticizing any more. But you really should be a little more ambitious: try jokes with a little more pep in them, and a little variety. I admit that your one type of blonde that appears in almost every joke has very alluring proportions, but why stick to just one type of beauty?

Aw Hell, you won't print this anyway, so let's make an end of it.

Yours truly,
Long Island, N. Y. TOM MERTON

EVERYTHING IS OLD IN CHINA

A few days ago I went to my suburban Chinese post office to make investigations about this elusive publication, Esquire. The place was in an uproar. Half a dozen green-coated Chinese postmen were standing around a large flat object, split in the middle, and on one side was a color cartoon with numerous bored ladies dressed in rouged navels in the background while a worried sultan was in the foreground. The English-speaking clerk had his dictionary in hand, and he had just found the meaning of "insomnia." It appears that it is an old harem joke in China.



Esquire had apparently arrived with its wrapper torn and the postmen didn't worry much about not being able to deliver it. I brought all my influence to bear, but so far haven't been able to establish the validity of my claims. All I could get these canny gentlemen to do was to agree to lend it to me for a week.

I like your magazine and especially your open-door policy; the practice of potpourri is swell as long as the quality lasts.

Wishing you the best of luck.

Sincerely yours,
Peiping West, China EDGAR SNOW

TY'S PROBABLY REFORMED

Everything is just dandy and I'm not going to knock Esquire. I just want to let you know that I missed the luscious drawings of Ty Mahon in today's issue (October) and I don't want you to think that you're going to "get by" with this serious offense. Perhaps he is all swelled out of shape with success and has put up his price—but can't you cut down on a few of the others and give us at least *two* Mahon drawings—and tell him to get back on the old type of stuff—the one in this issue is not so good. Perhaps you have figured that his stuff comes under the heading of "manure" and is too open to censure. Well, I hope you are not going to take seriously these nasty longhairs that write in—these inhibited monsters with no sense of humor. But I can't help being assailed with fear and trembling because as I look through Esquire it seems a bit tame this month—even Campbell is toned down. Remember—you have a great big thumping public that clamors for the good old lusty humor.

Yours truly,
Santa Barbara, Calif. CAROL ANNESLEY

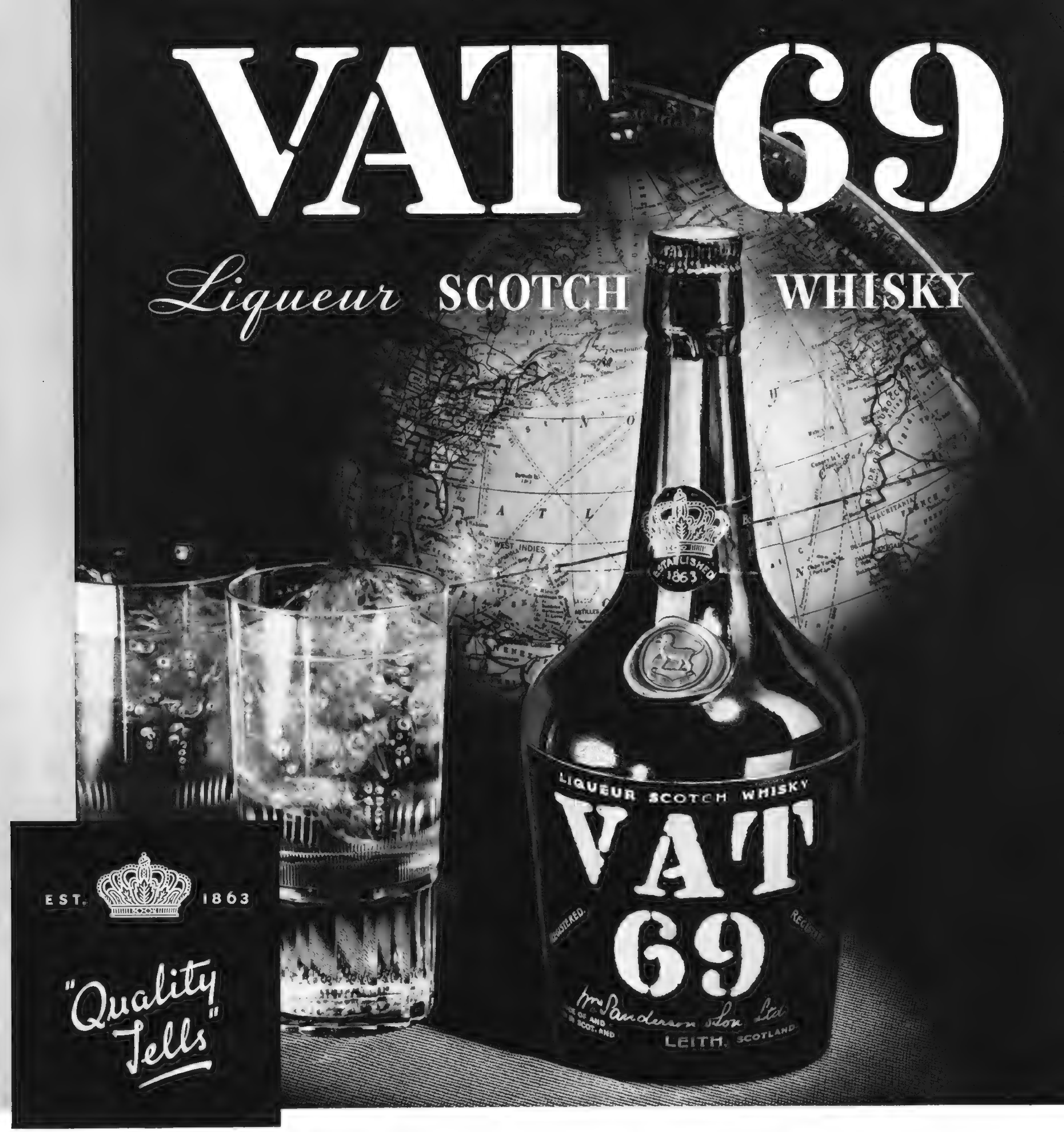
ENCORE FOR PERRY

My knowledge of yachting, and interest in that sport, is limited. However, I have just finished Lawrence Perry's article in the current issue, entitled *The Embattled Cup*, and thoroughly enjoyed his clear-cut, authoritative piece of writing.

In the opinion of myself and many other Army officers, Mr. Perry is the leading newspaper writer on amateur sports. I hope you will give us subscribers more of his stories.

Very sincerely,
Fort Hamilton, N. Y. W. H. WELLS
Major, 18th Infantry

Continued on page 185


VAT 69
Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED 1863
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REGISTERED
Wm Sanderson & Son Ltd
LEITH, SCOTLAND
WEST INDIES
EST. 1863
"Quality Tells"

The world over... those who know ...INSIST ON VAT 69

NATURALLY, there are many grades of Scotch Whisky. To be certain of receiving a *fine, liqueur* Scotch always say "Vat 69". Its rare quality has made it one of the world's most famous Scotch whiskies — preferred by connoisseurs in every quarter of the globe. Ask for it by name — and insist on it — at all leading Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants and Retail Stores.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, 485 Fifth Ave., New York • Exclusive United States Representative

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

AUTO ACCESSORIES

GIFTS for Motorists... Monogrammed & St. Christopher gearshift Knobs . . . Lalique Crystal radiator Ornaments... Marchal Headlamps . . . Fog & Spotlights . . . Auto-marine, Testophone, Cicca Horns . . . fascinating Motor Gifts illustrated in Our Booklet . . . Send for it Today . . . Nil Melior Co., Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y.

BARBER SHOPS

THE PEERLESS BARBER SHOPS
For that spruce-appearing shave
and artistic hair-cut visit:
French Building Shop, 5th Ave. at 45th St.,
Lefcourt National Bldg. Shop, 521 Fifth Ave.,
BrickainBuildingShop,1441Broadway,N.Y.C.

CUSTOM SHIRT MAKERS

CUSTOM SHIRTS, Custom Neckwear made to your own particular specifications—Cravats and Shirts from our large and varied assortment of fabrics. Unlimited choices which have pleased smart New Yorkers for over half a century. BUDD, 590 Fifth Ave., New York.

YOUR BREAST POCKET, because of its prominence, should be properly adorned with color. Our stock of English imported kerchiefs in madder, foulard, crepe and twilled silks is the most complete and colorful in the country. Squares from 19 to 28 inches. DUDLEY G. ELDRIDGE—5 E. 52nd St., New York, N. Y.

Fineness of Fabric, Fit and Finish . . . characteristics of the Custom Shirt by ALBERT LEONARD GEORGE . . . those Same Principles are Our Criteria in making Shirts and a Collection of Exclusive Items in Neckwear, Robes, Hosiery and Sweaters in our shops at 608 Madison Ave. & 620 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

KASKEL'S Custom Shirts combine superb tailoring with distinctive and exclusive fabrics. No feature of fine custom tailoring is overlooked. $7 and upwards. Write for sample fabrics. Kaskel and Kaskel, 567 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ENTERTAINMENT

BRIDGE STUD—New game for 2, 3 or 4. Build up a poker hand while demanding, drawing and finessing. 120 playing pieces, instruction book, beautifully boxed. An ideal gift. For sale at leading department stores or sent direct for $2.00, Postage Prepaid. Kenilworth Press, Inc., 305 E. 46th St., N. Y. C.

A FORECAST OF THE TRENDS and influences for the coming year. Together with an intelligent analysis—and method of solution—of your problems. Either a personal interview or written. Send birthdate, birthplace and hour of birth if known. Price $10.00. Deborah Lewis, 140 E. 46th St., N. Y. City.

HATTER

YOUNG'S—STETSON HATS authentically fashioned for University Men. Designed in smaller proportions, tapered crowns, narrower brims, jaunty snap brim and a graceful curl at back. STETSON Bantam $5. Others to $35. YOUNG'S HATS $2.95 & $3.50. At YOUNG'S 29 SMART HAT SHOPS in N. Y.

HOTELS

5 MINUTES from Grand Central Terminal or Penn Station . . . spacious, luxurious rooms—THE VANDERBILT HOTEL—Single room with private bath, $3; double room, twin beds and bath, $5. Walton H. Marshall, Manager. Park Avenue at 34th Street, New York.

Perhaps the most radical innovation in men's evening dress during the past thirty years is the introduction of colored evening waistcoats, to be worn with your dinner jacket at home. These are being sponsored by the leading custom tailors and men's furnishers. They are made of ribbed silk in such colors as wine, champagne, deep blue, light blue and green.

While there is no argument that the machine age has contributed immeasurably to our welfare, there are still innumerable custom shops patronized by men of individual taste who have their shirts, ties, suits, hats, shoes and other wardrobe requisites made to their own fancy.

Many of the smarter men's shoe-shops, as well as men's specialty shops, are featuring black calf shoes with colored cloth button tops. This is reminiscent of the Gay Nineties when high shoes were in vogue. Spats having become the pride of the doorman and elevator boy, men who dress for the occasion have adopted this shoe. It is correct with formal and semi-formal clothes, and at the moment is favored for morning dress by smart young Englishmen.

Many of the men's department stores are featuring solid colored cotton flannel sports shirts with harmonizing plaid collars attached. We cannot vouch for the origin of this fashion, but it seems to be a favorite idiosyncrasy of Englishmen to mix their collars and shirts for country wear.

There seems to be a definite revival of many old-fashioned things, and not only the high-top shoe is having its day, but even the bold, heavy link watch-chain that grandfather wore is coming into its own again, in a more or less modernized version. The stores showing them are also featuring men's pocket watches with wooden cases in place of the usual metallic cases of gold, silver or platinum.

Better custom tailors are featuring a navy blue double-breasted guard's coat of chinchilla for early Winter.

This season's football games and outdoor activities will find a widespread use of knitted gloves in Norwegian and Scotch patterns. The Norwegian patterns mark the different peasant communities, each having its own distinct pattern and color. The Scotch patterns run similar in design and color, and were originally made by the natives on the small islands of Scotland.

One of the better gadget shops has a leather keycase with a small flashlight built into it. A great convenience for the chaps whose keyholes evade them at times.

Men's shops are featuring knitted waistcoats with over-plaids and flat brass buttons, flapped pockets similar in both pattern as well as detail to the popular Tattersall waistcoat. College men are going in for this in a large way.

One of the newest notes in knitted neckwear is a faithful reproduction of authentic Argyle plaids. This is in keeping with the recent vogue for plaids and checks in practically all types of apparel for men.

LIQUOR

The Esquire's Favorite Liquor Shop—MONRO, 2 E. 57th St., N. Y. C.—featuring Park & Tilford and the finest imported and domestic brands. Quality is unquestioned—prices are as low or lower than other stores. Send for new price list. Free deliveries. Tel. ELdorado 5-2445.

Another civilized drinking custom is staging a revival this year because of the fact that real October ale has been made generally available on the American market this past month. Ask for it at your local liquor store.

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

WALLACH'S in the Empire State Building on Fifth Avenue have a complete display of the University fashions o.k.'d by the fashion staff of Esquire magazine. Everything from hat to shoes—the prices are o.k. too. WALLACH'S, Empire State Building, 5th Ave.

THE NEW YORK MANNER—There is distinction and individualism about the well-dressed New York man. Attuned to this fashion demand are the clothing, furnishings, hats and shoes in the New York manner from WEBER & HEILBRONER, N. Y. C.

MERCHANT TAILORS

JOSEPH DILLON—Merchant Tailors—Present an exclusive range of imported worsted cheviots suitable for these cool Fall days. Made to your individual measurements at $135.00. Joseph Dillon, 381 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Caledonia 5-9278.

McCORD AND MACE, LTD.
Gentlemen's Garments for all Occasions
Exclusive Custom Made
444 Madison Avenue, New York
Established 1914

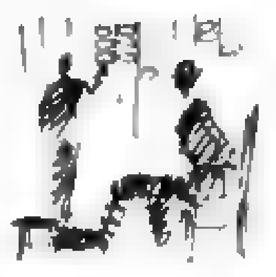
RESTAURANTS

LE BIJOU CAFE—2 East 56th Street, New York. Luncheon, Cocktail Hour, Dinner, After Theatre—The Most Continental Place in New York—Jimmy Rogers Entertains At The Bar—Morton Dennis and His Orchestra Play for Dinner & Supper—Entertainment intime. Telephone PLaza 3-4282.

THE WEYLIN—CAPRICE ROOM—New York's newest smart place to dine and dance. Creation of unique decoration and "Lustre" lighting. Luncheon, Dinner and Supper. Enric Madriguera's internationally famous orchestra. THE WEYLIN BAR: Popular rendezvous of New York's smart set. Intimate, gay and unusual. Luncheon, cocktail hour, supper. Feature artists. Madison at 54th, N. Y. Tel. PLaza 3-9100.

SCALP SPECIALISTS

BALDNESS UNNECESSARY—Our specialized treatments clear up scalp disturbances and promote new hair growth. Strict privacy assured. 8 weeks Assurance Treatments, including shampoo, $9.00. HAIR & SCALP FOUNDATION, 1 West 34th St., New York, and 50 Court St., cor. Joralemon, Brooklyn.



SHOES

BRITISH FOOTWEAR EXCLUSIVELY . . . with rougher fabrics in favor this season the smart tan Scotch grain brogue or the tan grain heavy soled oxford are definitely right . . . PHARAOH & O'CONNELL offer these and other outstanding British shoe styles . . . 14 W. 45th St., N. Y . . . priced to $12.50.

SMOKERS' ACCESSORIES

Have you ever smoked your own cigarette? Discover your tastes in blends, tips, and monograms from our special pack. Send $3.50 for special pack of 100 (assorted grades). Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Send for sample order today. CONNOISSEUR TOBACCO CO., 11 State St., N. Y. C.

STATIONERY

BRENTANO'S, Engravers and Stationers—Fine papers and hand engraved plates, combined with our eighty years' experience in serving the most discriminating, assure highest quality and social correctness. Let us serve your requirements in formal announcements, monogram and address stationery, visiting cards, personal greeting cards, heraldic devices, book plates, etc. Write for samples, indicating your special requirements. 586 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Phone BRyant 9-5700.

VALET SERVICE

HAND-PRESSING, man, that's where the difference lies! Why let a machine knock the shape out of your suits when Landsman clean and send them back in the shape the tailor intended. It costs a little more—$2.50 to be exact—but the difference is obvious. The Landsman Method, Inc., Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y.

"APRY"

THE QUEEN OF FRENCH LIQUEURS

MARIE BRIZARD & ROGER
BORDEAUX
APRY
MARIE BRIZARD

"THE SOUL OF THE APRICOT"

THE world-wide reputation of Marie Brizard Liqueurs since 1755, is your assurance of the quality of Apry, the Liqueur sensation of Europe. Order Apry at Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants. Serve Apry to your guests in your home. You will discover why connoisseurs on the Continent consider Apry one of the world's most delightful Liqueurs.

On Request—a 24-page de luxe recipe booklet in color. Address

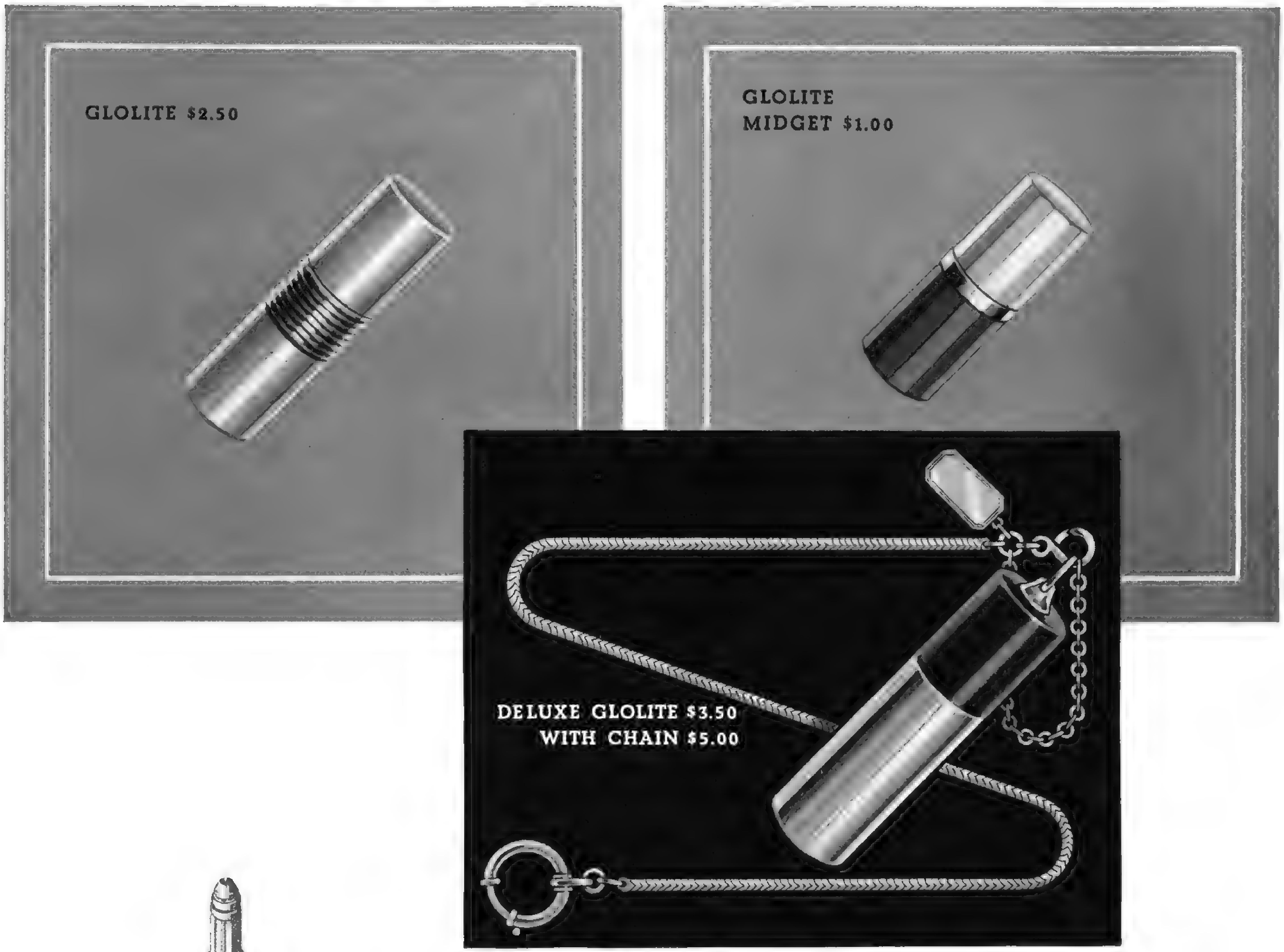
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION
485 Fifth Avenue, New York *Exclusive U. S. Representative*

Marie Brizard & Roger
EST 1755
BOTTLED IN BORDEAUX, FRANCE

MARIE BRIZARD

French Liqueurs of World Fame

ANISETTE • CRÈME DE MENTHE • CRÈME DE CACAO • CURAÇAO TRIPLE SEC • CHERRY BRANDY • RHUM CHARLESTON

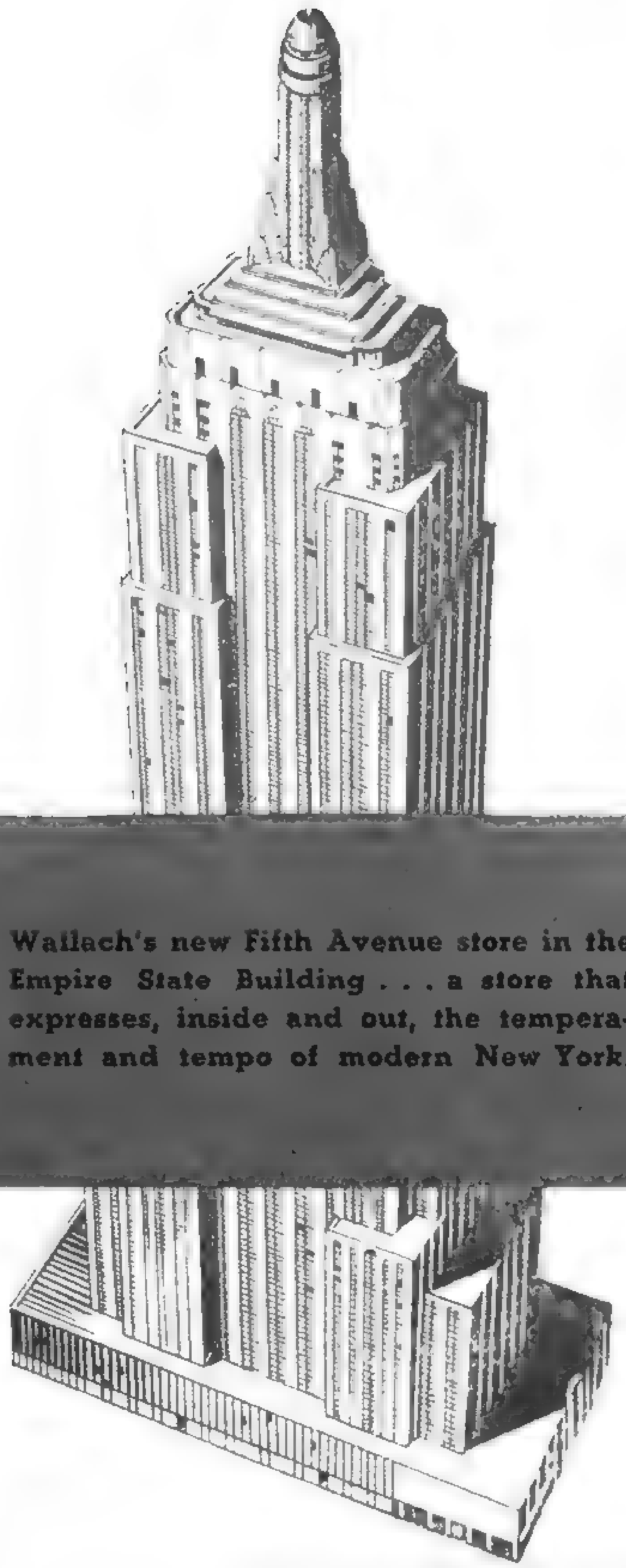


GLOLITE $2.50

GLOLITE
MIDGET $1.00

DELUXE GLOLITE $3.50
WITH CHAIN $5.00

Fifth Avenue has taken its place beside the traditional Bond Street and Rue de la Paix, as synonyms for Fashion. In the Empire State Building, Wallach's has opened its smartest and newest man's shop (another opens in November at Fifth Avenue corner 45th). As a gesture, both modern and smart, we offer a solution to your gift problem in the LEKTROLITE and GLOLITE flameless and windproof cigarette lighters. As smart and compact as a lipstick from the Rue de la Paix, yet as masculine as a Bond Street topper, these new lighters function effortlessly in the strongest of Autumn or Winter winds. No flint, no flame, no smoldering wick, no odor, no taste. Merely hold the LEKTROLITE or GLOLITE to your cigarette tip, puff and smoke — that's all. No smudged fingers because there is no dirty flint. No scorched brows or eyelashes because there is no flame. Here is the matchless gift for any cigarette smoker. Order today by coupon.



Wallach's new Fifth Avenue store in the Empire State Building . . . a store that expresses, inside and out, the temperament and tempo of modern New York.

WALLACH'S

MIDTOWN: Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 33rd St. • DOWNTOWN: 53 Broadway (below Wall St.) • 265 Broadway at Chambers • UPTOWN: 248 W. 125th St. • Fordham Rd. cor. Marion • BROOKLYN: Court cor. Montague • LONG ISLAND: Main Street cor. Locust, Flushing • Jamaica Avenue cor. 166th Street, Jamaica • NEWARK: Broad cor. Clinton Street

Headquarters for Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

READ THIS GUARANTEE

In keeping with Wallach's policy of satisfaction or money back, every lighter is guaranteed unconditionally for one year by the manufacturer. If for any cause your lighter fails or is broken, we will repair it or send you a new one. Send to either Wallach's, 114 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y. or to Platinum Products Co., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WALLACH'S
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $______ for which please send the following: ________________

Name________________________

Address______________________

City______________ State____________

Everything I have is yours

EVERY good thing you ever found in a fresh tomato is yours in Heinz Tomato Juice. The palate-rousing flavor is here, and so is the nourishing food value.

We let none of the true fresh-tomato deliciousness escape. The kitchens where we press and pack the tomato juice are built amid the fields. So it is only a matter of hours from the growing plants to the sealed tin or bottle.

And did you know that Heinz tomatoes are actually more delicious and more nutritious than any you can buy in the markets or pick in your own garden? This is why. We cross-breed the finest seeds to yield still finer tomatoes. We rear the young plants in our own greenhouses with gingerly care. Then we transplant them to the fields to bring forth their precious fruits.

So here, immortalized for you, is the fleeting August charm of the finest tomatoes. And you will understand why we refuse to disguise its native goodness with seasonings. A tiny pinch of salt we add. Nothing more.

Drink then! Quaff to your good health in Heinz Tomato Juice. Before breakfast, at lunch or dinner, and at those sagging moments midway between meals. Keep several tins or bottles in your refrigerator always.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

WELL, IF YOU MUST—

For *goodness* sake, drink Heinz Tomato Juice *straight*. But if a cocktail it must be, then make your own. Here is the recipe: Mix 2 cups Heinz Tomato Juice, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon Heinz Pepper Sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon Heinz Worcestershire Sauce. Chill, strain and serve.

ONE OF THE
57
SERVE COLD
SHAKE BEFORE USING
HEINZ
TOMATO JUICE
MADE BY
H. J. HEINZ CO.
HEINZ
TOMATO JUICE
57

Heinz Tomato Juice

© 1934 H. J. Heinz Co.

Esquire for Christmas

AN EARLY REMINDER

ESQUIRE'S Annual Christmas Gift Rates will be available from November 1 to January 1. To business organizations with salesmen, dealers and customers to remember at Christmas time, as well as to everyone who has a Christmas Shopping List that features one or more men's names, this announcement is of great importance:

ONE SUBSCRIPTION	$5.00
TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS	8.00
THREE SUBSCRIPTIONS	10.00
ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS	EACH 3.00

• YOU MAY ENTER OR RENEW YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION AT THESE RATES •

Rates for more than one subscription, as listed above, apply only on gift orders entered and paid for by one individual or company. For Christmas Gift Subscriptions ESQUIRE is preparing a special gift box in which the January issue will be delivered along with a handsome card announcing the gift and the sender's greetings.

BOND & LILLARD
Bourbon de Luxe for Connoisseurs
OLD RIPY
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
BLUE GRASS
BRAND
Sunny Brook
Mount Vernon
Pure Rye
Whiskey
OLD
Boone's Knoll
BRAND
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

IMPORTANT INSURANCE AGAINST THE FUTURE

Our standard bottled-in-bond (as distinguished from pre-prohibition) stocks of famous old whiskies will soon be available, including such favorites as *Old Taylor, Old Grand Dad, Blue Grass, Old McBrayer, Black Gold, Bourbon de Luxe, Sunny Brook, Mount Vernon, Old Ripy, Bond & Lillard* and *Boone's Knoll.* As a safeguard of quality and adequacy of supply in future we are selecting and retiring for aging between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 gallons from this year's distillations.

The last roundup from our pre-prohibition casks..

all 16 to 18 years old..

And it won't be long before they're just a memory

SOME time ago we announced in this magazine that we still had a limited stock of pre-prohibition Old Grand Dad and Old Taylor (16 to 18 years old) in our bonded warehouses at Louisville. And we urged people to hurry if they wanted some.

Whiskey so rare as this is really "occasion" whiskey — not for the everyday cocktail or highball, but for the unusual occasion

Apparently people *did* want some, and hurried. We haven't a bottle of either left—though we understand you can still find a case or so, here and there, in the hands of far-sighted dealers.

The point is this: We gave you the facts then and we give them to you now.

The eight marvelous old pre-prohibition whiskies pictured and named in this advertisement are just about gone too. In fact we very much doubt if they'll last till Christmas. And in some parts of the country dealers will unquestionably be completely sold out long before then. So, again, we sincerely urge you to act quickly if you want to lay by a case or so for special occasions.

Long before prohibition, these famous whiskies were regarded by connoisseurs as the very choicest in the land — aristocrats, every one of them. Today, mellowed and sweetened 16 to 18 years in charred oak, they are collectors' items of the tastiest and ripest order.

There'll come times when you want and require something of this exclusive sort — why not anticipate those occasions before it's too late and buy today against the future?

THIS EMBLEM NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROTECTS YOU

AMERICAN MEDICINAL SPIRITS CO. · NEW YORK · CHICAGO . LOUISVILLE · SAN FRANCISCO

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Howard Valyear

Discovery of the Month is **Howard Valyear** whose first published short story is *A Date With Jean* which appears on page 55 of this issue. He is twenty-four, earns his living working in a chemical laboratory in Buffalo, where he was graduated from the Technical High School in 1927, and attends night classes at the University of Buffalo where he is on the staff of Midnight Oil, a campus publication. His favorite authors are Chekhov, Hemingway, and Whitman. The family name is a corruption of the French *Valliere* but is pronounced as it is now spelled, with neither syllable particularly stressed. He is unaware of any relationship to the similarly named favorite of the court of France.

•

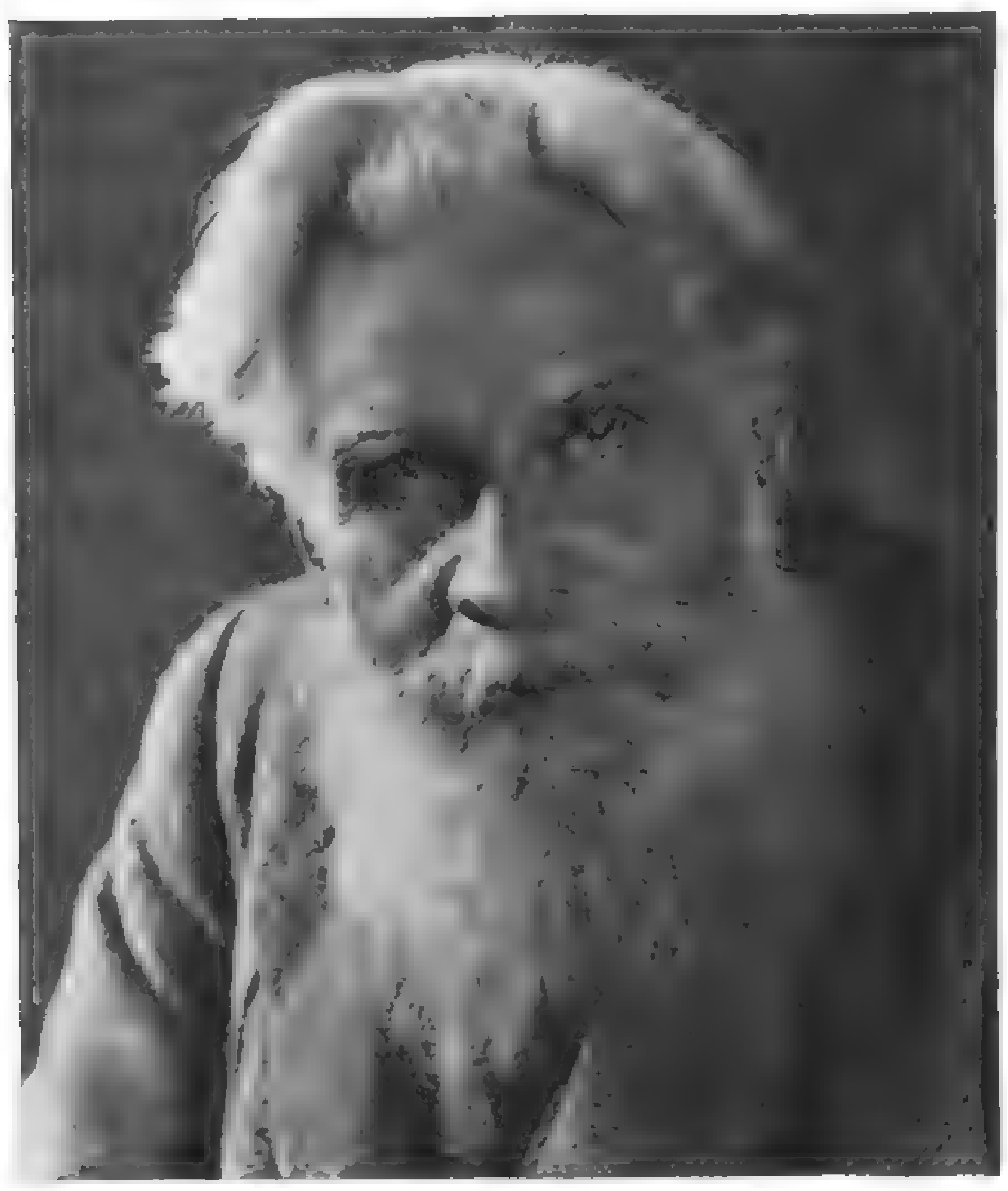
Mr. Hemingway begs your leave to be excused from this month's regular meeting. He will be back next month, but this month he has a book to finish.

•

Theodore Dreiser is doing a piece for next month's issue on Upton Sinclair. And Frank Scully has done one this month (see page 32). This is the same Mr. Sinclair who made that nasty crack about us some time ago to the effect that unknown writers would be wasting their time trying to sell anything to Esquire. Now look at all the nice free advertising he's getting. That calls for comment of some kind, but the thought of our fine forgiving spirit leaves us speechless.

•

To **Havelock Ellis,** more than any other one man, must go the credit for making sex safe as a subject for art and letters and civilized conversation. Almost every serious modern author is indebted to him, in greater or less degree, for freedom from the Victorian necessity of resorting to sham or hypocrisy.



Havelock Ellis

Alfred Kreymborg's latest work consists of two full length plays, not yet issued, *Money in Love* and *Phyllis Ashley,* and a new book of poems, not quite ready, called *America, America!* "As for the Birthplace, and that sort of thing: the fellow was born in New York City, fifty years ago, and is still alive, let us hope. And has been writing and editing things for the past thirty years. And is not yet in an Academy, or in the grave."

•

Hendrik Willem van Loon was born in Rotterdam but went to college in this country. He has been a press correspondent, an editor and a professor of history and is the author of thirteen books, of which the best known are *The Story of Mankind,* 1921, and *R. v. R., The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn,* 1931.

•

Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky sailed for Europe October 5 to spend several weeks studying the latest trends in automobile design in England, Belgium and France.

•

Rex Beach has been famous since the publication of *The Spoilers* in 1906. Since then he has written twenty-one other novels and two plays. He is well known as a deep sea fisherman.

•

Ben Hecht is usually thought of as a Chicago author since he first came to fame while working on the Chicago Daily News, but he was born in New York City. Currently he is engaged, with Charles MacArthur, his collaborator since *The Front Page,* on a series of movie productions, of which the first was *Crime Without Passion.*

•

George Jean Nathan's new book, not yet finished, is to be called *Passing Judgment.*

•

Since his last appearance in these pages, **Robert Buckner** has been all over Hellandgone including Iceland. The day he got back from that jaunt he left again for Jamaica. That's what a few checks from Esquire will do for a guy.

•

Conrad Aiken was born in Savannah, Georgia, and was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1911. His first volume of verse was published in 1914 and his first novel, *Blue Voyage,* in 1927. He is the author of thirteen volumes of poetry and two volumes of short stories. He lived in England for a number of years.

•

Roger Warner is the author of the article on the Maryland Hunt Cup which appeared in our April issue. He works in a Philadelphia advertising agency.

•

Harold Titus was born in Traverse City, Michigan and has lived there since his graduation from the University of Michigan in 1911. Since that time he has been a fruit grower in Grand Traverse County. In 1927 he was appointed Commissioner of Conservation. He is the author of four books and a frequent contributor to the leading magazines.

•

Joseph Schrank has dropped the French accent which characterized all his humorous sketches in previous issues, much to the relief of the correspondence department, which grew very weary of arguing with outraged purists over Mr. Schrank's phonetic spelling of French phrases.

•

Hans Fallada is the author of the famous depression time novel, *Little Man, What Now?*

•

Charles Parmer is the author of the article on the Kentucky Derby which appeared in our May issue.

•

Warren Gibson is the pseudonym of a New Jersey architect who, after writing on architectural subjects for ten or twelve years, switched over to fiction in 1933.

Harry Kipke

Harry Kipke, as you surely know, is head football coach at the University of Michigan. He was an All-American Halfback in 1922 and captain of the Michigan team in 1923. He was assistant coach at Michigan for two years, left for a year as head coach at Michigan State, and returned in 1929 to become Michigan's head coach.

•

Nahum Sabsay has contributed short stories to *Scribner's* and other quality magazines.

•

Homer Croy records these solemn facts: "I have written ten novels. Two of them were flops . . . but let's hurry on to something else.

"Wrote *They Had to See Paris* as a novel; became a best seller, and Will Rogers' first talking picture.

"Have done more screen stuff for Will Rogers than any other human being.

"Wrote *West of the Water Tower.* Became a best seller. No one ever knew why.

"Was the first student in the first school of journalism in the world. Immediately got out of journalism.

"Age: fifty-one. Haven't a grey hair in my head . . . nor any other kind.

"Hobby: epitaph collecting."

•

Raeburn Van Buren's first job was a semi-pro connection with the Kansas City Post as sport-cartoonist. He took his pay in Annie Oakleys and after a week the paper decided that he was overpaid. He went back to Central High School where for three years he nursed his grudge against the Kansas City Post, and then got even by getting and keeping a job on the Star. Selling a drawing to *Life* for nine dollars made him realize that the big money was in the East and he left immediately to get his share. He's been getting it ever since.

Raeburn Van Buren

Seagram's said, "Judge Crown Whiskey by this exacting test"

MAKE THIS TEST YOURSELF

This is the professional way to test whiskey. **1.** Pour a little into a glass. **2.** Swish around to moisten inside of glass. **3.** Pour whiskey back into bottle. **4.** Inhale aroma left in glass.

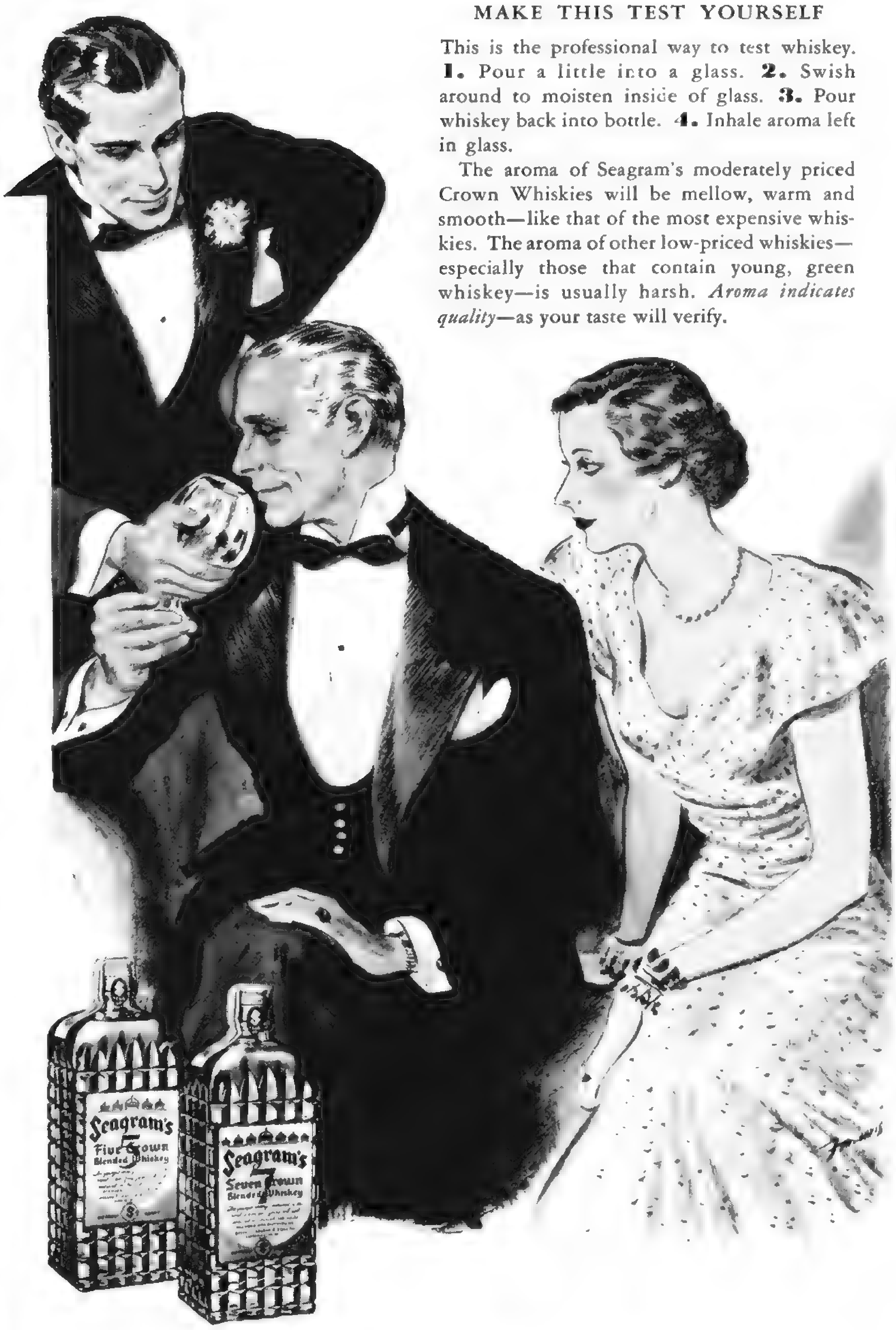
The aroma of Seagram's moderately priced Crown Whiskies will be mellow, warm and smooth—like that of the most expensive whiskies. The aroma of other low-priced whiskies—especially those that contain young, green whiskey—is usually harsh. *Aroma indicates quality*—as your taste will verify.

In 60 Days CROWN WHISKEY *Became America's Favorite!*

JUST what everyone had been looking for—a really *good* whiskey at a moderate price. That's the need Crown Whiskey filled. And the public itself decided it—overwhelmingly!

Crown Whiskey was presented by Seagram's not with claims—but with a definite pledge. With that pledge went an invitation for you to verify it with the test used by professional buyers to test costliest whiskies.

The wave of popularity that followed quickly made Crown Whiskey America's favorite. Behind a product that wins such popularity there must be more than accident. There must be a reason—a *good* reason. There is a good reason—*The House of Seagram holds the world's largest treasure of fully aged Rye and Bourbon whiskies!*



We Pledge

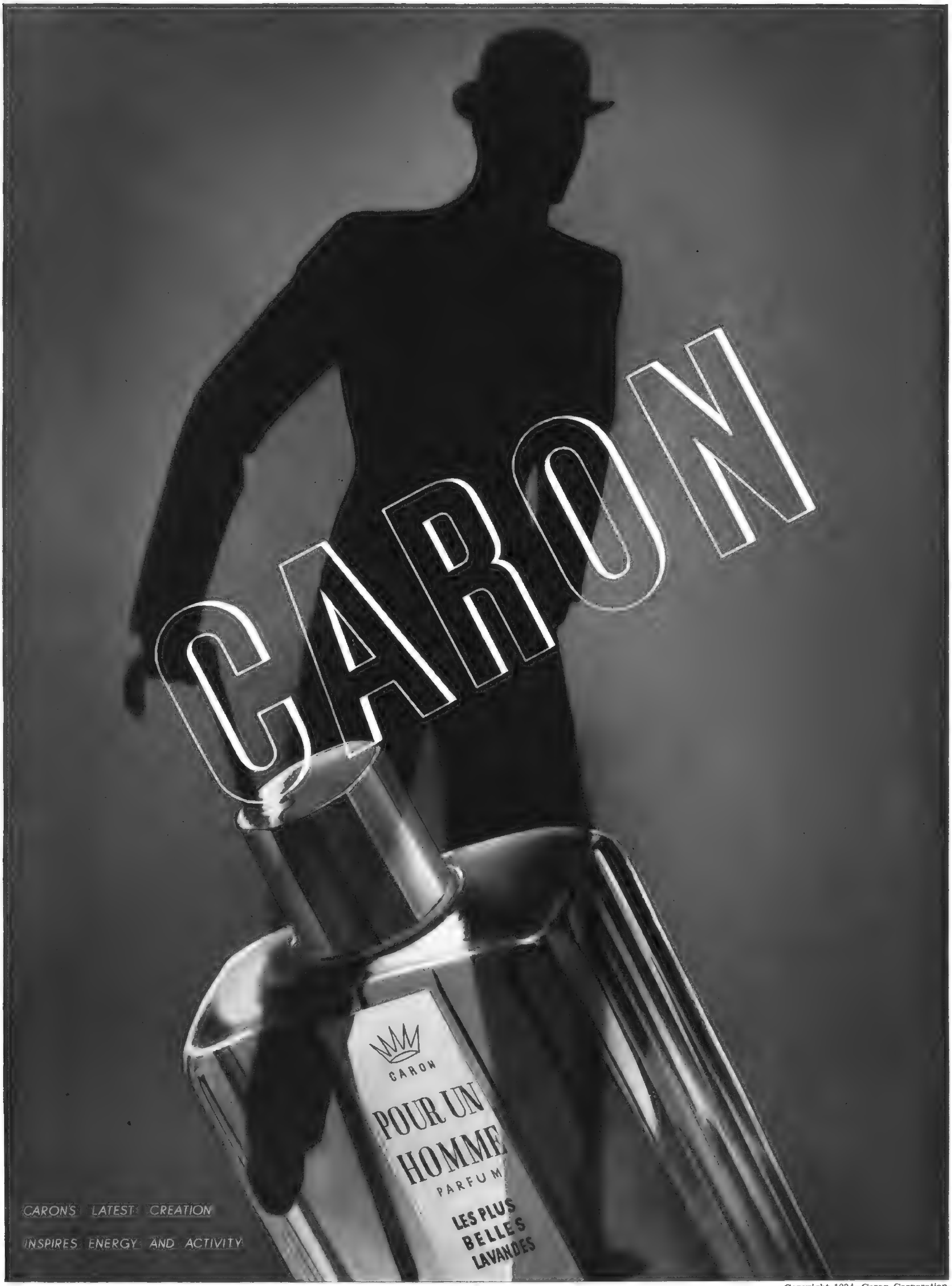
1. That the straight whiskey in each bottle of Seagram's Crown blended whiskey is four years old, full bodied, full flavor, distilled, matured and matchlessly blended in the finest American tradition. **2.** That the quality of Crown Whiskies will always be uniform because the House of Seagram owns the largest stocks of aged Rye and Bourbon whiskies in the world. **3.** That no expense whatever has been spared to make Seagram's Crown Whiskies the greatest whiskey value in America.

Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Inc.

YOU WILL ENJOY—
Seagram's Bottled-in-Bond Whiskies:
SEAGRAM'S V. O.
SEAGRAM'S "ANCIENT BOTTLE" RYE
SEAGRAM'S BOURBON
SEAGRAM'S "83"

SEAGRAM'S CELEBRATED LONDON DRY GIN
SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR LONDON DRY GIN

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857
Seagram's
CROWN WHISKIES
Say Seagram's and be Sure


CARON
CARON
POUR UN HOMME
PARFUM
LES PLUS BELLES LAVANDES
CARON'S LATEST CREATION
INSPIRES ENERGY AND ACTIVITY

Copyright 1934, Caron Corporation

You, the Phantom

Do you think you are real? Are you living or being lived? Take five minutes off to consider this

by THEODORE DREISER

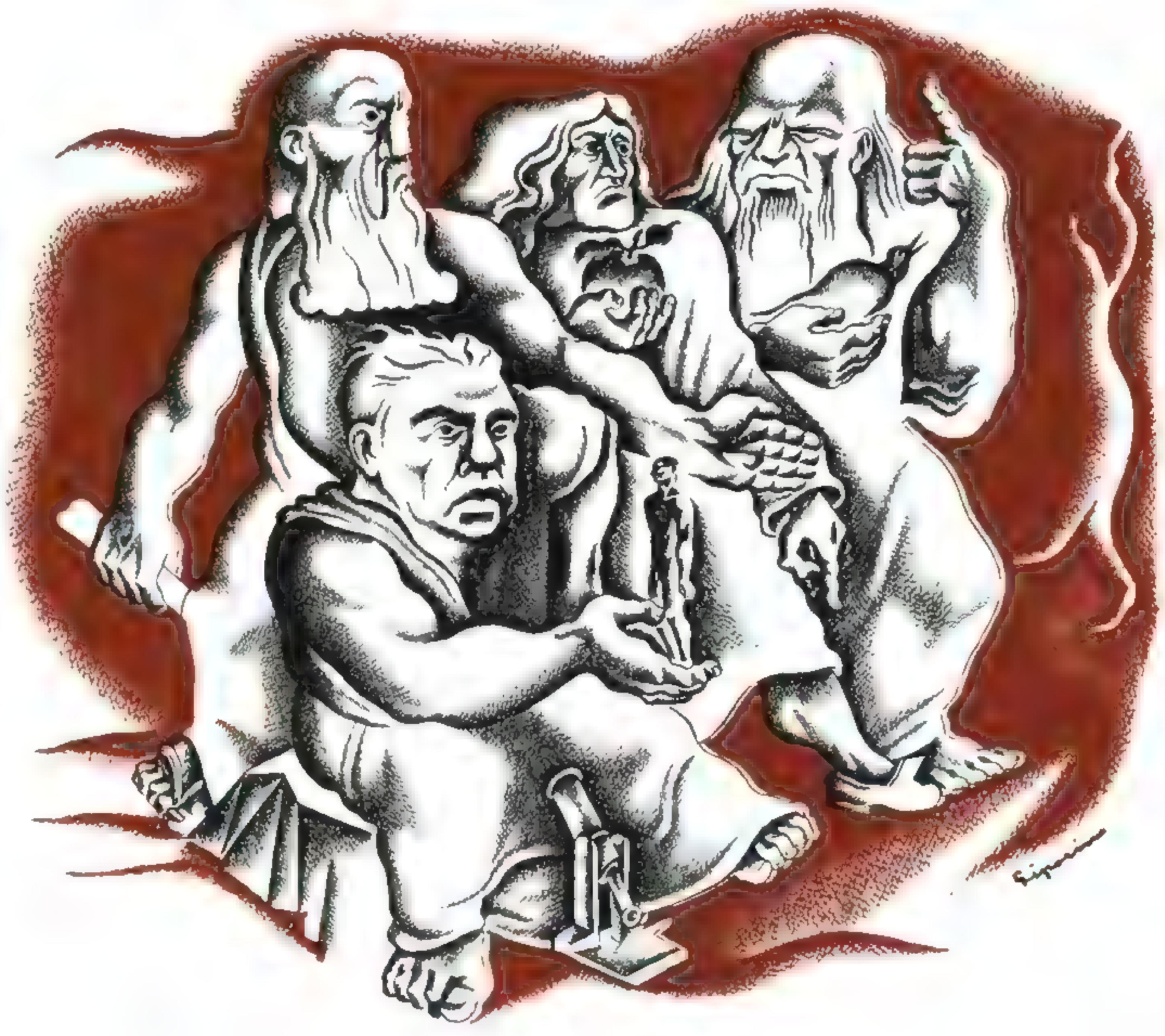
▪ ARTICLE ▪

WHAT to me in life achieves the ultimate of the fantastic as well as the ridiculous, is the exaltation of the human as opposed to, or set over against, the natural or creative forces by which man finds himself surrounded. When he is not busy overestimating his own significance and powers as compared to these others, he becomes fearful and falls down before them—and more—in the past at least, proceeded to symbolize them as Gods—10,000 or more. When he was not doing that, he, where he possessed any of the mental significance he was so ready to ascribe to himself, was to be found, prying or peeping through chinks and mouse holes such as microscopes and telescopes, at the vast illimitable processes of nature or the universe without and about him. Yet these, in turn, he described, and still does, as "mechanistic" and so decidedly not *mental* like himself, either in their content or result! Imagine! Indeed the stone, or plaster, or wooden images that he set up, and at the feet of which he too often worshiped—and still does—were, as he sensed them, better symbols of the forces above him than all their illimitable and quite visible reality about him. The image he could grasp. The other not.

But how odd, considering that a man comes into the world via these processes and mechanisms at which he so blindly peeks! And how still more odd, that after centuries and centuries of peeping and prying and arguing with this earthly authority and that; reading what has been or is being written by this or that or the other so-called *mind* and examining and copying as many of the natural processes as he can, and testing their accuracy for himself, or a process, or a theory that no more than duplicates some already functioning process of nature, proceeds to celebrate forthwith not the wonder of the natural and creative forces about him, but the wonder and originality and power of his own mind.

For instance, an Anaxagoras (B. C. 400) decides that the atom alone must be the basic unit of the universe. And forthwith how astounding is the mind of Anaxagoras. Or a Leonardo, after puzzling over the flying of birds, succeeds in suspecting that some day man must fly. How astounding the mind of Leonardo! Again, a Newton seeing an apple fall to the ground discovers the law of gravitation! How supremely great Newton! But before Anaxagoras, were atoms. And before Leonardo, birds flew. And before Newton, there was the law of gravitation.

And what was it that arranged and maintained all these? A non-thinking, non-reasoning mechanism? If not, then what becomes of the so-called amazing mental distinction of these individuals who did no more than observe the seemingly changeless and hence, as they would say, highly *mechanistic* processes of nature which they copy? Yet today—and day after day—whenever any one individual here on earth finally senses (and that owing wholly to a sensitive equipment provided by this other so-called "mechanistic" process of force, operating not only outside but through him) we hear other men exclaiming in admiration and awe: Hearken! Behold! How great is the mind of man! He has discovered that apples fall to the ground, that birds, because of this or that mechanical form, and this or that metabolism or chemism fly. But can it be that he and not his universe is the mechanism? And that by it he has been definitely limited to a state this side of reason? It is not possible—even in many ways self evident.



At least for myself, finding myself an extension of these same "mechanical" mysteries which the great mind of man has for so long stared at and pondered over and spied upon, as might any cat at a mouse hole, or any rat peering out upon infinite mystery from the entrance to its petty shelter, I can find nothing that is not mind, neither myself, nor any lesser or greater thing. But some is free moving mental energy, or impulse, or both, and some, as in the case of men, animals, trees, etc., is but the implementation of the same. But with energy connections with the whole which permit of partial movement.

Take myself for instance. I am a minute assemblage of other more minute and yet amazingly coordinated beings—or energy containers (none so small but that if disarranged or disordered, may, and even will, end me—my so-called being). More, as a part of myself—a somewhat larger mechanism than themselves yet of which they may or may not be conscious—they function quite well in me as a part of my structure, as one of me and I, because of them and other forces above them and which same controls all of us, function fairly well among other such mechanism as myself, so much so that at last I am convinced that I am not so much an individual force but a mechanism for the mind and the intention of some exterior and larger mental process which has constructed me and these minor entities which help to make me what I am, but not, probably, for any individual purpose of my own, but rather, and quite obviously to me, for some purpose of its own. In other words, I am not wholly and individually living—but being lived by something else that has constructed me and is using me, along with all other forms and creatures and elements and forces, for purposes of its own. So much so that I am but the minutest fraction of some process of living which, in turn, is a product of this other exterior as well as interior reality and power, and which same (thanks be) has, for some infinitely small fraction of its much larger and more mysterious life, included me as some minute part, or movement, of its immensely greater life. Yet its relation to me is what?—Its process of functioning through me and so using me as a minute expression of itself how? Well, let us see what that is like.

A man is painting a house, or a picture. The man either is or is not an extension of an idea of a man, emanating from somewhere and definitely characterized as an idea by the fact that endless billions of men, like the one under discussion, have come and gone, are coming and going, and will come and go. This makes the *man idea* the only reality or actual man, the physical man whom we see painting the house or picture being nothing more than an extension, nay, even a mimeograph copy of the man model above described. Yet both are, if you choose, the invention, or possibly accident of something desiring to express itself, for the time being at least, in the man form. That this something seems also to desire to express itself in bird, flower, fish, insect, rock, gas, planet, and other forms is obvious and goes without saying. In short, a universe (and of those there are many) seems to be one of its (in a very immense sense) forms or extensions.

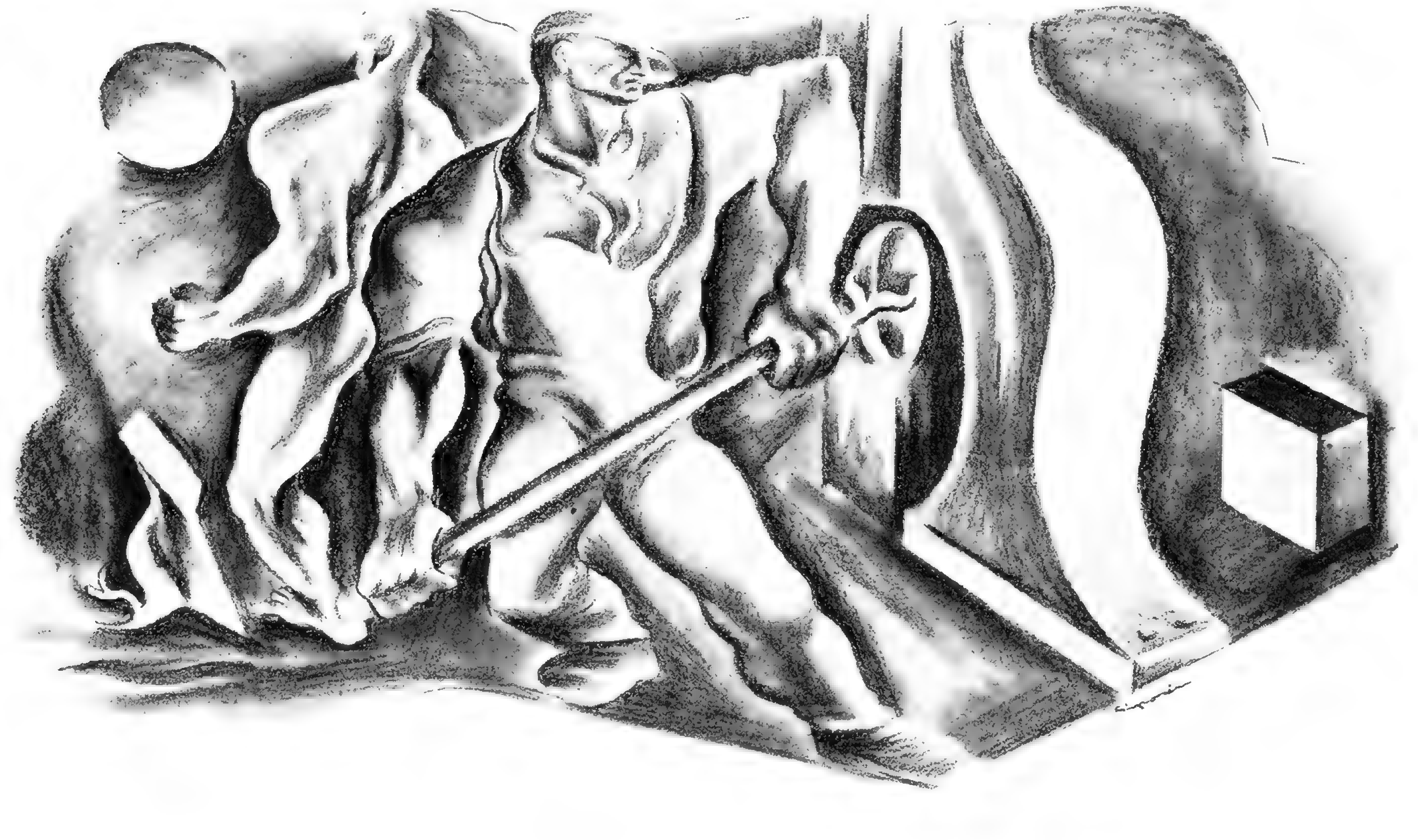
None the less, this replica of the man form, who is painting the house or picture, is moved by emotions or impulses which he does not create. They are created in him by other things, both internal and external—usually external. More, the materials with which he works, the wood of the house, the cloth of the canvas, the metals and elements of the paint he is using, are all alive and are also extensions of this universal creature. And now we know that all things are composed of identically the same vital atoms or their component parts—electrons, protons, neutrons, etc., etc. But how many? We are unable to calculate. The main thing is that all are alive, active, busy forming (for what reason—by what command?) new matter, or gases, or nebulae, or suns, and yet all are an extension of creative energy, the very energy-body of the universe itself, they having no life or being apart from it. Not only that, but they are, accurately or indifferently, as you will, disposed of by the larger creative force or energy wheresoever and, seemingly, howsoever it wills.

In the present instance they are of course only partially subject to the mood or impulse of the man extension—the replica man—who in turn is obviously an extension and a part of the mood of the universal creative will or force. Yet also they are partially independent and are therefore only partially, not totally, at the disposal of the mood or intention of the man.

To be sure, he will put the paint on the house, or the canvas, and arrange it according to his mood of the moment, thus seemingly fixing certain atoms or protons or neutrons, for the time being, in a given place. Actually, however, if one can accept the latest developments in connection with electro-physics and thermo-dynamics or chemics, or what have you, not any single atom is definitely and permanently fixed anywhere—all are moving and changing—one electron of an atom packing its bag and departing for where we do not know, the while another electron is entering and taking its place. None the less, there is this present arrangement of them on the part of the man replica—his mood or desire, which, in turn, is imposed upon him by something outside him. Indeed, insofar as these atoms are concerned, there remains a probably total unconsciousness on their part of the use that the replica man is making of them, just as in our personal lives and instances where we are arranged as employees of, let us say, the Standard Oil Company, the General Electric Company, or the Bell Telephone Company, we have no least notion of the plans, of say, the Electric Company and the real use it is making of us, any more than it has of the details of our private lives or minds. It can only guess what we are thinking or doing, just as we can only guess what it, via its executives and their business arrangements, is doing. Yet there both are, being moved and fixed by the replica man, just as he is being moved and fixed by the creative process of which he is an expression. In other words, the creative process, or something behind it again, is thinking, planning, doing something important in connection with all of its manifestations, or it is idling and dreaming. And we replica men, like the rest of the creatures of the world we know, and of the other worlds we see but do not know, and the universe, are, or may be, important or not important—mere shadow or foam, sound and fury—signifying nothing.

Yet one thing more. A secondary phase of this universal thinking is the man painting. A tertiary phase—if we men mimeographs want to be vain—are these same atoms which constitute his paint, and colors, and which, in the arrangement he is moved to give them, serve to illustrate his ideas or moods on the canvas or house, as may be. Also the atoms in us. A fourth phase is the electrons in them. Yet no doubt all of those things, men, atoms, electrons, gases and what not, are, as I have said, acting according to mathematical laws which are plainly the concealed and directed orders or thoughts or intentions of a universal creative energy at the very same time that they appear to be responding to lesser laws of their being and their environment. In short, while they are seeming entities and "on their own" as we say, still they are subject to the moods and the movements not only of the man mind, but, beyond him, of the universal creative mind. All either are an integral part of the universal mind, or they are differentiated portions of it—either itself—or superiorly differentiated by the whole of which they are still an integral part.

To my thinking, the great creative energy seems to wish to bloom forth or breathe itself outward into all of the endless forms that we see. Their actions and counteractions and reactions are no more than conditions of its nature—not theirs—yet all together being in some larger way conditions (perhaps) of universal thinking or being. Who is to say? Yet all to one purpose, namely, the fell and important or idle and unimportant desire or mood on the part of something, which is *the all*, to express itself either meaningly or meaninglessly. (A fine thing to be thinking as one goes home on the five-fifteen.)

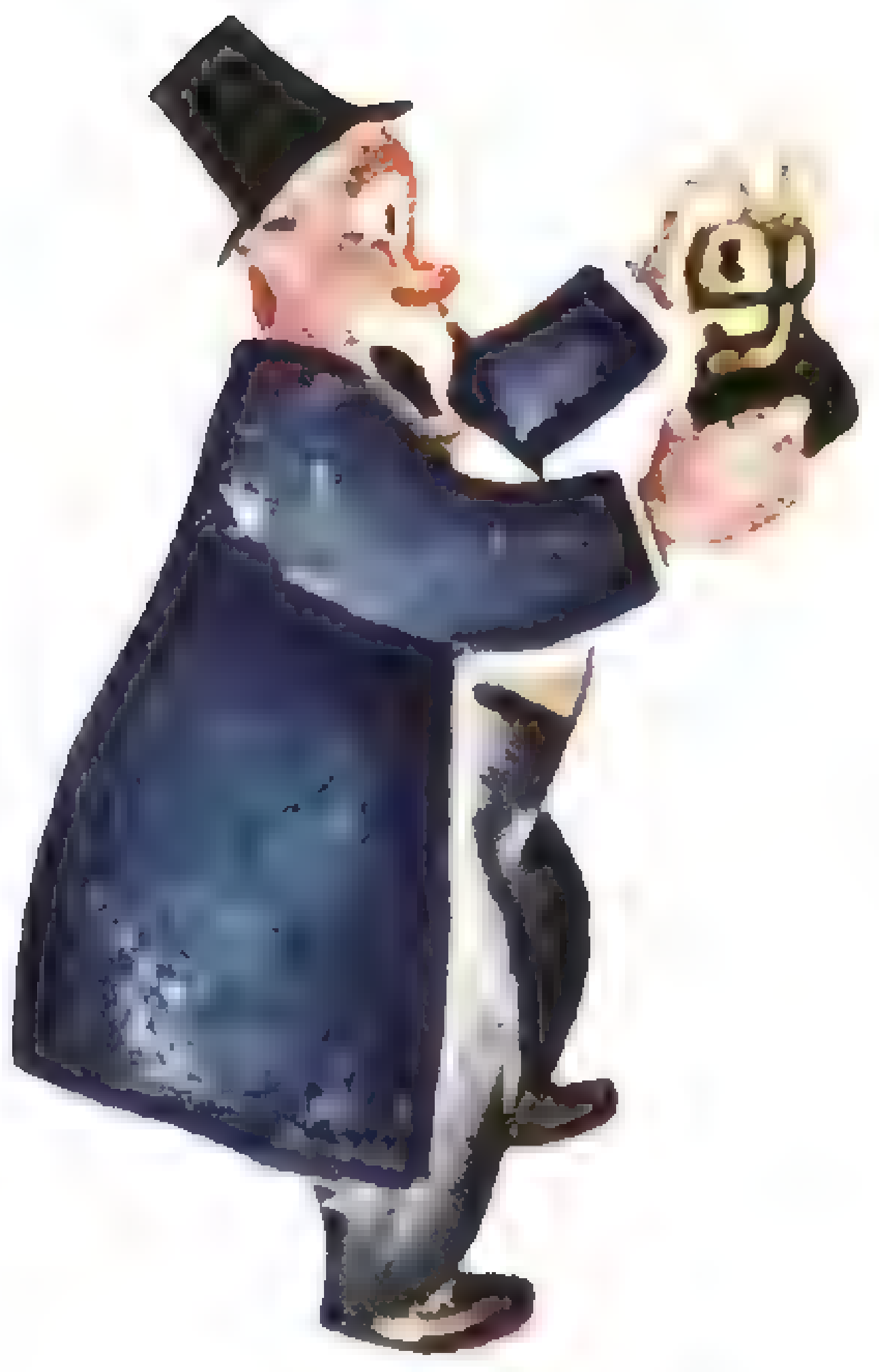


La Belle France

Poem in left-handed praise of the thrift of the Frenchmen

by ALFRED KREYMBORG

Having roundly
denounced our
dollars and greed,
he digs a
little purse
from his pants,
opens five tiny
receptacles
and carefully
pinches forth
four times twenty
plus fifteen
centimes
for his fare
to Villefranche.
Then he lifts
his boot off
a sou he had
dropped on the floor,
snaps it up,
opens purse and
pocket once more,
and gives the car
a universal
Bon jour.
The conductor
blows a horn
and the tram
gathers speed.



MONOTYPES BY JOHN GROTH

Devil, George and Rosie

An amusing two-part story of a man who got a job as master of the ladies' section of Hell

by JOHN COLLIER

• FICTION •

George Pennywhistle went up the stairs, opened the door of his room, and saw an extremely well-dressed man standing on the hearth rug, looking about him with a rather patronizing air. George immediately perceived that this was no other than the Devil himself, in whom hitherto he had not had the slightest belief.

“Dear me!” said he in a flutter. “You have come to the wrong room, I'm afraid. Who is it you require?”

“At present, Mr. Pennywhistle, my business is with you. I have a little proposition to lay before you.”

“I am not prepared to discuss propositions with you,” replied George uneasily.

“My dear Mr. Pennywhistle,” said the Devil, with the most courteous smile imaginable, “you are a student of life, letters, philosophy, *et tout ça*. You are familiar with my reputation under a dozen names, in as many mythologies, and I am sure you will accord me a reception other than that of some panic-stricken and unmannerly little Methodist cobbler.

“I am certainly not panic-stricken,” said George, “and I am not usually considered unmannerly. At the same time, I am not prepared . . .”

“I see clearly,” said the Devil, “that you suspect me of some stratagem. Reassure yourself, Mr. Pennywhistle. The time is long past when my little establishment needed recruitment in that manner. In fact . . . But come, Mr. Pennywhistle; since we are to have a chat, let us at least take our ease.”

“Forgive me,” said George. “The fact is, your appearance has taken me by surprise: I freely admit it. However, I think there is some liver sausage in the safe.”

“My dear boy,” said the Devil, “if you will allow me to call you that, I have been a student myself, and know the true courtesy that disdains the ceremonious. We are both bohemians: let me, then, play the host. There is a little restaurant in Jermyn Street . . .”

In the end, George and the Devil were sitting in great comfort in a basement grill room of the highest class, and the Devil stood a remarkably good bottle of wine.

“You are a person,” said he to George, “who, I imagine, knows his own mind, and has the courage of his convictions. Tell me, did you mean what you said to your friend in the square this evening, when you expressed a wish that there was a hereafter, in order that you might see the fickle temptresses and Delilahs of this world undergoing the punishment for their sins?”

“If I said that,” observed George, “you may depend I meant it. I think I may say, that whatever my weaknesses may be, I know my own mind, and have the courage, so to speak, of my what-d'ye-call'ems.”

“Splendid!” cried his companion. “We are getting on like a house on fire. Now, my dear chap, my little difficulty is this: The domain over which I have the honor and pleasure to preside, was designed originally on the most ample scale, but nevertheless certain recent tendencies are fast rendering its confines too narrow and its supervision too onerous for one who is not as young as he was.”

“Sorry to hear that,” said George.

“It is not so much the increase of the population of this planet,” continued the Devil, “which, knowing what you and I know, might have been foreseen. What did not enter into our calculations, were two developments that have taken place recently. I refer to the spread of infidelity and the emancipation of women.”

“Just what I've always said,” observed our hero. “The bitches!”

“Let us say, rather, that they are a little addicted to superficial pleasures,” suggested the Devil, “and a little unscrupulous as to how they come by them. My dear fellow, that is quite enough. There are a thousand million of them in the world today; modern girls every one, and that is to say—damned.”

“Fine!” said George.

“Very fine indeed,” said the Devil, “from the artistic point of view. But consider the pressure on space, and the ceaseless strain of organization.”

“Squeeze 'em in,” cried George with enthusiasm. “Pack 'em tight. That's what I say.”

“They would then imagine themselves at a party,” replied his new friend. “No, no. Everyone who comes to me must have individual attention. I intend to open a new department. The site is chosen. The builders are at work. All that I need is a superintendent of iron personality.”

“*Iron* personality?” cried George.

“Iron personality,” replied the Devil. “A difficult quest, my dear boy, as you will realize when I tell you that I have heard Beelzebub himself addressed by a blonde as ‘sugar daddy’.”

“No blonde has ever addressed *me* as ‘sugar daddy’,” observed our hero.

“I can imagine what would happen to her if she did,” observed his companion with a smile.

“I should like to know a little about the climate, salary and prospects,” said George in a business-like tone.

“The climate, much like that of Oxford Street on a summer afternoon,” replied the Devil. “The salary is power, and the prospects are infinite. But if you are interested, my dear fellow, allow me to show you over the place. In any case, I should value your opinion on it.”

No sooner said than done: they sank into the bowels of the earth, came out in a suburb of Sydney, N. S. W. “Here we are, then!” cried George.

“No, no,” said the Devil. “Just a little farther on.”

They proceeded with the speed of rockets to the northeast corner of the universe, and after a short flight they landed in a sterile and saturnine country, close by a palace of black basalt, which covered seven square miles of ground.

“That's a snug-looking box,” cried our hero.

“Merely a pioneer's hut,” said his companion. “My future overseer will have to rough it there until something better can be run up.”

George, however, observed a prodigious number of barrels being run down into a cellar on the hinder side of this palace. What's more, he saw several groups of friends, who should have been at their work squatting in one of the unfinished galleries, with cards in their hands.

"You play nap and poker here?" said he in tones of the liveliest satisfaction.

"We are connoisseurs of every pleasure," said the Devil with a smile. "And when we play cards, everybody has an excellent hand."

He showed George a number of masterly pictures: some of them were a little indecent. There was a whole cellarful of fireworks of every description. Not only these, but there were a number of other delights of a nature entirely new to the visitor. There was an observatory, for example, from which the behavior of any young woman in the world could be closely inspected. "This is really a very interesting device," murmured our hero.

"Come," said the friend, "we must not stay here all day. Doubtless you will want to see the rest of your domain."

The Devil then flew with him over the whole surface of the planet, which, once they were clear of the palace and its lands, proved to have an aspect not unlike that of the Great West Road where it approaches London. On every hand rows of cells were being run up: to add the final refinement of misery they were designed exactly like modern villas. Invitation husbands, who could neither speak nor hear, were planted in armchairs with their feet on the mantel-pieces. The wardrobes were full of unfashionable garments: small imps disguised as children were already rehearsing by dozens in all the upper rooms. The peculiar property of the walls was to translate the noise of those next door into the sound of a party going on, while the windows were so designed as to make the dowdiest passer-by appear to be arrayed in the very latest mode. Vast bunion factories belched smoke among the crazy villas: lorry-loads of superfluous hair clattered along the streets. George was shown the towering gasometers of the halitosis factories, and a number of other things I do not dare imagine. He saw a great concourse of fiends being instructed in door-to-door salesmanship, others were being fitted out as relations in law, rent collectors and bailiffs. He himself made two suggestions that were immediately put into force: one was for a stocking ladderer, and the other for an elastic that would break in the middle of any crowded thoroughfare.

As a final encouragement, the Devil took him over to the mainland of Hell itself, which is girdled by the Styx as Saturn by his ring. Charon's vast liner had just come to dock and our hero had the pleasure of seeing a multitude of film stars, baby blondes, unfaithful wives, disobedient daughters, frivolous typists, lazy serving maids, wantons, careless waitresses, cruel charmers, naggers, sirens, clogs, unpunctual sweethearts, bridge-playing grandmas, extravagant helpmeets, mischief-making gossips, tantalizers, female novelists, crazy debutantes, possessive mothers, neglectful mothers, modern mothers, unmarried mothers, would-be, should-be, in fact all who could be, mothers: they were all there, and all filed down the gangway, some weeping, some brazen, and some in attitudes of affected modesty.

"This is a magnificent sight," remarked our hero.

"Well, my dear sir," said the Devil, "are you the man for the job?"

"I will do my best," cried George enthusiastically.

They shook hands on it; all the little details were arranged; before that evening George was installed as principal vassal of all the Devil's hosts and overlord of a planet populated only by women and friends.

It must be admitted he enjoyed himself with a vengeance. Every day he would go out, having donned his cap of invisibility, and regale himself upon his subjects' endeavors to cope with the hardships he had designed for them. Sometimes he would hold up the ceaseless self-dirtying of plates, put the children to sleep, and amuse them with the prospect of a matinée. He saw to it, though, that they had to queue up for the cheap seats, and arranged for it to rain. In the end, he would announce the show was postponed. He had a thousand other ways of tantalizing them: I shall not enumerate them all. One of the best was to send for any newly arrived young thing who was reported to be vain of her beauty, and give her the impression for an hour or two that she had made a conquest of him and then (as far as was possible) undeceive her.

When the day's work was done, he sat down to cards with his principal officers, and sure enough everyone had a good hand,

but his was the best. They drank like champions; the Devil was constantly sending over the choicest delicacies from Hell: the word "*Fine*" was continually upon our hero's lips, and the time passed like lightning.

One day towards the end of the second year, our potentate had just got through his levée and was refreshing himself with a stroll on a little private terrace which he much affected, when word was brought to him that the senior port official desired an audience. Our hero was the easiest fellow in the world to approach; never stood upon his dignity: "Send the old chap along here," said he, "and Hi! Bring a bottle and couple of glasses back with you when you come."

The fact is, George dearly loved a chat with these old petty officers, who occasionally brought him reports of diverting little incidents at the Ely Island of Hell, or scraps of gossip concerning the irrelevant affairs of the world, such as sometimes strayed in among Charon's cargo, as lizards or butterflies travel to Covent Garden among the bananas.

On this occasion, however, the harbor-master's face bore an extremely worried expression: "I'm afraid, Sir," he said, "I've got a little irregularity to report."

"Well, we all make mistakes sometimes," said George. "What's the trouble?"

"It's like this here, Sir," replied the old salt, "young gal, come along o' the last cargo—seems as if she didn't ought to be here at all."

"Oh, that'll be all right," cried George. "Bound to be. It's understood we take the whole issue in these days. She's a woman: that's enough. What's on her charge sheet anyway?"

"Lot o' little things, Sir, what don't amount to much," replied the honest fellow. "Thing is, Sir, it ain't added up." And he pursed his lips.

"Not added up?" cried George in amazement.

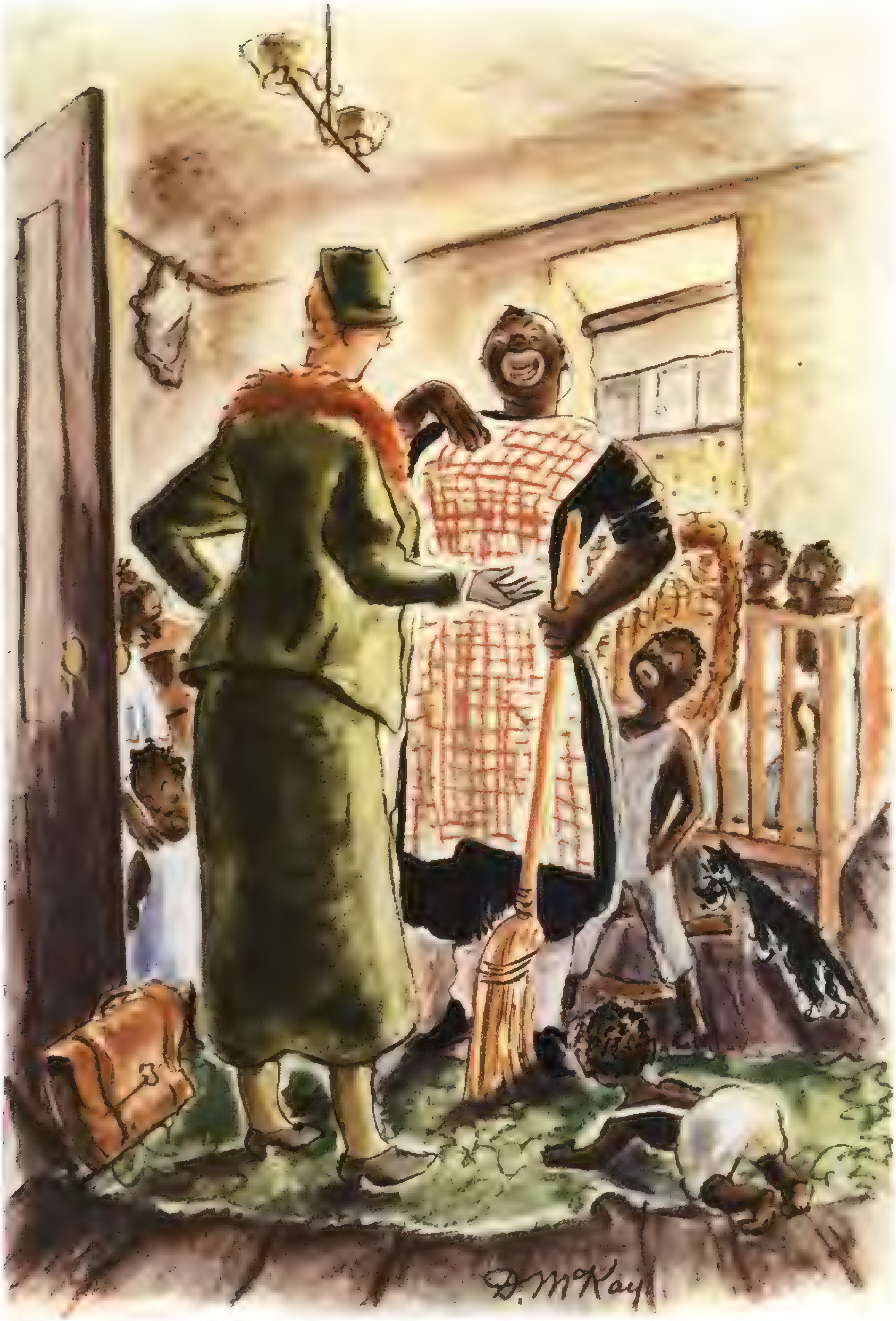
"That's how it is, Sir," said his subordinate glumly. "This young gal *ain't properly dead.*"

George was absolutely bowled over. "Whew!" said he. "But this is serious, my man."

"It *is* serious, Sir," said the old chap. "I don't know what's to be done, I'm sure."

MAURICE FREED

Continued on page 172



"Birth control?—Oh, dat's all right for you, Missy Jones. But ah'm *married"*

The Problem of Sterilization

A sincere, courageous advocacy of voluntary vasectomy as a means of avoiding undesired population

by HAVELOCK ELLIS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE various theories held today concerning the future of the race, and what we ought to do about it, furnish a puzzling spectacle. We find champions not only of different, but of opposite opinions. They differ not only about what we should do, but quite as violently about what is actually happening. The matter is further complicated by prudery. We are not always free to speak simply and plainly on the subject. When I have attempted to approach it: "That would be too strong for some of our readers," has been an editor's decision. It may only be a small minority of old-fashioned readers at the rear, but in the movements of a magazine, it is sometimes the tail that wags the dog.

Certainly it is now perfectly correct to discuss the population question. It may safely and with propriety be done in any newspaper. There is even a recognition that no subject is more important, since it is bound up with the fate of nations and the future of mankind. But the world's future population is mainly resolvable in the last analysis to the actions of the individual. What is he to do about it? To ask that question is usually to face a blank wall. Yet it is only beyond that wall, at night, in the intimate recesses of the home, that the future population of the world is decided.

There we are at once brought to the central question of birth control. Contraception may fairly so be regarded. True that its effect, though not its extent, is often overrated, and that it is by no means the sole key to the population problem. Yet, while denying the all-sufficiency of the methods of birth-control, there are good grounds for considering its existence a central fact of modern life. It really represents a landmark, if not a turning-point, in human history. Certainly from the first, and before history begins, Man has more or less unconsciously exercised a control over population—as by periods of sexual abstinence or by the infanticide of unwanted or defective offspring—but no control of population was definitely recognized. Children were "sent by God," the part played by parents being ignored, as it still seems to be among some savage tribes, and if pestilences and wars and famines carried them off, that also was by Divine visitation and probably as a punishment for human iniquities.

Today, for the first time, we recognize both the direct and the indirect influences that increase or diminish population, on the one hand by deliberate control of procreation, and on the other hand by undesigned factors of physiological, economic, or social nature. The courageous pioneers of birth control, among whom I would specially name Margaret Sanger, to whom the term itself is due, have done more than start chains of birth control clinics in all directions. They have made the subject of population for the first time a really living study with dynamic possibilities.

This is not the place to discuss the difficult and complex question of contraceptive technique or to explain the reasons which render it so often unreliable. I am only concerned with the general consideration of one method which, while it is the most disputed, is also the most reliable, and that because it is, according to our present knowledge, final and usually irrevocable: I mean sterilization.

Modern sterilization or vasectomy, as it is termed, is a very minor operation, though the corresponding operation in the female is rather more serious. When there are sufficient children in the family, when the wife's failing health renders it undesirable to have more children, or when it is undesirable ever to have any children at all, this is the best and safest method of contraception.

It is now some twenty years since I clearly realized the advantages and the practicality of this step. A professional man in the Middle West, though of Puritan New England ancestry, wrote to tell me of his experiences, which I recorded in 1910 in my book, *Sex in Relation to Society*. He was thirty years of age, married and with several children. It was undesirable to have more. He resolved to avoid what seemed the troublesome and uncertain methods of birth control and to submit to vasectomy. The operation proved simple and not even interfering for a day with office work, and the results were entirely satisfactory both to himself and his wife. "If I shed even the faintest ray of light on this greatest of human problems," he wrote to me shortly after, "I shall be glad indeed." This year, thirty years later, he writes of his experience: "The results have been most happy, lasting, and altogether satisfactory. Age sixty finds me vigorous, with every zest in life entirely unabated. My children are all parents, and proud and happy in that fact, though each of them knew, before marriage, of the step I had taken." He feels that a responsibility rests upon him "to share with my fellowmen the priceless knowledge gleaned by personal experience."

It may be of interest to bring forward another example, this time from England. It is that of a man who at the time of the operation was approaching the age of thirty, of long-lived stock, ancestry healthy save for nervous instability on one side, and himself fairly healthy though with a neurasthenic tendency which he is able to control. His wife is also fairly healthy, though not robust. They had two children, a boy and a girl, and though much devoted to children the wife felt that two absorbed all her energies. So after the matter had been fully discussed, she agreed to her husband's proposal to be sterilized. His motives were that he thought it improbable that his income would ever increase sufficiently to enable him to bring up more children, and that, being deeply interested in eugenic problems, he felt that his stock was not of sufficiently high quality to claim any larger place in the future world; he also hoped that he might acquire some of the rejuvenating effects sometimes attributed to vasectomy and so make up for decreased procreative activity by increased intellectual work for the world.

The operation was performed in a London nursing home, and involved four or five days in bed; there were no unpleasant aftereffects. Today, nine years later, he can review his experiences with an entire satisfaction which his wife fully shares. It is true that he has not derived that increased mental vigor which Steinach's experiments seemed to promise. But sexual reactions have remained quite unaltered save for the better. "I have proved," he asserts, "that sterilization is a perfectly practicable and unobjectionable method of birth control."

These cases are those of pioneers, at all events that in the United States, but yet they are typical and they well illustrate how foolish are the objections so often brought against sterilization, such as the notion that it is an excuse for lazy persons to avoid parenthood, or that it is a mutilation, or that it may interfere with harmonious marital relationships.

Apart from its direct service to mankind there is an indirect benefit of immense importance in the recognition of contraceptive sterilization. That is its bearing on eugenic sterilization. It so happens that eugenic sterilization was brought prominently forward earlier than simple contraceptive sterilization. Its advocacy dates from far back, and it is today becoming established in vari-

Continued on page 143

Author! Author! For Governor

All free passes suspended while Upton Sinclair is "road-showing" his new hit as far as California's White House

by FRANK SCULLY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

NIGHT LETTER
ARNOLD GINGRICH ESQ
EDITOR ESQUIRE
919 N MICHIGAN AVE
CHICAGO
WHAT ABOUT A HILARIOUS SQUIB ON UPTON SINCLAIR'S ADMISSION-CHARGING ROAD SHOW TO LAND HIM THE GUBERNATORIAL NOMINATION STOP WOULD THE FIFTH BE TOO LATE FOR THE NOVEMBER ISSUE
REGARDS
FRANK SCULLY

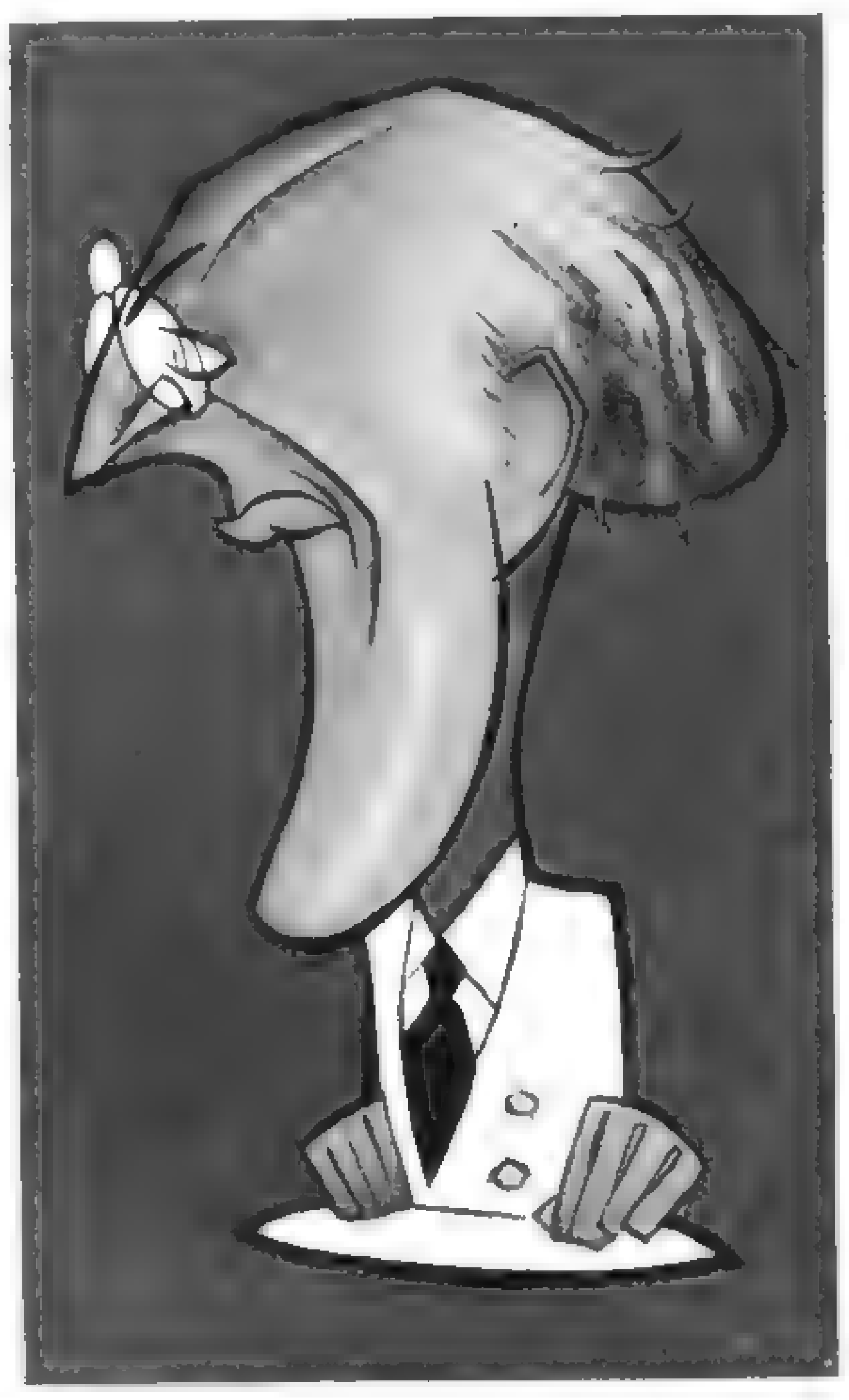
TELEGRAM
FRANK SCULLY
BEDSIDE MANOR
HOLLYWOOD CAL
SINCLAIR IDEA SOUNDS GOOD STOP YOU CAN HAVE UNTIL THE TWELFTH STOP BUT FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR FUTURE HAPPINESS IN CALIFORNIA BEAR IN MIND THAT THE GUY MAY BE GOVERNOR SOON ARNOLD GINGRICH

NIGHT LETTER
GINGRICH
ESQUIRE
CHICAGO
FOLLOWING YOUR CAUTIOUS TIP AM FORMING THE QUOTES ALFS UNQUOTES WHICH STANDS FOR QUOTES AUTHORS LEAGUE FOR SINCLAIR UNQUOTES STOP GETTING MORRIE RYSKIND RUPERT HUGHES ROB WAGNER SAM HOFFENSTEIN J P MCEVOY IRVIN COBB SAM HELLMAN ANITA LOOS TED COOK EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER JIM TULLY AND OTHERS TOO HUMOROUS TO MENTION TO SIGN UP STOP WANT TO JOIN
GREETINGS
SCULLY

TELEGRAM
SCULLY GULLY
CALIF
INCLUDE ME OUT OF IT BUT GET YOUR PIECE DONE BY THE TWELFTH NEVER MIND SENDING GREETINGS COLLECT GINGRICH

On this documentary evidence the author of *Fun in Bed* (Eleventh Edition, 27th Thousand) rests his case against whatever claims the editor of Esquire may have to the title of Esq. We can now go on with the case of Upton Sinclair, Esq., author of *I, Governor of California* (Ninth Edition, 205th Thousand).

This gentleman's case is, by all odds, the most astonishing in the political history of this or any other country. Sig. Mussolini marched one hundred thousand spaghetti-benders on Rome, and walked off with a ten-year job. Herr Hitler garbled an old Indian swastika sign and Mussolini's salute, and took the Berlin the French couldn't take. Hon. Macdonald dropped a Labour brogue for a Conservative top hat and got the key to Windsor Castle.



All these were astonishing flip-ups of ex-Socialists, but Upton Sinclair has topped them all. He has changed his billing from Socialist to Democrat, published a book telling what he'd do as governor of California, sold nine editions in six months (214,015 before the election!), financed a play with the profits, charged the peasants everything from two bits to $1.65 to see the play, and hear him speak, used the profits of this to finance a radio hour, and walked away with the Democratic nomination of governor of California without owing anybody from Jim Farley to Baby Face Nelson so much as a pre-election promise. Right now he's in the clear and has, as he says, $108.74 in one bank and $20.60 in another, and neither sum came as a campaign contribution from a banker. Once elected, he can tell the bosses to get to work, or else.

The Loss Anxious *Times*, Southern Cafeteria's chief opposition to Hearst's Los Angeles *Examiner*, convinced a lot of people that Sinclair's campaign was nothing more than a scheme to sell books; his own, that is. They figured he had made $250,000 on his books alone.

Up to election day you heard people repeating the canard everywhere.

"You mean this Uptown Eclair can make people buy his books just by running for Governor?" I asked a picture producer who had followed the campaign for its entertainment possibilities. "What an idea! Please get in my nomination for dog catcher (on *any* ticket!) before the stampede of other authors crushes out what little life I have left. The other guy can have all the votes, as long as my book sells 200,000 copies.

"Why, even at fifty per cent off the list price that's a lot of money, Jake. What was his campaign slogan? 'To Our Great Democracy: May It Bring Me Royalty?' Please tell me all."

"No," said Jake, morosely, "his slogan was 'End Poverty In California.' He telescoped the first letters of each word, and called it the Epic program."

"Well, if it sold 200,000 copies, why don't you buy it for the picture rights? After all, Fox bought *Life Begins at Forty*, that 'novel' as it advertises, by 'Robt.' B. Pitkin, and after two years as a best seller that hasn't bettered 175,000 copies. Think what you could do with this Sinclair thing. What is it called?"

"*I, Governor of California and How I Ended Poverty*," said Jake.

"Is that all?"

"Well, it had a subtitle: *A True Story of the Future.*"

"That does seem a little long for the marquees," I said. "Maybe you could cut it down to *Epic Wins.*"

"What is an *Epic*, anyway?" asked Jake. "Anything like colossal? Don't you writing guys talk of something being epic-making?"

"You mean epoch-making," I said.

"What's the difference," said Jake, "as long as you're healthy?"

"You mean as long as Sinclair's healthy."

"I wish he wasn't," said the producer. "He's hurting our business."

"Hurting it?"

"Well, that *show* of his."

"I thought it was a *book*," I said.

"He put on a show too. *Depression Island*, he called it. That's not right. He gets out twenty-four sheets, featuring a film of Eisenstein's, follows with this *Depression Island*, and then closes on a political spiel by himself. And charges as high as $1.65 for orchestra seats."

"One sixty-five?" I asked incredulously.

"And gets it."

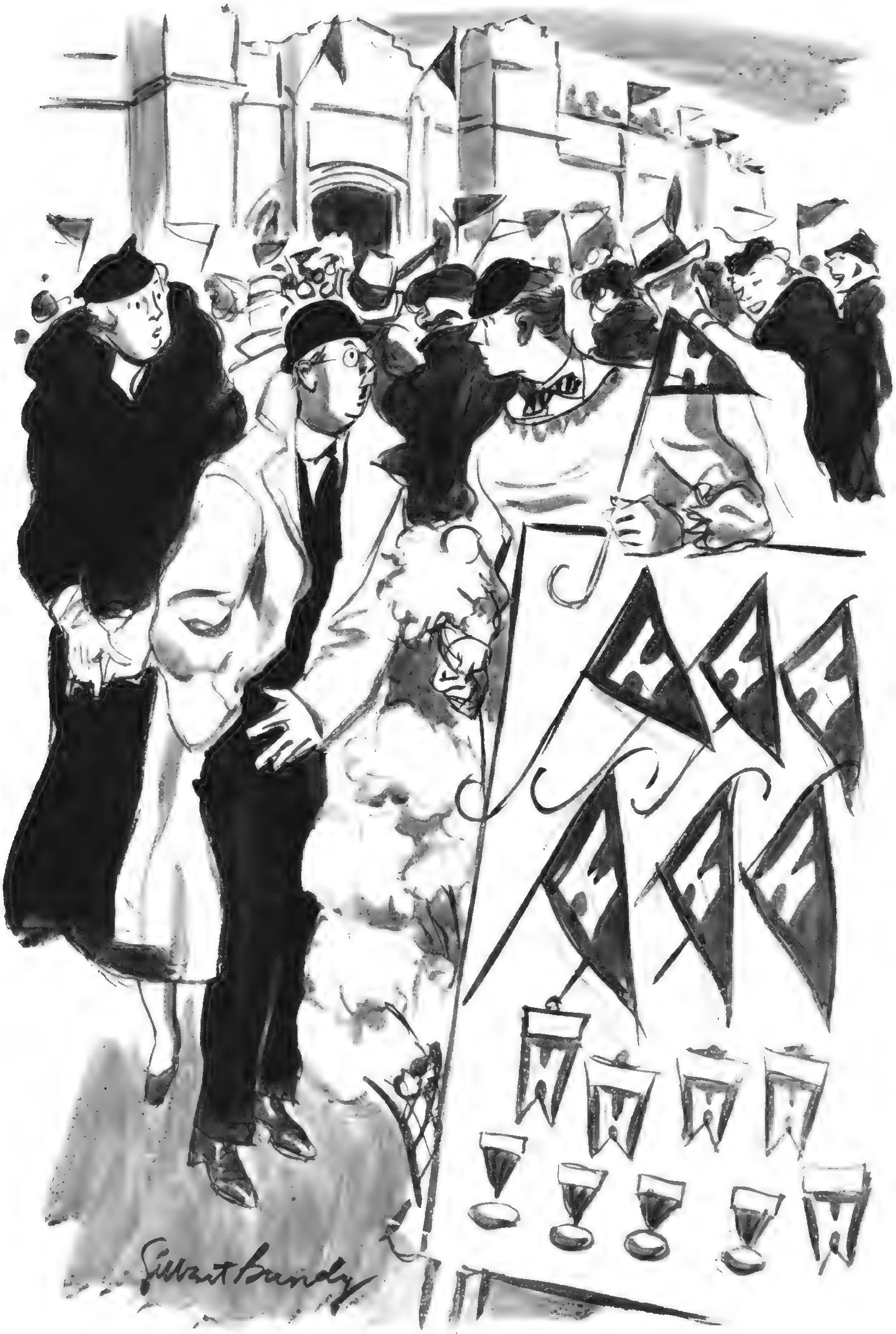
"He must be marvelous."

"It ain't right, I tell you," said the producer. "He opens in the Shrine Auditorium, a six thousand seater, bigger even than the Radio City Music Hall, grosses six thousand dollars in one night, one *night* mind you, then drops the skit and the picture, and road-shows himself in the sticks at two-bits.

"All over the state he rakes them in—three thousand at Long Beach, thirty-five hundred at San Diego—"

"What a showman!" I said

Continued on page 177


Gilbert Bundy

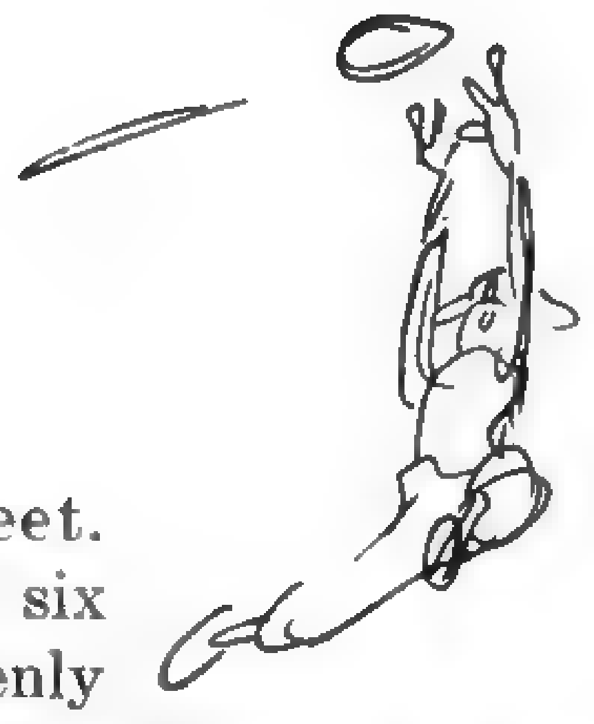
"I didn't go to Harvard . . . does that matter?"

The First Hundred Seconds

What it means to a boy to report to the umpire in a big time game, written with Harold A. Fitzgerald

by HARRY G. KIPKE

▪ SPORTS ▪



Back in the stone age when historians and litterateurs were bona fide and legitimate chiselers, one of them suggested that the First Hundred Years were the hardest. I shall not presume to challenge the dictum of the sages and the ages but I'd like to suggest that the First Hundred Seconds on a big time gridiron deserve to be bracketed with the First Hundred Years.

I have stood at the side lines with too many boys who were about to take part in a big time battle for the first time, not to know their reactions and emotions.

In fact, I distinctly recall my own. We opened against Mount Union that year and to my absolute amazement Fielding H. Yost placed me in the starting lineup. I guess this was the only blunder he ever perpetrated in his First Hundred Years as a coach.

I was overcome by the thrills of the moment and that Mount Union team looked bigger than any Minnesota aggregation I've ever seen—and everybody knows that boys grow bigger in bunches around Minneapolis than anywhere in the universe.

I sort of regretted that Mr. Yost hadn't selected a more worthy boy for left halfback—and then every week for three consecutive autumns I was afraid he might. Anyway, the first few plays were a sort of hazy blur but after the fatal Hundred Seconds I found I could distinguish right from left once more and then I made the startling discovery that Mount Union's ball carriers toppled over when I tackled them, so I decided football was the same glorious game it had always been; but I remember that dark, blank void of baptism.

Willis Ward's First Hundred Seconds were a classic. Michigan's big colored end should be one of the finest flankers of the current season, but Willis nearly shook himself right out of the stadium on the occasion of his debut. Michigan had Petoskey and Williamson playing the ends Ward's sophomore year and trying to win a place from that pair would be like asking Mickey Cochrane if he needed a new second baseman. In practice Ward showed so much stuff he deserved a trial, so in one of the early games I motioned him to the side lines. "Let's give Ivy a rest during the remainder of this quarter," I suggested. "You take his end."

Ward began to shiver and shake and I put a fatherly hand on his arm, for the boy was positively jiggling all over, due to his excitement. For Ward had long lived for this one moment.

"Are you all right, Willis?" I asked cautiously.

"J-just let me g-get in there," he chattered, "and I'll b-be all right, C-Coach. Honestly, I w-will."

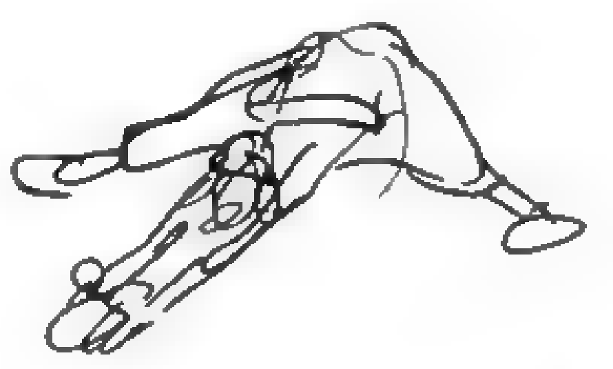
I gave him a reassuring pat and away he went. I don't know what the official A. A. U. record is for a substitute reporting to the umpire, but Ward took a good 2 2/5 seconds off the best previous time. The first play was a kick and when Willis began to untrack himself, the people in the stands came right up to their feet with a concerted "a-a-ah." He pulled away from his team-mates like nobody's business and if I'm challenging your credulity, let me hasten to set down that he won the Western Conference "100" in 9 3/5 the following spring.

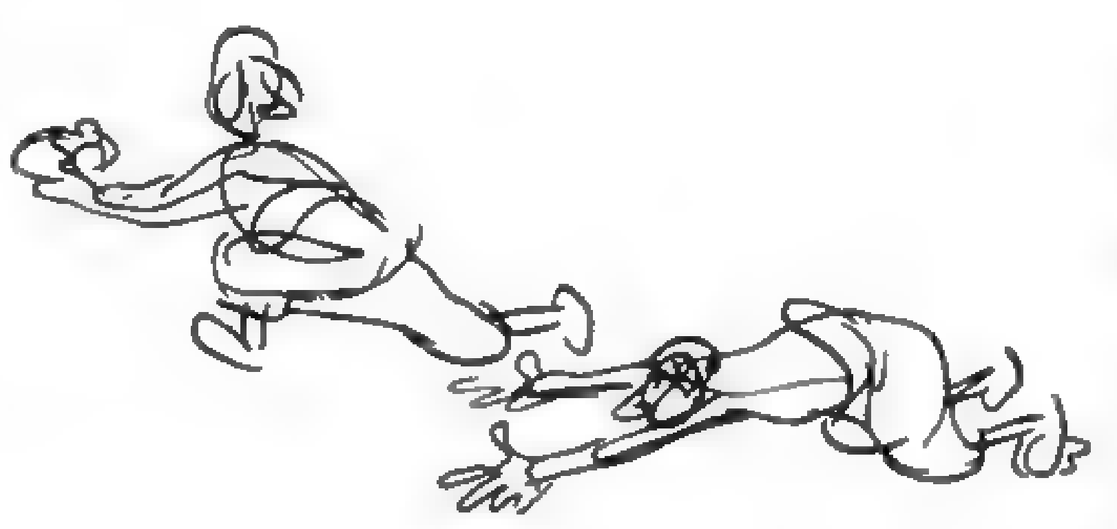
Peculiarly enough, the ball carrier swung wide into Ward's territory and when he was still 10 yards from the man, Willis sort of took off, like one of those fast climbing pursuit planes, and for fear you may want to throw that one back, let me point out that twice Willis has cleared better than six feet seven inches in the high jump. That boy has legs.

Ward flattened out parallel with the ground about six feet high and sort of brushed against the ball carrier's headgear and sailed on over into open territory where his momentum threw him into a series of involuntary somersaults that made the man on the flying trapeze just a low, slow-going thing in comparison. But from then on—what an end! What an end!

The last game we played against Chicago when Alonzo Stagg, that Grand Old Man, was still coaching at the Midway, brought us something new. While the Chicago captain was tossing the coin, the other ten Chicago players began running a few steps and then diving on the ground, rolling over and resuming their feet. They did this five or six times apiece and suddenly the reason for these gyrations flashed across my mind. I've never asked Mr. Stagg, but I'm certain he was merely anticipating the First Hundred Seconds. Bodily contact dissipates nervousness, tension and excitement and the wily old fox was providing his boys with a little self-administered sedative that approximated blocking and tackling.

The First Hundred Seconds are fraught with possibilities. I recall an incident in which the names will have to be fictitious but the facts are painfully true. Michigan was playing Ohio State which had a halfback named, well, let's say, Jack Dalton; and Jack was one of the outstanding pass receivers of the year. Now, when an offensive halfback bursts through the line of scrimmage with no ball and sprints towards the goal, there's mischief afoot. Skulduggery is abroad and even rampant on the gridiron and we have all the time-honored earmarks of a deep, dark plot. In this particular game, the Michigan coaching staff sent in a new defensive back who was making his first appearance. The game was well under way and as he left the bench he received these—and only these—instructions:





"When Jack Dalton comes through that line alone, you stick with him, come what may."

On the very first play the Ohio team swung wide and at the same time Jack Dalton slipped as unobtrusively as possible between a guard and a tackle and raced in the opposite direction, doing his level best to impersonate an unoccupied gentleman with nothing on his mind, going nowhere in particular. That's a tough impersonation. I've tried it many times and it practically requires mirrors and secret passageways, but Dalton must have done a first class job. The Michigan boy took one look at him, and away he went in the direction of the play. He was still too excited to remember the *only thing he had been told.*

You can write the second act of this little drama yourself. One of the Ohio boys whipped a pass to Dalton and Jack skated 25 yards more for a touchdown. But let me write the third act: another Michigan halfback was on his way out to report about

Continued on page 176

On Being Fashionable

Governments may come and go but the fashionables, like the poor, we shall always have with us

by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

• ARTICLE •

"There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—who though versed in all the categories of polite behaviour, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them."

THE Reverend Dr. Thomas Chalmers was not exactly what one might call an entertaining or amusing writer. Even among eighteenth century divines he was remarkable for his excessive gravity of mind and for the ponderous seriousness with which he treated all subjects from his "Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of Natural Resources" to his essay on the "Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Mind."

But it so happened that a house which I had recently rented, as an escape from the heat and turmoil of the Metropolis, contained a full set of his works. How these thirty-four volumes had found their way into the heart of Virginia, that I cannot tell, but I have observed that rum-drinking communities also take very kindly to theology.

And gradually I had fallen into the habit of spending the few minutes during which I was waiting for the rest of the family to join me at the dinner table (and what with one excuse or another they ranged all the way from five minutes to half an hour late) in reading heterogeneous scraps of the late Doctor's learned exhortations.

For this purpose I would pick up the volume nearest at hand and I would open it at random and the old Scotchman would then talk to me until my daughters or my wife were ready with their charming, "I am so sorry but I really could not help it."

One day the quotation at the head of this column forced itself upon my rather indifferent attention. And as it happened, I had only a few weeks before indulged in a similar meditation. I therefore copied these few sentences and sent them to the storeroom of my brain for future use and further reference.

But let me tell you the circumstances under which fashionable society (with which I really have only a very superficial personal acquaintance) had forced itself upon my attention. Not so very long ago, I was in a country which had suddenly been cast into deep gloom by the untimely death of its sovereign. No one had ever claimed that this amiable ruler had been remarkable for any natural gifts within the realm of pure or applied intelligence. *De mortuis nil nisi bene*, but as a matter of fact it was quite easy to speak pleasantly about this defunct monarch.

For he had been a man of simple tastes, who dearly loved his own comfort but who, if it had been within his power, would have provided every single one of his subjects with at least two chickens in his cooking-pot, and with one or two bottles of wine and a handsome wench and a couple of lusty children with whom to share his Sunday dinner

Well, there I was in this country, with which I was not unfamiliar, just when the populace made ready to conduct its deeply mourned master to his last resting place in the ancestral crypt. Together with thousands of other curious people I decided to pay my final homage to this merry monarch and although the price was exorbitant, I bought myself a chair in one of the windows that would allow me a full view of the funeral and I went there bright and early, for our own people frown heavily upon such a display of futile ceremonials (as they are pleased to call anything that even pretends to go beyond the dreary procession that is part of a Harvard commencement) and I wanted to have a good view of the entire proceedings.

What, with the rising tide of Democracy, this might be my last chance. I got to my chair in my window at nine o'clock sharp. The funeral would not leave the palace until noon. I had bought me a copy of Montaigne, but one cannot read that witty Frenchman with one eye on the printed page and one eye on a crowd, and so, for lack of better entertainment, I picked up the official program of the Funeral of His Royal Highness—Grand Duke and Duke of so and so, Marquis, Count and Baron of this and that, Knight, Daimio, Effendi and Nawab of three-score towns and villages—and I made a close study of the pageant as it would soon present itself unto my wondering eyes.

And then I made a curious discovery. As I observed a moment ago, I knew the country of my temporary residence about as well as the citizen of one nation can ever hope to know his contemporaries across the border. And I was thoroughly familiar with the names of practically all its great men, its scientists and inventors and discoverers, the men and women who have given that country a most enviable reputation, not only in the Old World but also in the New one.

But to my great surprise, not a single name of all these pioneers of the intellect and those leaders of trade and commerce appeared upon the printed program. The men who were to officiate that morning and accompany their sovereign to his last resting place bore names that I had never heard before. That night I commented upon this strange coincidence to my hostess, a woman of a great charm and singular awareness in regard to everything that happened around her.

"But don't you see," she asked me, "all those people who marched by your window this morning simply had got to be there, or they would have lost their only excuse for being alive?"

"And," I inquired, rather sharply, "in what might their excuse for being alive consist?"

"In being fashionable," my hostess answered, "and the fashionable are like the poor. We always have them with us and we have them with us regardless of everything else."

* * *

There was a great deal of truth in that statement. I have spent a great deal of time these last few months following the tracks of fashionable society throughout the ages, and Heaven help us! I think I have even discovered their presence in the dark and humid recesses of our prehistoric caves. Their course, quite naturally, is not so easily followed as that of other distinct groups of society such as demagogues and religious fanatics or successful quacks and unsuccessful revolutionists. For all such groups impress themselves upon the community at large by doing things. The Fashionables, on the other hand, make a point of distinguishing themselves by never doing anything at all. Indeed, their contempt for the men and women of action is boundless and that perhaps gives them their greatest strength in dealing with their opponents.

For how can one hope to deal efficiently with an enemy who is almost always invisible, who only appears upon the scene when good manners and decorum make a pitched battle an absolute impossibility, and who never offers any sort of a concerted front as soon as he suspects an attack? For these are the qualities that have been

Continued on page 150

It Will Come Out All Right

What the average citizen needs: more ignorance about things it does him no good to understand

by REX BEACH

• HUMOR •

I HAVE been reading a lot lately about glands. According to the doctors, they are highly important: this one controls growth, that one affects mental development, another gives the owner a bass voice and still another improves his putting—or maybe it's his petting. About all the medicos haven't told us, is which gland secretes the serum of success. It's very nice, of course, to know that the thyroid controls obesity and that the pituitary is the obscure seat of certain social graces: but the gland, organ, bone or blood vessel which the average man would like to locate and positively identify is his money-maker.

Well, I have discovered it! I have fixed beyond question the anatomical gadget in or about which is concealed a man's earning capacity, and my discovery is the more remarkable inasmuch as I have never studied medicine in a serious way and my knowledge of anatomy is so slight that I can't carve a duck without pulling its legs off. Presumably, however, I'm not the first layman to stumble upon a great scientific truth.

A layman, in medical parlance, by the way, is one who has been laid. That's me. I have been laid by so many doctors that I should know something about medicine by this time, and I do. Perhaps I owe it to the profession to submit this paper to an out and out medical journal but I prefer to write it in language that somebody can understand.

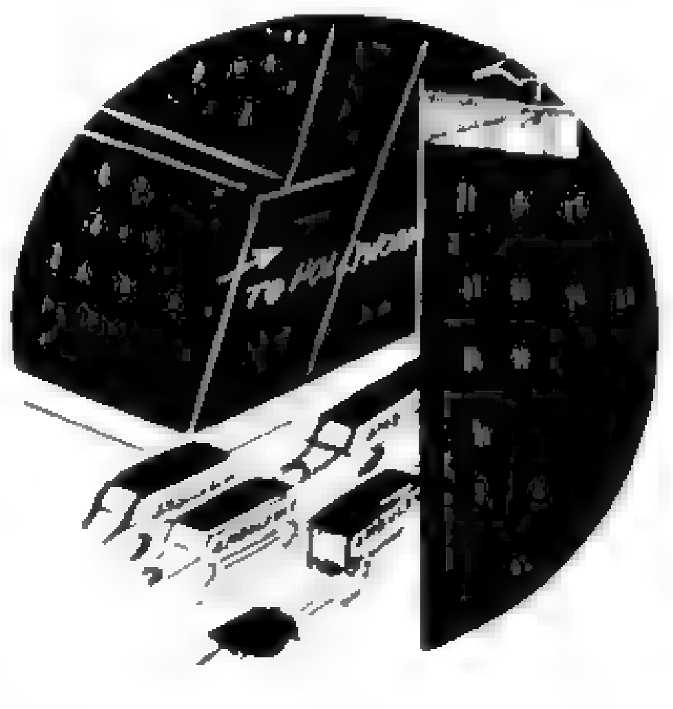
No, I have never studied medicine or surgery but I have studied doctors. Moreover, I read the newspapers and the movie magazines. Glands, indeed! Nonsense! Hooey! A man's success, his money-making ability, his Dun and Bradstreet punch isn't concealed in any ductless doodad: it springs either from his appendix, his tonsils or his gall bladder! Those are the sources of earning power and that's how they rank in importance—at least your physician plays them in the order named: viz., appendix straight, tonsils for place and gall bladder to show.

I convinced myself of the facts above stated not by inconclusive laboratory tests, but by the exercise of common sense and a simple process of reasoning. Follow me, please: nine out of ten appendix or tonsil or gall bladder operations are performed upon people with bankrolls. Hospital statistics and the daily newspapers prove it. Poor and inconspicuous people, the failures, the indigent members of society, rarely undergo such operations, which plainly indicates, to me at least, that they are not and never have been equipped with those organs.

Or put it this way: how many cases of appendicitis do you find among the unemployed? Do you encounter any gossip about tonsils in the lobby of the Mills Hotel? Did you ever know a panhandler to complain about his gall bladder? The answer is three rousing noes.

Very well, inasmuch as it is only members of the moneyed class who are cursed with those organs, it follows that in or around them must be hidden the latent trace of talent, the spark of genius, the hormone of worldly success. No credit rating, no appendix! No salary, no tonsils! No bank book, no gall bladder! If that isn't a good case I can't make one. I got a hint of this phenomenon the first time I visited Hollywood. Genius, of a sort, is concentrated in that town: there is probably more earning capacity, more high salaries per square foot of floor space in Hollywood than in any other place in the world. And more operations per cavity! Really, if the scars on the cast of the usual motion picture were laid end to end they would equal the amount of negative used in shooting it. Is that significant or is it significant? I consider it so.

While out there I discovered another extraordinary fact which positively clinched my theory about the origin of genius: an extra girl can work in pictures for ten years at seven bucks a day and never suffer an ache or a pain, but no sooner is she featured or promoted to stardom than her tonsils turn rancid or her appendix festers. Usually the ambulance barely gets her to the operating table before the latter bursts. More stars than pictures are opened in Hollywood but the previews are held in operating rooms. It's the X-ray cameramen who shoot most of the close-ups. Can it be the climate or the depression?



In this morning's paper I read where a high-salaried artist was yesterday discharged from a hospital after appendectomy and on the way out met her five-thousand-dollar-a-week husband coming in on a stretcher to occupy her room for the same purpose. The nurse barely had time to change sheets.

Producers assert that the hospital hazard among their high-priced artists practically doubles the studio overhead and is wrecking the star system. The stars themselves complain that they enjoy no home life whatever except in hospitals equipped with twin beds. Presumably both would welcome some form of actors' intestinal insurance backed by a strong company.

Nor is there any truth in those stories about scandalous goings-on among members of the screen colony. Why, there are seldom enough top-notchers out of bandages at one time to throw a party. It's only the low-salaried has-beens and beginners who can make whoopee without tearing a stitch.

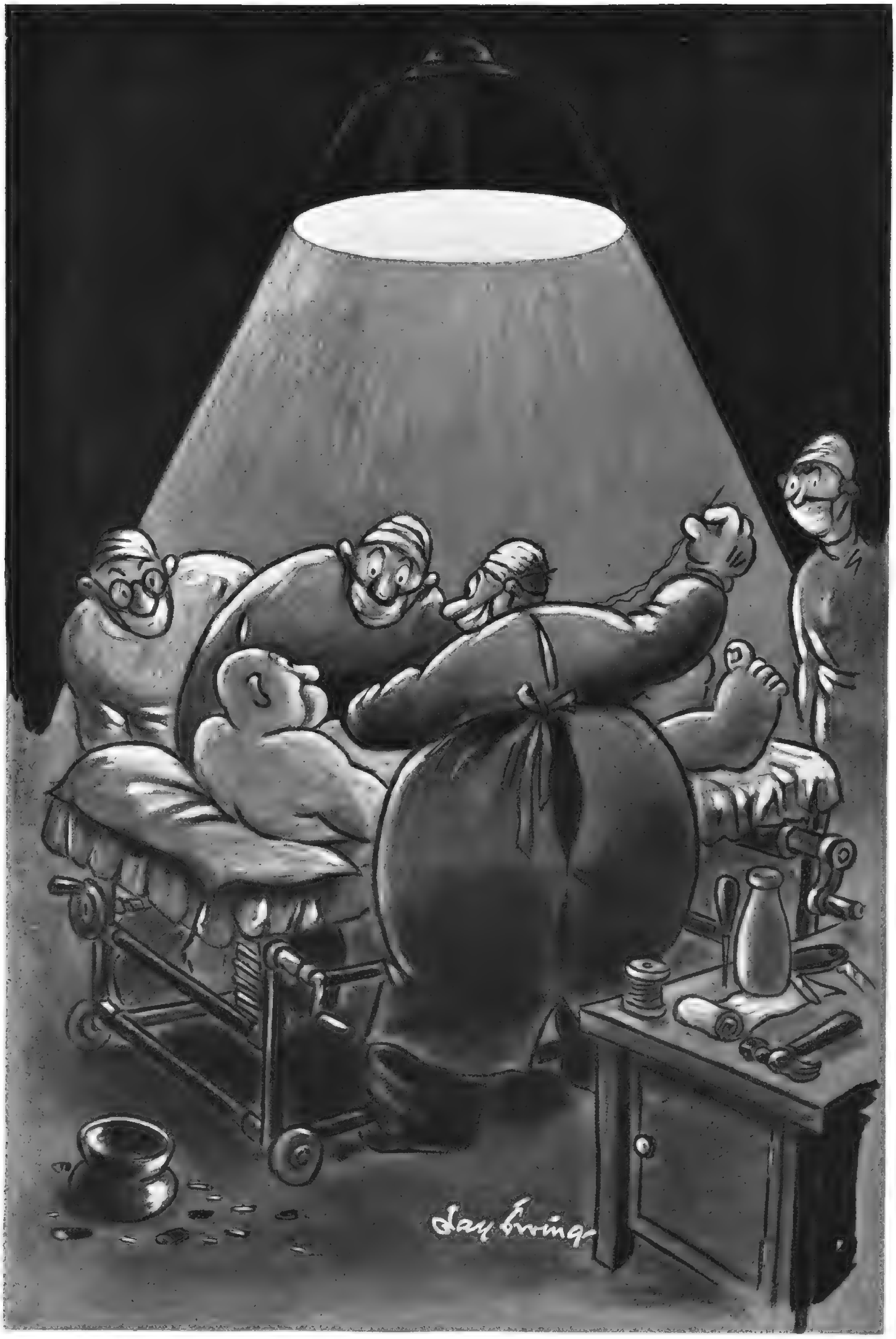
Hollywood is the anaesthetic center of the medical world and I honestly believe that I have the only pair of visiting tonsils which ever walked in and out of the town arm in arm.

That is due to the fact that I defended them as a Moslem defends his faith, for every doctor I met, not to mention veterinaries and masseurs, were bent upon snaring them. I had my glasses changed once and was forced to bite the knuckles of the optician or he would have had those tonsils. On another occasion I had to fight for my appendix as savagely as a tigress fights for her cub and it was really more the result of good luck than good management that I escaped from Hollywood and came home while I still had one gallstone to rub against another.

Visitors to Los Angeles sometimes remark upon the sudden change of air when they cross the divide going in. That's not ozone they smell, it's ether. No well-dressed stranger with a gall bladder or a tonsil on his person is safe on the streets and he takes his appendix in his hand when he ventures out alone. Some resident surgeon is almost sure to have it in a bottle by nightfall. As for the darlings of the public, the local screen beauties, the magnetic heroes whose names are blazoned in lights, their fame is dearly bought. Most of their fan mail is read aloud to them by a trained nurse.

Hollywood, City of Stars, indeed! It is Hollywood, City of Scars.

Continued on page 89



"Do you mind if I look over your shoulder while you work?"

Snowfall in Childhood

A beautiful and mellow story from the author who was the stormy petrel of the twenties

by BEN HECHT

• FICTION •

I got out of bed to see what had happened in the night. I was thirteen years old. I had fallen asleep watching the snow falling through the half-frosted window.

But though the snow had promised to keep falling for a long time, perhaps three or four days, on opening my eyes I was full of doubts. Snowstorms usually ended too soon.

While getting out of bed I remembered how, as I was nearly asleep, the night outside the frosted window had seemed to burst into a white jungle. I had dreamed of streets and houses buried in snow.

I hurried barefooted to the window. It was scribbled with a thick frost and I couldn't see through it. The room was cold and through the opened window came the fresh smell of snow like the moist nose of an animal resting on the ledge and breathing into the room.

I knew from the smell and the darkness of the window that snow was still falling. I melted a peephole on the glass with my palms. I saw that this time the snow had not fooled me. There it was, still coming down white and silent and too thick for the wind to move, and the streets and houses were almost as I had dreamed. I watched, shivering and happy. Then I dressed, pulling on my clothes as if the house were on fire. I was finished with breakfast and out in the storm two hours before school time.

The world had changed. All the houses, fences, and barren trees had new shapes. Everything was round and white and unfamiliar.

I set out through these new streets on a voyage of discovery. The unknown surrounded me. Through the thick falling snow, the trees, houses and fences looked like ghost shapes that had floated down out of the sky during the night. The morning was without light, but the snowfall hung and swayed like a marvelous lantern over the streets. The snowbanks, already over my head in places, glowed mysteriously.

I was pleased with this new world. It seemed to belong to me more than that other world which lay hidden.

I headed for the school, jumping like a clumsy rabbit in and out of snowbanks. It seemed wrong to spoil the smooth outlines of these snowdrifts and I hoped that nobody else would pass this way after me. In that case the thick falling snow would soon restore the damage. Reassured by this hope I continued on my devastations like some wanton explorer. I began to feel that no one would dare the dangers of my wake. Then, as I became more aware of the noble proportions of this snowstorm I stopped worrying altogether about the marring of this new and glowing world. Other snows had melted and been shoveled away, but this snow would never disappear. The sun would never shine again and the little Wisconsin town through which I plunged and tumbled to school on this dark storm-filled morning was from now on an arctic land full of danger and adventure.

When eventually, encased in snow, I arrived at the school, I found scores of white-covered figures already there. The girls had taken shelter inside, but the boys stayed in the storm. They jumped in and out of the snowdrifts and tumbled through the deep unbroken white fields in front of the school.

Muffled cries filled the street. Someone had discovered how far-away our voices sounded in the snowfall and this started the screaming. We screamed for ten minutes, delighted with the fact that our voices no longer carried and that the snowstorm had made us nearly dumb.

Tired with two hours of such plunging and rolling, I joined a number of boys who like myself had been busy since dawn and who now stood for the last few minutes before the school bell with half-frozen faces staring at the heavily falling snow as if it were some game they couldn't bear to leave.

When we were finally seated in our grade room we continued to watch the snowstorm through the windows. The morning had grown darker as we had all hoped it would, and it was necessary to turn on the electric lights in the room. This was almost as thrilling as the pale storm still floating outside the windows.

In this yellow light the school seemed to disappear and in its place a picnic spread around us. The teachers themselves seemed to change. Their eyes kept turning toward the windows and they kept looking at us behind our desks as if we were strangers. We grew excited and even the sound of our lessons—the sentences out of geography and arithmetic books—made us tremble.

Passing through the halls during recess we whispered to one another about the snowstorm, guessing at how deep the snowdrifts must be by this time. We looked nervously at our teachers who stood in the class-room doorways stiff and far removed from our secret whispers about the snow.

I felt sorry for these teachers, particularly for the one who had taught me several years ago when I was in the Fifth Grade. I saw her as I walked by the opened door of her room. She was younger than the other teachers, with two dark braids coiled around her head, a white starched shirtwaist and soft dark eyes that had always looked kindly at me when I was younger. I saw her now sitting behind her large desk looking over the heads of her class out of the window and paying no attention to the whispers and giggles of her pupils.

As for my own teacher, a tall, thin woman with a man's face, by afternoon I had become so happy I could no longer hear what she was saying. I sat looking at the large clock over her head. My feeling on the way to school that it would never be light again and that the snowstorm would keep on forever had increased so that it was something I now knew rather than hoped. My eagerness to get out into the world of wind, gloom, and perpetual snow, kept lifting me out of my seat.

At three o'clock we rushed into the storm. Our screams died as we reached the school entrance. What we saw silenced us. Under the dark sky the street lay piled in an unbroken bank of snow. And above it the snowfall still hung in a thick and moving cloud. Nothing was visible but snow. Everything else had disappeared. Even the sky was gone.

I saw the teachers come out and look around them, frowning. The children of the lower grades stood chattering and frightened near the teachers. I waited until the teacher with the two black braids saw me and then, paying no attention to her warning, spoken in a gentle voice, I plunged into the storm. I felt brave but slightly regretful that Miss Wheeler could no longer see me as I pushed into the head-high piles of snow and vanished fearlessly into the storm. But I was certain that she was still thinking of me and worrying about my safety. This thought added excitement to the snowstorm.

After an hour I found myself alone. My legs were tired with jumping and my face burned. It had grown darker and the friendliness seemed to have gone out of the storm. The wind bit with a sharper edge and I turned toward my home.

I arrived at the house that now looked like a snow drift and ploughed my way up to its front door. My heart was beating violently. I stopped to take a last look at the storm. It was hard to leave it. But for the first time in my life an adult logic instructed me. There would be even more snow tomorrow. And in this wind and snow-filled gloom and even in the marvelously buried street, there was something now unplayful.

I entered the house calling for something to eat, but as soon as I had taken my coat off and shaken myself clean, I was at the window again. The way this storm was keeping on was hard to believe.

At the table I was too excited to eat. I trembled and was unable to hear what was being said around me. In this room I could feel the night outside and the storm still blowing on my face. It seemed as if I were still in the street. My eyes kept seeing snow and my nose breathing it. The room and the people in it became far away. I left the table, taking a slice of bread and butter with me, and ran upstairs to my own room.

There were a lot of things to do, such as making my leather boots more waterproof by rubbing lard on them, putting my stamp collection in order, sharpening a deer's-foot knife I had recently acquired, winding tape on my new hockey stick, or reading one of the half dozen new books I had bought with my last birthday money. But none of these activities or even redrawing the plans for the ice-boat on which I was working was possible. I sat in a chair near the window unable to think. The pale storm in the night seemed to spin like a top and, keeping the window frost melted with my palms, I sat and watched it snowing for an hour. Then, becoming sleepy, I went to bed. I thought drowsily of how happy Miss Wheeler would be to see me alive on Monday after the way I had rushed into the storm.

There was no seeing through my window when I awoke. The furnace never got going until after seven and before that hour on a winter's morning the house creaked with cold and the windows were sheeted thick with ice. But I knew as I dressed that the snowfall was over. There was too much wind blowing outside and the breath that came in from the snow-banked window ledge was no longer as fresh as it had been.

It was still dark. The bleak and gusty dawn lay over the snow like a guttering candle. The sky had finished with its snowing but now the wind sent the snowbanks ballooning into the air and the roof tops burst into little snowstorms.

I went outside and explored for ten minutes. When I came back into the house I needed no warning against going out to play. My skin was almost frozen and the wind was too strong to stand up in. I settled down as a prisoner in front of the fireplace after breakfast, lying on my stomach and turning the pages of a familiar oversized edition of Dante's "Inferno." It was full of Doré's nightmarish pictures.

The house bustled with cooking and cleaning. But these were the dim activities of grown-ups. I felt alone and took care of the fire to keep it from going out and leaving me to freeze to death. I carried logs all morning from the cellar and lay perspiring and half-scorched on the hearthstone. Every half-hour I went to the window to have a look at the enemy. The sight of the whirling snowbanks and the sound of the brutal wind as it hit against the houses sent me back to the fireplace to scorch myself anew.

In this way I spent the day until late afternoon. It grew dark early. The snow turned leaden. The wind stopped. The dead storm lay in the street and as far as I could see from the window there were no inhabitants in the world. The dark snow was empty. I shivered and went back to the fireplace.

A half-hour later our door bell rang. Company had arrived for supper. They were the Joneses, who lived in the town of Corliss some eight miles away. They had brought their daughter Anna.

The lights went on in the house. Baked and dizzy with the fire's heat, I joined the two families in the larger parlor. They were talking excitedly about the damage done by the storm. Accounts of store windows blown in, roofs blown off, signs blown down, and wagons abandoned in the drifts, were exchanged and I listened happily. Later when the talk turned to duller topics I became aware of Anna.

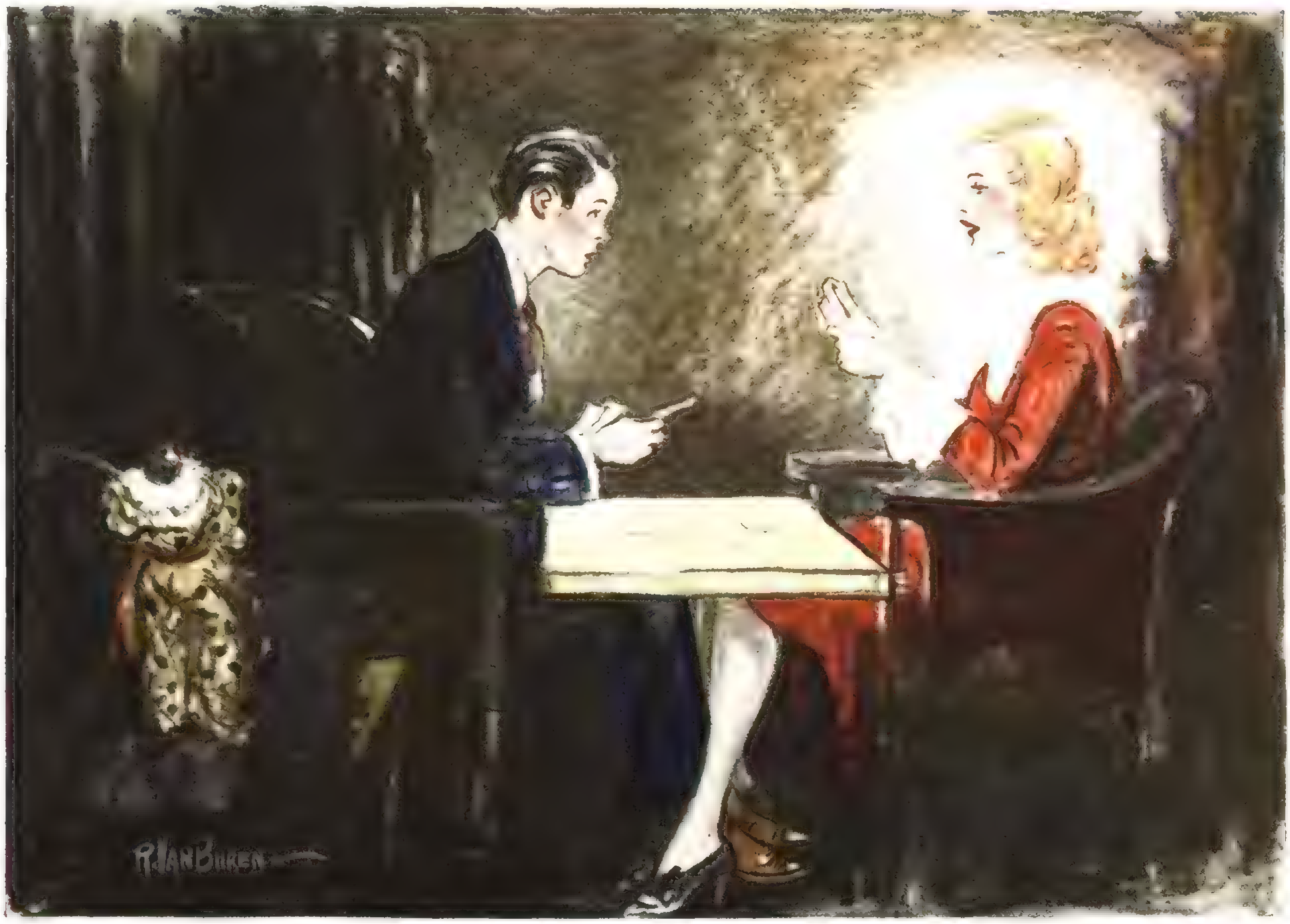
She was sitting in a corner watching me. She was a blondish girl two years older than I was and she went to high school. I had known her for a long time but had never liked her because she was too calm, never laughing or running, but always looking at people with a sad smile or just a stare as if she had something important on her mind. But now that she was watching me that way I felt suddenly interested in her. I wondered what she could be thinking of me and what made her smile in that half-sad way at me.

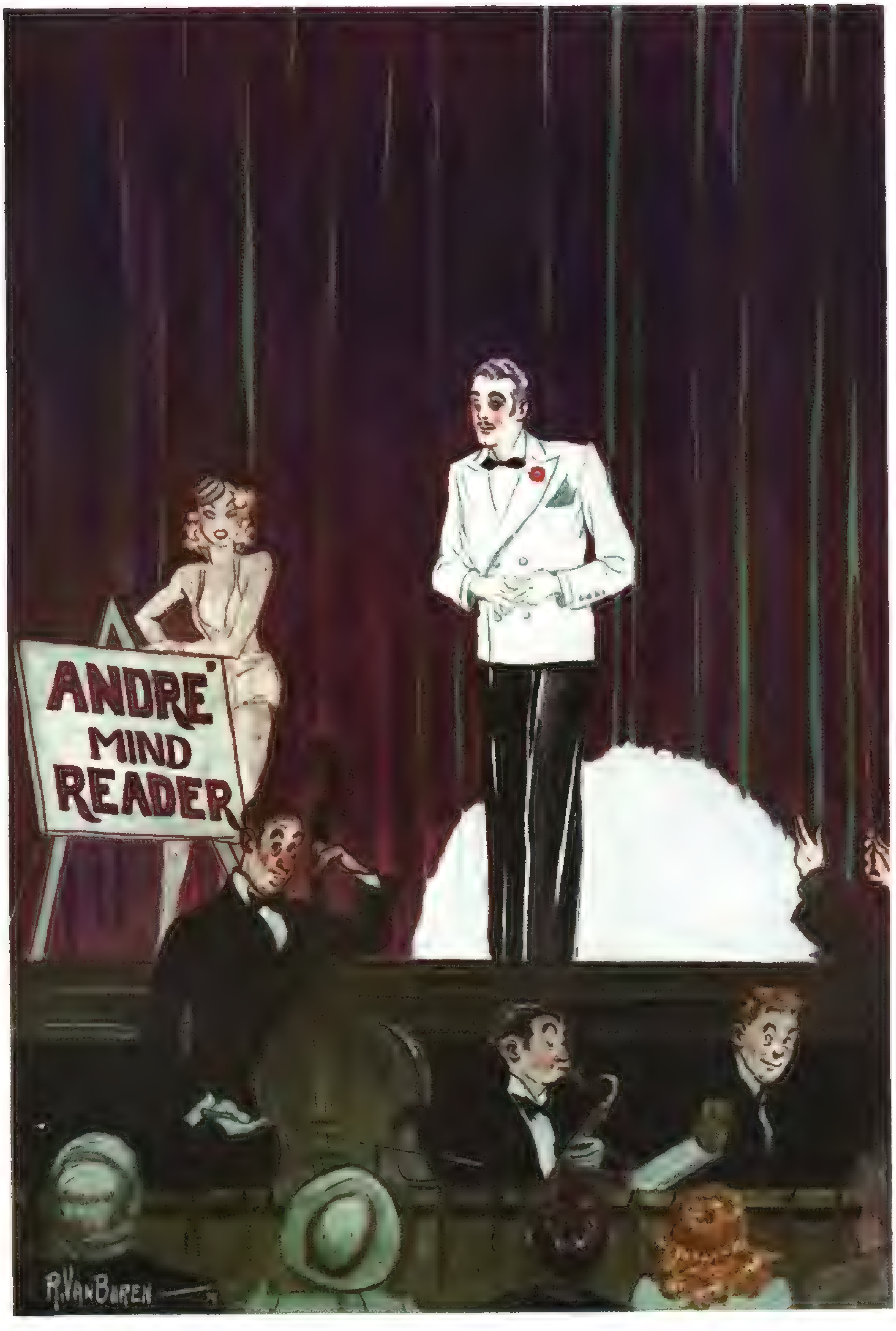
I sat next to her at the table and after looking at her several times out of the side of my eyes and catching her eyes doing the same thing, my heart started beating faster. I lost interest in eating. I wanted to be alone with her so we could sit and look at each other without the others noticing.

After supper the two families let us go to the hall upstairs, where I kept most of my possessions, without asking us any questions. I found a deck of cards and a cribbage board for a table. Underneath the lapboard our knees touched.

She played cribbage better than I and smiled at me as I kept losing. But I was only half aware of the game. I kept looking at her, unable to talk, and the light pressure of her knees began to make me feel weak. Her face

Continued on page 122




ANDRE'
MIND
READER
R. VAN BUREN

"Will the young lady in the tenth row please see me after the show?"

The Last Flight

A pilot flies to meet the girl for whose sake he has planned to give up flying

by HARRY ASHE

▪ FICTION ▪

SOME kid was asking for the weather south when I came in. Ed Marquis, the government meteorologist, was plainly discouraging. "Fog along the coast, son," he said. "Better not try it." Officially he was supposed merely to declare the weather without advice. Unofficially he was a natural mothering hen to all pilots. The kid acted sensibly and said he'd wait until tomorrow. When he'd gone I raised a questioning eyebrow at Ed. "Which way you headed, Jim?" he asked. I told him. "—Not so good," he answered. "Even for an old-timer. Fog's rolling in pretty solid."

"How's the valley?"

"Fresno reports clear but fog to south. Bakersfield light fog. Saugus broken overcast. Los Angeles overcast, fifteen hundred foot ceiling, three mile visibility."

"—Fair enough," I said. "I'll drop down over Saugus and underneath the soup to Los Angeles. Or else I'll follow the beam to San Fernando valley and spiral down through the stuff."

"I won't promise those ceilings will hold," he said guardedly. "You'll probably get through, but if it was me I wouldn't go."

"Sissy!" I grinned.

He snorted. "You ought to get enough flying on your regular passenger run to Salt Lake. —Just another postman on your day off, aren't you?" He turned as the teletype machine behind him clicked out a routine message. "Do you have to go to Los Angeles?" Ed continued.

"Certainly," I said.

"Business?"

"—More important," I smiled.

He shrugged his sloping shoulders. "I might have known it. You pilots are all alike. The greatest danger of the aviation game is women."

I didn't want to talk to him or anyone about Carlita but he kept waiting for me to say something. I did finally. "It's the old biological story, Ed," I observed. "But this time with me it's different. I'm getting married."

He looked at me and his eyes sought deeper than the mask of my face. "Got you this time, son?" he asked.

I nodded. "—Got me this time."

He went on fussing about his duties. He posted an airway bulletin on the board. He tore from the teletype machine a strip of tape filled with cryptic symbols of the weather. He dashed outside to take readings of gauges that told the temper of the sky. It was a pleasant scurrying which he obviously enjoyed. I buttoned my jacket impatiently. I wound my scarf about my neck. It was time I took off.

"What's her name?" Ed asked suddenly. I wiped my goggles before I answered. "—Carlita Terry," I said.

"—Pretty name." I felt like a small boy who says: Can I go now, Papa? "—Sounds kind of mixed up," Ed went on. "Starts out Spanish and ends up Irish."

"Her people are from Mexico," I explained, "although she was born in southern California. Her grandfather, like mine, was Irish."

"Does she like flying?" he demanded.

There's a limit to politeness and friendly affection, too. "No!" I answered. I was fed up with questions. Now was the time for me to take advantage of this silence and go.

"What the hell are you marrying her for?" His words seemed to grow and leap and whirl back at me from the four walls. How can a little man bellow so!

I yelled back at him: "What does anybody marry for?"

He shook his head slowly. "I'm damned if I know." Then he went on so earnestly that for a moment my anger cooled. "Listen, son, she knows you make your living at this game?" I nodded. "And you think you're going to live happily ever after?"

"We've worked it out," I replied rather sullenly.

"What do you mean you've worked it out? The airlines aren't carrying wives, are they? Every time you land or don't land, you'll have to send back a wire to her. If you get a head-wind she'll think you're dead. And do you think she's going to be content with you in Salt Lake every other night? Oh sure. And some warm night while you're away, the Spanish is going to break out on her. What are you going to do then?"

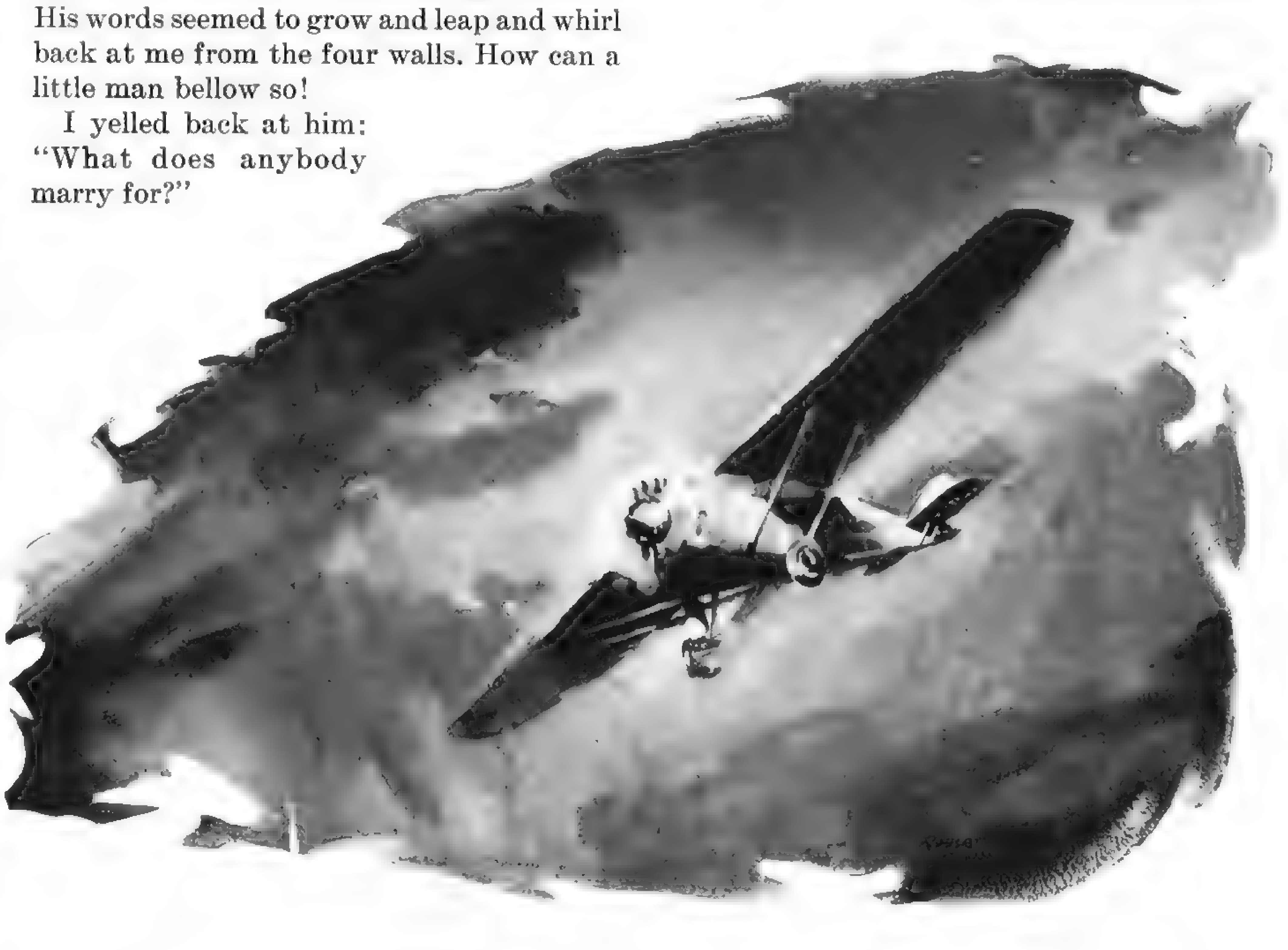
I poured a drink of water from the cooler. "We've worked it out," I reiterated and snapped tight the leather strap of my helmet. "I'm giving up flying, Ed. My resignation is in the Operations office now."

In five years I don't think Ed had ever missed reporting on a weather sequence. He missed one now. The teletype clicked unheeded. "—Jim Walling!" was all he said. I grew tired of standing up against his eyes. My God, can't a man choose his own way of living!

"How are you going to get along?" he asked finally. I thought he meant financially.

"I've made good money with Northern," I told him, "and I've saved a lot of it. I'm going into partnership with Carlita's father in Los Angeles."

Continued on page 162

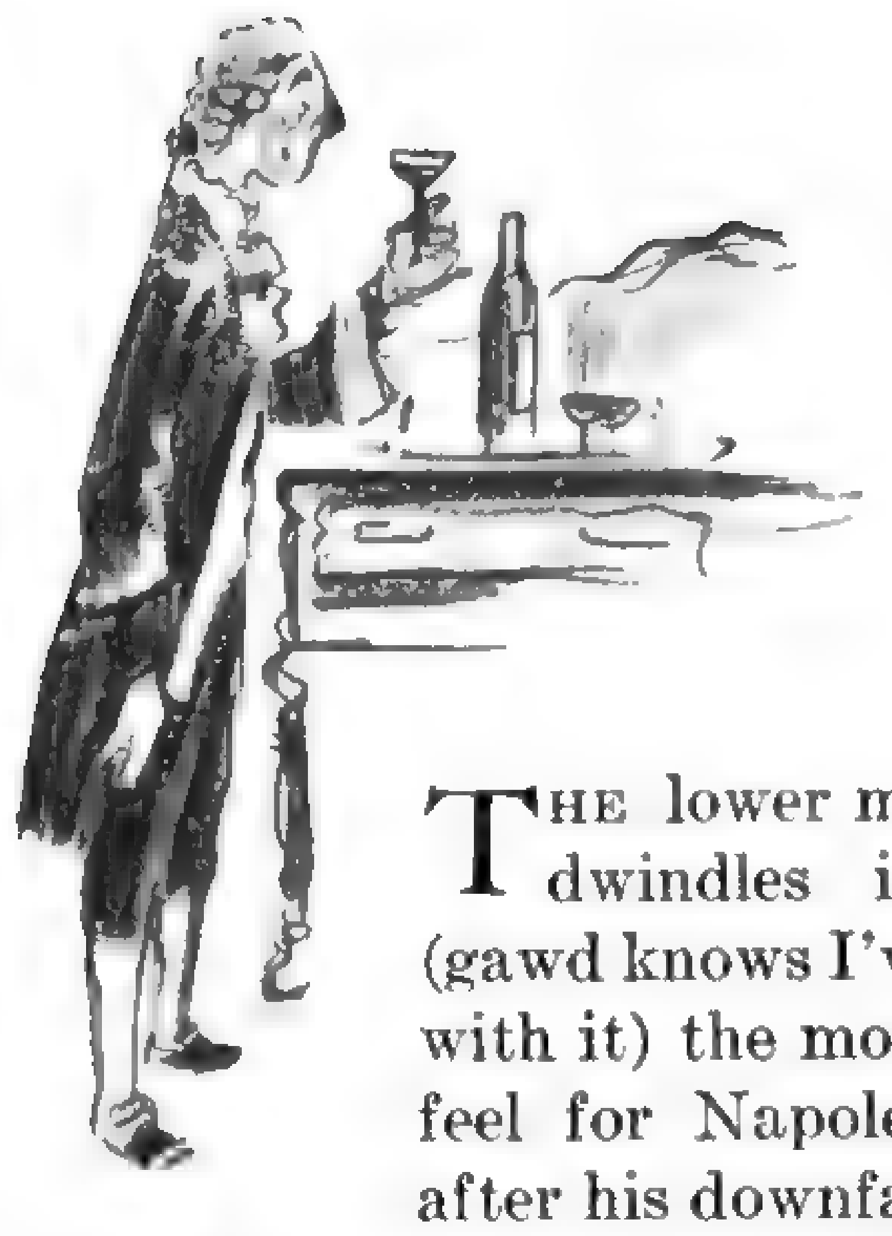


For Gentlemen and Wine Scholars

The story of Madeira, a wine of 22% strength, a wine that was too noble for Napoleon

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ ARTICLE ▪



THE lower my Solera 1792 dwindles in the bottle (gawd knows I've been a miser with it) the more sympathy I feel for Napoleon. Certainly after his downfall no man was in worse need of a pickup. And this was it.

At least, he intended it to be, to the extent of ninety-two gallons' worth, acquired as the last shopping he did on his way to St. Helena; bought it when the warship that was transporting him put in, seemingly providentially, at a very different sort of island from the one he was bound for: Pearl of the Atlantic as compared with mere fly-memento—an island whose pedigreed vines were just then (August 23rd) big with little grapes attaining their final ripeness for the vintage of 1815, since known as Waterloo Madeira.

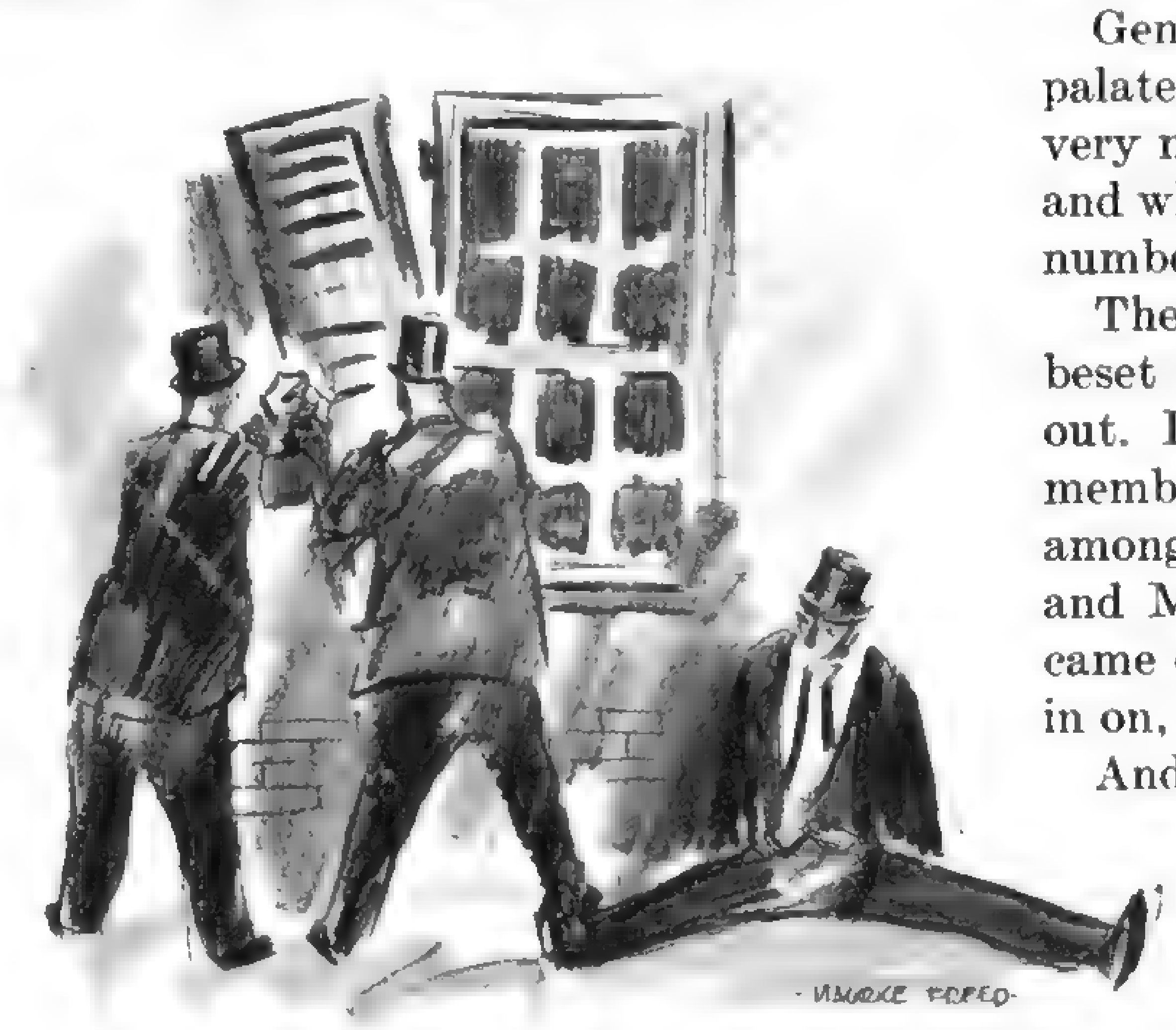
True, "General Bonaparte" (as they called him) wasn't allowed ashore. He was dangerous. Might bite or blight things. And with grapes in that interesting condition you couldn't be too careful. But as for his thirst-for-glory taking the form of a desire to purchase—well, after all, a customer was a customer. So they sold him the wine—one pipe, f.o.b. H.M.S. *Northumberland*—he paying for it in gold louis which a few years later were deposited in the cornerstone of the English Church in Funchal where, unless something regrettable has happened on a dark night, they still are.

With ninety-two gallons of such solace, St. Helena might have seemed quite snug—*intime*, yet roomy enough for elbow-bending; a place where an ex-emperor could settle down to his pipe and get the world by the tail in a new way.

Might have. The dreary fact (see dusty histories) is that Napoleon never once pleasured himself with his Madeira. It remained bunged up—a virgin sealed, paradise missed. He had let the doctors talk him out of it; they told him that Madeira was too rich, too banquety—all right for the turtle-fed paunches of London aldermen, but not for his unhappy stomach, already afflicted with the malady that finished him.

Maybe they were correct. For Madeira, though sometimes given to sick people, is hardly in the gruel class. Still (the snaky inference obtrudes itself), these medicos may just possibly have figured on Napoleon's getting rid of the cask in *their* direction. If so, they were fooled, for no member of his *entourage* ever got a smell of it. That pipe of wine, typifying the Vanity of Human Wishes, was grimly held on to; remained as one of Napoleon's few possessions to be disposed of by his executors.

Whatever the lowdown of the matter, deprivation didn't save the patient. Forty-six when he arrived at St. Helena, he lasted there not quite six years—years that make Poe's Raven seem like a pet canary. What gloom! Imagine having Waterloo on the brain and nothing to do for it except sit on a rock staring out over sad saline waves, uselessly thinking how you'd like to get even with that snooty stiff, Wellington; he meanwhile Iron Duke-ing around among the glitter and twitter of the courts of Europe, knocking 'em dizzy and lapping up the pickings—including a favorite kind of wine, called Madeira, that he had been raised on. For, as his most recent biographer, Philip Guadella, reminds us, the Big Winner was a product of "an age when military manners prescribed officially a monthly ration of fifteen bottles of Madeira as the bare limit of necessity." Indeed, the grand aggregate of the Madeira that found its way under His Grace's belt during eighty-three active, capacity-proving years—in Ireland, Holland, Denmark, Russia, India, Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Italy, Austria (climate made no difference)—presents a picture not to be visioned in terms of mere individual pipes, but in solid platoons of them, attesting a liver worth framing. The only thing that ever troubled him was, now and then, a bad cold, best treated with a good stout dose of something of an alcoholic nature, such as Madeira Wine (22%).



Bonaparte? Oh, just a little upstart emperor, picked out of Europe like a presumptuous bit of cork out of the Duke's glass where it didn't belong.

And, really, Napoleon *didn't* belong in a Madeira world—the world of such gentlemen and wine scholars as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, John Hancock, and a certain Isaac Roosevelt, pipe orderer, New York Constitution framer and great-great-grandfather of a certain F. D. of the same name. After all, that fellow from Corsica was basically a roughneck; palace-broken, to be sure, but still a trifle plug-ugly in his pleasures, regarded wines and women as things to be got done with in short order, battlefield style. Madeira, being of the slow-and-easy sort, wasn't his dish. Hadn't the time for it till, on his way out, he bought the pipe of 1792, whose quality, if present taste is any indication, was much too good for him. And now, reconsidering my sympathy as I contemplate the three thimblefuls I have left, I'm just as well pleased it was *he* who didn't get to drink any of it, not I.

And that's that. So let him get the hell out of this article. This is for deservers only.

Genuine ones, I mean. Drinkers whose palates *care* and *aspire* and *demand*. Whose very noses, gluttons for blandishment, exult and whiff for joy at the approach of a choice number to be gloated over.

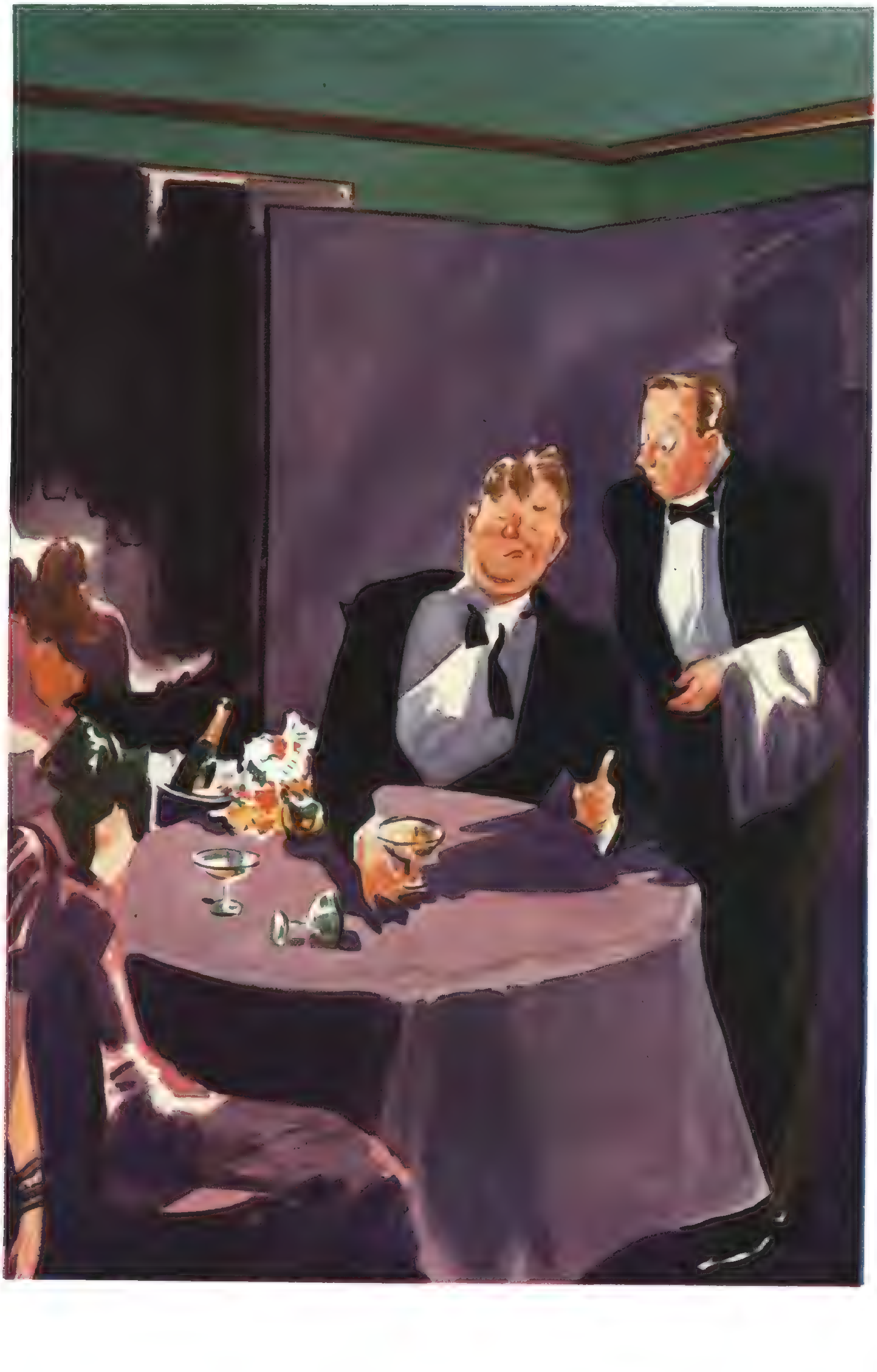
The trouble is, Madeira addicts lead such beset lives. Word of their weakness leaks out. It gets bruited that So-and-So is a member of the hoarding class and that among his heirlooms he possesses Soleras and Malmseys and Sercials that positively came over in the Ark. A good man to drop in on, if one dared.

And *how* they dare! A bunch of zinc-lined well-wishers crash his gate some pleasant evening when he is in his library communing with his second after-dinner glass of soother that takes the kinks out of the cosmos. Boal 1826, let us say; sipping which is like shaking hands with one's ancestors: swell guys who certainly knew their stuff when they provided this. And still a couple of bottles of it left, thank Fortune!

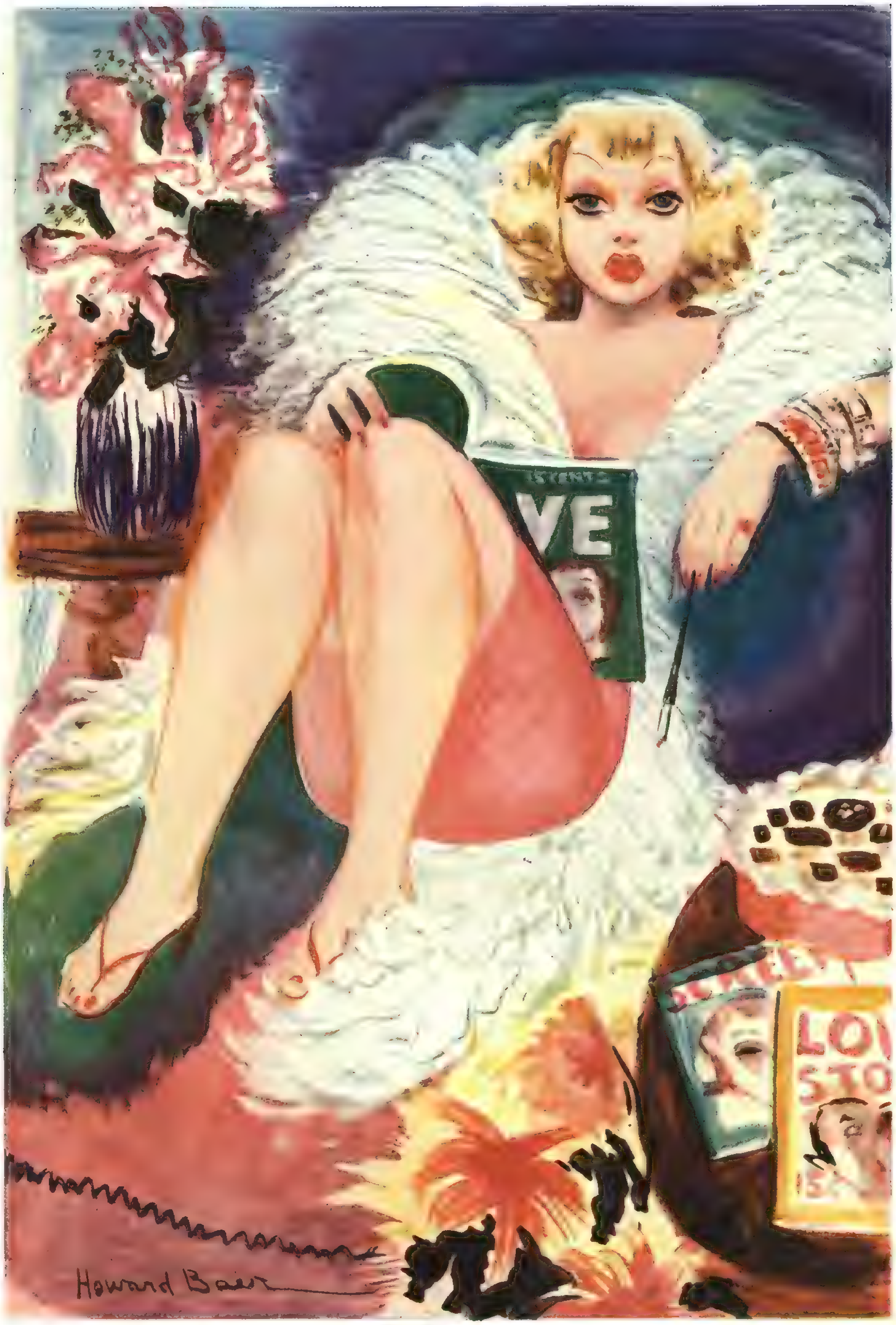
But it seems there are callers, ominously jovial-sounding. Wolves on the fold. The shepherd, distraught, doesn't know whether to gulp his half-finished glass or hide it.

Either precaution would be vain. For Madeiras, particularly those of great age, have a trick of announcing themselves through the atmosphere; broadcast their allure nose-teasingly, mouth-wateringly. Why, I've even known one little glassful to cause sniffings of interest in the *next room*—thereby ending surreptitiousness with a brutal stampede which appalled the pourer and made him come across. Told on in this way—blend of Araby and distillery—hapless

Continued on page 158



"Two more quarts and two more hostesses"



ENEMIES OF MAN No. 7: THE BLONDE JOYBABY

She is incredibly wise on the subject of men and par for stupidity on everything else. She will play roulette all night or as long as your money lasts. A colored maid is her only confidante, and a dog is her only friend. She will give back the ring as a matter of principle, but keep the stone for remembrance. From whatever bed she may happen to occupy, including her own, she will flick her ashes onto the floor. She may not have heard of the gold standard, but it is a safe bet that she will never leave it. She is an influence for good in the morals of the community, because she is unalterably opposed to free love.

The Tiger's Paw

Brightly dusting off the old plot about the football game decided by the love of a lady

by ROBERT BUCKNER

• FICTION •

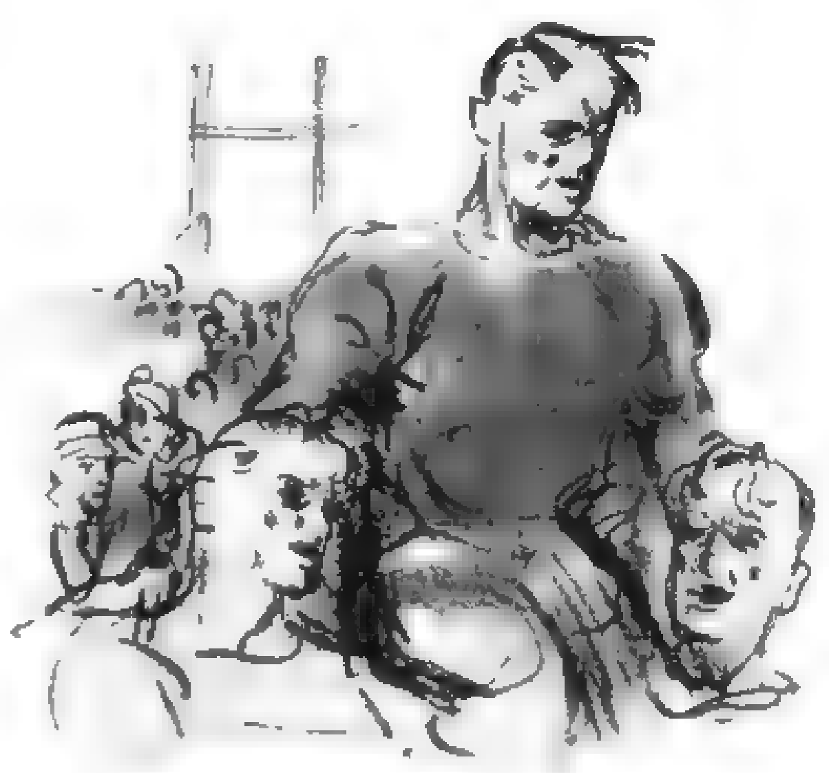
I GET a laugh out of these New York reporters.

All week they hang around the field, pumping the coaches for copy and crowding me off the bench, just so they can guess wrong on Saturdays.

Then suddenly a really red-hot story breaks right under their noses, and where are they? Do they come to me, the Second Assistant Sports Editor of *The Daily Tiger*, the one man who'd know something about it, or do they dash off and hammer out yards of salami about *Darden, the Darien Demon*, and *The Tiger Cub With Claws?*

Well, you read the sports pages; you know the answer.

I've tried to figure it out but it beats me. You'd think a cagey crowd of news-hounds would have looked for the woman first thing. Gosh, everybody knows that's one of the first laws of journalism.



Personally, I was too close to the story to handle it. Besides, I had to room with the guy.

These campus-squatter sports writers are like some girls I could name. They think a fellow's life begins the first time they notice him. In the Amherst and Lehigh games, Cokey was just another scrub to them, but after what happened at New Haven they didn't have space for anybody but "Ducky" Darden. What a bunch!

"How is it," they asked each other, "that an unknown Sophomore can change overnight into the greatest halfback in the East? How is it?"

"A straight-arm," the *Times* guessed, "like a wagon tongue in the dark."

"The sweetest hip-swing since Don Lourie," declared the *Sun*.

"A photographic eye," the *Tribune* trumped, "like Albie Booth's."

* * *

It was that rainy Sunday morning after the Yale game and I was reading the papers in bed. When I got to that last crack about Albie's eyes I chuckled and tossed the section over to Cokey.

"Kid, you're famous," I said. "When they don't even mention Pile-Driver McCracken, that's news."

Cokey gave me his usual *phut-phut*, but he started reading it.

I just lay there hugging the blankets and thinking. Suppose the *Times* and *Sun* and *Tribune* knew what I did—what the real secret was. While they're raving about Cokey's photographic hips and all, suppose they knew about the mysterious love triangle between him and Isabel Stimson and Doug McCracken. Now, would that be news, or wouldn't it? Boy, if only the Code of the Newspaper Man didn't seal my lips!

Between my classwork and Cokey and the *Tiger* I certainly have had my hands full this fall. You know how we've been staging a come-back in football, with new coaches helping us build up the old spirit. And now, with that undefeated Freshman team of '33 ripe for the varsity we were expecting even greater things.

You could feel it in the air, and especially out on the field. We were going to make history! The Wonder Team! If it hadn't been for Cokey's moping around the room in front of Isabel's picture, and forgetting his signals in practice, I'd have had nothing to worry about but my house dues. Still, maybe it's better I did have this headache, else Cokey'd still be plugging along on the fourth team instead of being almost a sure thing for the All-American.

It was one evening about the middle of October when I bumped into Coach coming out of the gym. We'd coasted past three easy games without having to open up, but Columbia looked plenty tough for Saturday. The Lions were riding high, wide and handsome, and all we'd really shown was a good line. Our backs kept running into each other like the chorus of a high school "musical comedy."

Coach stopped me and we sat down together on the steps. That's one thing I like about Bill. He can give advice, and he can take it.

"Hatch," he said, "you're rooming with Darden?"

"Sure. We've been together since prep school," I answered.

"What's the matter with the boy?" he turned to me. "What's on his mind? His grades are O. K., and he's healthy as a dray-horse. But his mind's not on the game."

I hedged and said this and that, but I couldn't fool Bill. He'd handled too many backfield prima donnas. In school Cokey had been a whiz at football, with a world of natural speed, and he loved the game. I knew that. But ever since Freshman year when he'd fallen for Isabel all the spark had gone out of him. He didn't seem to care much whether he made the team or not. I'd given him the devil about it a hundred times but it was like pouring beer on a bum's back. You know that silly smile you get for an answer when you argue with a guy in his fix?

"Well, Coach," I said finally, "I sort of think Cokey's in love."

"I guess you ought to know, Hatch," and Bill shook his head as if he was puzzled. "It's a funny thing, but I never really noticed Darden until today. Somebody cracked him across the shins with their cleats and it must have made him mad. Anyway, on two plays he broke through my tackles for thirty yards. I called the ball back and tried it again, but he must have cooled off, because this time he loafed as usual and Whitney smeared him behind the line."

He stood up and started to go. "If you can do anything about it, we'd have a good halfback, Hatch. The kid's got the stuff in him, and we're going to need his speed. Good-night."

I stood there on the steps watching him walk away and thinking hard about what he'd said. So the Coke got mad and showed 'em, eh? I got a great kick out of that. Well, why couldn't he *stay* mad? Because Isabel wasn't keen about football, or at least never said anything about it in her letters. Still, I didn't hold anything against her. Cokey was the sap. Like a lot of these dumb athletes, one kiss in a rumble seat and they're through, washed up. Every time Isabel wrote she was off for Annapolis or West Point or New Haven, Cokey would sulk for three days, mumbling, "be damned if he saw what she found in a lot of brass buttons and boola boys."

It was right then and there that the idea hit me! Like Richard Harding Davis at Bull Run, or wherever it was, I got that thrill only a newspaper man ever knows — when he sees a chance to make history. I remember standing there on the gym steps shaking with excitement. First I felt to see if my reporter's pad was in the old hip pocket, and then Bonny Bonthron couldn't have beat me getting to the Library.

I tore into the reading room and grabbed up a batch of papers. Who was the big shot of the Yale team?—that was my only question. Of course I should have known, but I don't have time to keep up with all the

Continued on page 156

Fly Away Ladybird

A man is astounded by a thought which a woman has contemplated for years with calm acceptance

by CONRAD AIKEN

• FICTION •

"Don't be melancholy, darling, I'm sure it will all come out all right."

"But how often have I got to tell you that I'm *not* melancholy? I'm not melancholy at all. I'm afraid you're old-fashioned. You just think I *ought* to be melancholy!"

"It's all these subterfuges, all this concealment. The way you had to go to the hospital under an assumed name. And signing a false name to the birth certificate. And now living here in this one-horse town! Good Lord."

She smiled at him, as if affectionately amused by her despair, took his arm, and they walked slowly, very slowly, up the little hill in the park. He kept his head lowered, as if thinking, and when he didn't respond to a repeated tug at his elbow, she brought her face so close to his that her forehead touched the rim of his hat.

"Besides," she said, "you're forgetting that the whole idea was mine. Wasn't it?"

"Oh, I know, but that has nothing to do with it. There's so much I want to do for you and Bibs, and can't. You oughtn't to be living here, buried away like this, and especially as I can only get here so seldom. No. And all the time I have the funniest feeling—"

"What?"

"Well, it makes me laugh sometimes. But I keep feeling that you and Bibs ought to be living with the rest of us."

"*That's* a bright idea. Your wife would be so glad, wouldn't she?"

"Gosh, yes. Just the same, if you ever saw the other kids—"

He stopped suddenly, and grinned at her.

"*That* would be all right. But suppose *she* saw *Bibs!* She'd know it in a flash."

They resumed the walk, very slowly, they passed under a maple tree, scarlet leaves had fallen on the path from the scarlet mass above them, and the sweet smoke came up to them from a smudge fire at the bottom of the hill. The delicious melancholy held them still for a moment. They stood under the tree and said nothing.

"That's for instance why it would be, I suppose, dangerous for you to live in New York. God knows New York's large enough, but if you ever *did* meet—"

"It's got to be postponed."

"And that's the sort of thing that makes me sick. This everlasting secrecy. Hole in corner."

"I told you in the beginning that I knew all about that and was prepared for it. Didn't I? And that I assumed full responsibility. It's my funeral, not yours."

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of, Enn—"

"Oh, I didn't mean *that!*"

"It's bound to be, at least in some respects. It isn't good for you. You haven't met a soul here. The minute you met people they'd begin to smell a rat. Mrs. Doane suspects already—I could see it this morning when I met her here with Bibs."

"Well, what did she do, did she bite you, or give you a dirty look?"

He didn't answer. He disengaged his arm, took out a cigarette and lit it; then flung the smoking match into a red privet bush. He was frowning. He thought how odd it was that Enn could take the whole situation so calmly. He was even tempted to believe that she was somehow lacking—but lacking in what, he found it difficult to say. Morals? But there could be no question of that—the moral issue had never arisen, there was no such thing. If it was anything, it was something like delicacy. Or was it merely that she was sensible—more sensible than any woman he had ever met.

"O God, Enn, there are so many things. That awful dingy apartment of yours. And the neighbors watching you."

She took his arm again, and shook him, and laughed, her long grey eyes narrowing provocatively.

"Is that all? Is there something more?"

"Heaps. What about Bibs?"

"How do you mean, what about Bibs?"

"Well, she's four. She notices things. She knows when I spend the night there. That would be all right, if only—"

"What?"

"She knew I was her father."

She drew a deep sigh, looked away from him, said nothing. Then she pulled him closer, with her hand under his arm—so closely and so tenderly that to walk thus together, with their knees touching and disengaging, arm against arm and side against side, became difficult, and slow, and self-conscious, a delicious and awkward intimacy.

If only it could go on like this, if only it could always be like this. Their bodies seemed to be saying it, but their faces and minds were averted. He felt extraordinarily touched. It was tragic, it was beautiful.

"I sometimes wonder if you really feel it, Enn."

"Don't be a goose."

"But really, I do."

"You silly boy, we've been over it so often, haven't we? You must reconcile yourself that Bibs is mine. Not yours, mine. You agreed to that. I wanted her, not you."

"Oh, I know all that. It's a good theory."

They had come to the bench at the top of the hill. Below them the little river, with birches along the nearer margin, turned out of sight under the dilapidated wooden bridge. He remembered how they had come here before Bibs was born—he remembered the last time of all, when she had wanted to come up to see the sunset, and he had tried in vain to dissuade her, and they had climbed up so slowly, and she had turned so white. What was it she had said, something very funny. A quotation from somebody. O yes—"O to be oviparous, now that spring is here."

"Do you think Mrs. Doane is a good influence, Enn?"

She had sat down on the bench, her hands flat on the green wood, the fingers spread out fanwise.

"Of course. She's as good as gold. She adores Bibs."

"I know. But I don't like the slang."

"Oh don't worry about the slang. Good heavens, if that was all!"

"What do you mean?"

"It's when I go down to New York to see you; when I'm away—all those weeks. When I come back, Bibs likes Mrs. Doane better than she does me. She always says she wants to stay with Boo. You know she calls her Boo."

He stood facing her, his head a little on one side, his cigarette lightly held between two fingers.

"And do you think that's good? Do you think it's so good?"

"Of course I don't think it's good. But what can we do? *Somebody's* got to look after her when I go away."

"But why not be sensible and give up your job, and let *me* swing it?"

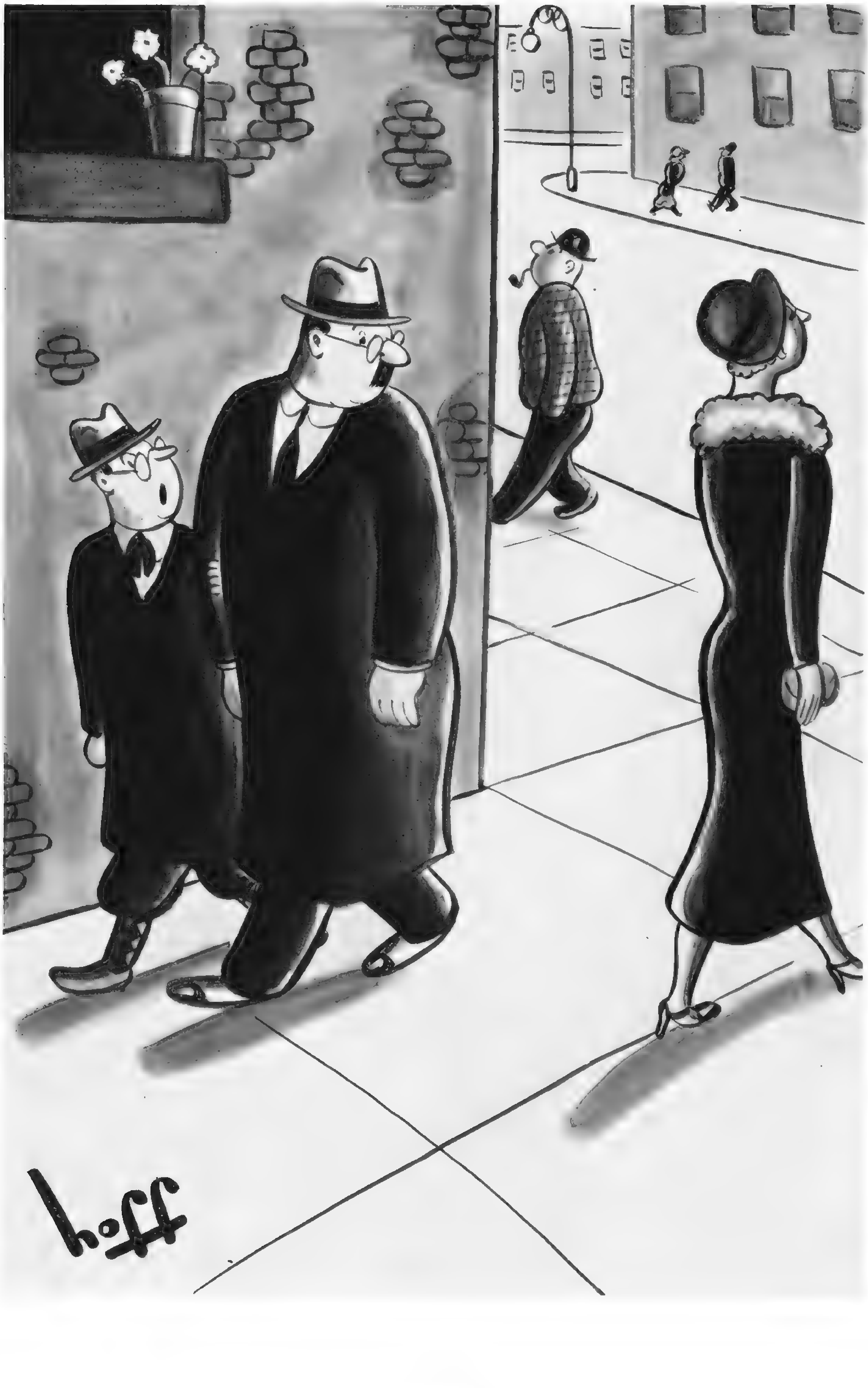
Alternately, she slapped her hands on the bench, in a queer and mountingly mischievous rhythm, then clapped them together before her, wrung them at him, and laughed.

"The possessive male!"

"Possessive nonsense! It's simply a question of what's best for you and Bibs. This sort of thing is no good. It's sure to hurt you both."

She was still smiling, but as he watched her intently, her expression gradually became

Continued on page 167



"Papa!"

The Prize-fighter and the Bull

Evaluating Hemingway and Lardner in the light of the former's now-famous phrase

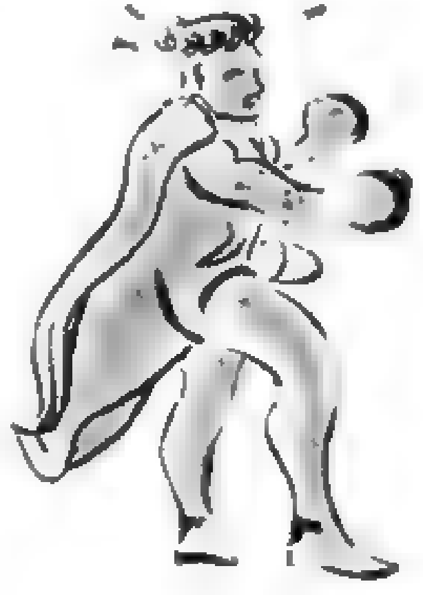
by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

"MR. HOLMES, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound." These are the last words in an early chapter of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* and they produce one of the rarest effects in literature, which is sensation. If they had been spoken in an English courtroom, the reports the next day would properly have put (*Sensation*) like that, after the words. It is the chill up your spine or a hand clutching at your throat or, in great poetry, it may be some intimation of the unseen; in any case, it is rare. And Ernest Hemingway has achieved it in, of all places, a critical essay. When he wrote (ESQUIRE, September, 1934, page 19) that in the final verdict "it will be stated that what kept Ring Lardner from being a great writer was the very thing for which Mr. Pegler praises him" to wit, that Lardner never used a dirty word, Mr. Hemingway created a sensation. So much of one that the really important things he had to say about prize-fighting, literature, Mr. Lardner and himself have been completely neglected.

It happens that Mr. Pegler and Mr. Hemingway are both wrong, because Mr. Lardner did use a dirty word; in fact, he wrote an entire scene of comic bawdy stuff in one of his playlets and this scene was produced, if I remember correctly, at one of the Dutch Treat shows; it was omitted from the printed version of the play. Obviously, Mr. Lardner felt that dirty words were appropriate to a stag show and inappropriate to a book of light humor; I have no knowledge, but I feel pretty certain that he had no fight with the editorial department of Scribner's about the matter. In any case, Mr. Lardner did use a dirty word. Not for "the accurate presentation of the people he was writing about," which is Mr. Hemingway's idea of the purpose of dirty words, but for a belly-laugh. Toward the end of his life Lardner kept up a continuous running fight against suggestiveness in radio songs; but so far as I know, he was not one of those who wanted Ulysses suppressed.

Now the people Lardner met, in show and sport business, probably used the "dirty words" connected with digestion and coition as freely as the people known to Mr. Hemingway who hasn't, according to his own account, passed a day of his life without hearing them. Mr. Hemingway says they must be written down and printed in a true record; Mr. Lardner failed in this respect. What Mr. Lardner knew perfectly and Mr. Hemingway doesn't know at all is that these words, except in moments of peculiar stress, have ceased to possess any meaning whatever, least of all a dirty meaning. They are counters, slipped in with the regular coins of conversation, for makeweight. Kenneth Burke once told me of a New Jersey farmer who used a common, graphic, and totally unprintable word for homosexual as the exact synonym for "guy" or "fella" or "bozo." The word had become so common with him that it hardly bore any relation in sound to the original; it had lost the important middle syllable. The less offensive word "bastard" is passing through the same changes a million times a day. But when you print the word "bastard" it still means "illegitimate." If you printed the farmer's word for an individual, it would still mean, with a totally wrong effect of shock, a peculiarly depraved homosexual.



Lardner knew this and he knew the other side, the prissy side, for whom he invented the supreme one-word satire of our time: he—ll. For them also he suggested Golly's in his Heaven, All's right with the world, and so on. But he knew that when Conrad Green, who was a lousy hypocrite, failed to find his name in the society column, it didn't matter a damn what filth issued from his lips. The expression given is "——" and if you and I do not know what to put in the blank, we aren't exactly diminishing the stature of Lardner as a writer.

In the clinical observations of Mencken or Nathan or both, it was once set down that most sexual manifestations, and particularly the act of sex, were inherently comic, the bawdy story being offered, I believe, in evidence. It isn't at all necessary to believe this, but it is necessary to believe that all the manifestations of both sex and digestion (in which fields lie all the suspected words) are common to the point of being universal. That is why it is vulgar to be overmodest about a belch or what used to be called by an eminent physician, the exoneration of the bowels, or the fact that men and women make love, one to the other, with their bodies. On the other hand, it is taking sex and digestion pretty seriously to suggest that the words which the modest will not use have a cabalistic value. The doctor and the criminal court have precise descriptions of all these acts and the words they use can be printed in the papers. The fact that lay people use other words is of slight importance. Twenty years ago it was permissible, just barely, to say that a woman was a man's mistress; today it is permissible to say that she is sleeping with him. The earlier term happens to be more accurate in many cases.

About Mr. Hemingway's implication that there cannot be great literature without the use of words not permitted in polite society, I think nothing need be said. It happens that the hairy-he words were used for a long time in English literature and that that period offers little of consequence. The dainty Robert Herrick, who was a vicar, wrote "Whenas in silks my Julia goes . . ." and also wrote, "When pimps' feet sweat . . ." The first is the better poem.

Hemingway keeps away from literary cocktail parties and goes a lot to prize-fights, so that his opinion on the second subject ought to be more significant than on the first. Of the sport as it appears in Lardner's works, he disapproves, because, he says first, Lardner felt himself superior to the fighters. Then he says that Lardner "with never a dirty word wrote of these who make it with their hands in the nightly tragic somewhere of their combat, distorting the language that they speak into a very comic diction, so there's no tragedy ever, because there is no truth." There you get down to it. And there the chief exhibit is a story by Mr. Lardner called *Champion*, a story of a prize-fighter, and not one of the stories mentioned by Mr. Hemingway when he condescendingly and grudgingly admitted that "Ring Lardner wrote two fine stories."

I remember *Champion* as clearly as I remember Mr. Hemingway's story of a prize-fighter called *Fifty Grand* which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* without dirty words, but with an editorial comment, in the back of the magazine, explaining that the story was very moral indeed. I mean that I remember the general action and tone and feel of *Champion*, but of course I do not remember every word. So I have had the great pleasure of reading it again in view of Mr. Hemingway's accusation that Mr. Lardner distorted the language of prize-fighters into a comic diction and thereby robbed them of the tragic sense of life. And I found that, distorted or not, the language of Midge, the champion, nowhere becomes a comic diction. At least, when I read in the mouth of a brutal and vicious character the words, "I could of went along all right. Who was it hung that left on the Dutchman's jaw, me or you?", I don't laugh. Mr. Hemingway may be thinking of the purely comic characters in *You Know Me Al*. When Mr. Lardner wrote a harsh and dreadfully real story about a murderous, cruel and treach-

Continued on page 173

A Date with Jean

Breathes there a man with soul so smug that he can not recall a date that made a fool of him?

by HOWARD VALYEAR

▪ FICTION ▪

The taxi pulled up to the curb. Tony started to open the door.

"Oh, it's the next house," said Jean.

"It's the next house," Tony told the driver.

"Okay," said the driver.

"Wait. This will be all right," Jean said.

"Never mind," said Tony to the driver, "this will be all right." He opened the door and got out, giving his hand to Jean. She stepped quickly to the sidewalk and ran up on the veranda next door. Tony slammed the door of the cab.

"How much?" he asked the driver. The driver pulled a paper out of the meter and got out.

"Fifty cents," he said.

Tony gave him a dollar. The driver gave him two quarters. He handed one back.

"Thanks," said the driver. He got in the cab again and started to turn the car around.

Tony ran up on the veranda by Jean. She took a key from her bag and opened the door. Out in the street the taxi backfired once, then it was gone. Jean looked up at Tony.

"Would you like to come in and chat awhile?" she asked.

"Sure," said Tony.

Jean stepped inside and pushed a button. The hall was flooded with light. Tony closed the door and followed her. He stared at himself in a mirror on the wall. Jean opened the inner door.

"You can hang your coat here," she said, indicating a rack with hangers in the hall. She was gone for a moment.

Tony took off his overcoat and put it on a hanger on the rack. Jean was back.

"I guess the family is all in bed," she said, examining herself critically in the mirror. She went into the house again.

Tony took off his hat and scarf and stooped to remove his rubbers. He straightened and looked at himself in the mirror. There was a big smudge across his forehead. How long had that been there, he wondered. He wiped it off carefully with his handkerchief. Then he straightened his tie and stepped inside, closing the door behind him. The living-room and parlor were lighted. Jean came from the darkened kitchen. She had removed her coat and hat and was resplendent in a black satin dress.

"Let's go in the parlor and sit on the sofa," she said.

Tony followed her in and sat beside her on the sofa. There was a gas-lit fireplace and two floor-lamps were burning in the room. It was warm. One of the lamps was just past the end of the sofa where Jean sat. The light showed up her profile beautifully. Over the fireplace was a clock. The hands pointed to eleven. Just as they sat down, the chimes struck.

Gee, Tony thought, the show let out early. I should have taken her to a restaurant or some place. She said she didn't want anything to eat, but maybe she was just being polite. I should have taken her to a restaurant.

Jean reached over to an end-table for a box of candy.

"Have a chocolate?" she asked.

Tony took one. Jean did too. Their eyes met and they laughed.

"Thanks," Tony said.

What are we laughing for, he wondered. Jean was still smiling as she replaced the box of candy. She had the most lovely smile.

They started to talk about the show. Tony didn't know what they were talking about; he only knew that Jean was beautiful. Her skin was so smooth and white. And her lips were so full. A little too much lipstick, he decided. The light of the lamp flickered in her hair. It looked so soft and fluffy. He wanted to stroke it.

They had not talked long when Tony suddenly became conscious that there was a lull in their conversation. Jean was looking at him with that tantalizing half-smile. Had she said something he missed?

"I beg your pardon. What did you say?" Tony said.

"I said—what are you thinking about?" Tony gulped.

"I was thinking of how lovely you are tonight," he said.

"Now, Tony!" she said, lowering her eyes. "Remember what I told you."

Her voice was pleasant and tinkly, like the soft notes of a temple bell in Tibet at midday, he thought. Tony watched the whiteness of her throat fascinated. He wondered how it would be to kiss her there.

"But you are beautiful," he said. "Why don't you want to hear about it?"

"I don't know, Tony. I guess I'm a queer sort of a female. Anyway, it doesn't sound like you."

"You mean it sounds too much like a line?"

"Yes."

Jean leaned back against the cushions. It did sound like a line, Tony knew. Her eyes were upon him. She looked so soft and beautiful. He wanted to crush her to him. How could he tell her, he thought. How could he say how he wanted her—that he had known for weeks that nothing else in the world mattered? No, he couldn't. It might leave her cold, or it might embarrass her. Tony thought how he was only one of many to Jean. She was so beautiful and popular. What chance would he have?

Her eyes were still regarding him. They were pools of liquid beauty. Tony flushed and averted his gaze. He looked around the room. It was so much nicer than his own home. He had a nerve even to think of marrying on his salary. What could he give a girl like Jean? She'd be foolish to marry a sap like him. Any girl would. No guts to him. If he could only pull himself together and be somebody.

Jean got up and walked over to a table where a cigarette-box lay.

"I've got to have a cigarette," she said. She picked one out and brought the box to Tony. He took one. She put the box back on the table. He watched her walk, it was so graceful and effortless. Gee, she's smooth, he thought. Jean patted the cigarette on the back of her hand and placed it between her lips. Tony took a lighter from his pocket.

"Light," he said. He lit her cigarette, then his own. She sat down by him again. They smoked silently for a moment.

"I had a great time last week-end," Jean said.

"You did?" said Tony. "What did you do?"

"Don't you remember? I went out of town to a house-party." She got up and brought an ash tray over to the end-table.

"Oh, yes," Tony said. "Where was it?"

"At Cornell. Betty and I went down."

"Oh," said Tony. He sensed that here was something.

"We had such fun. This one boy is so crazy. He kept us in stitches all the time."

Tony smiled.

"He's so crazy!" Jean said. "Why, we'd be riding down the street in his car—not a thing in sight—when all of a sudden he'd

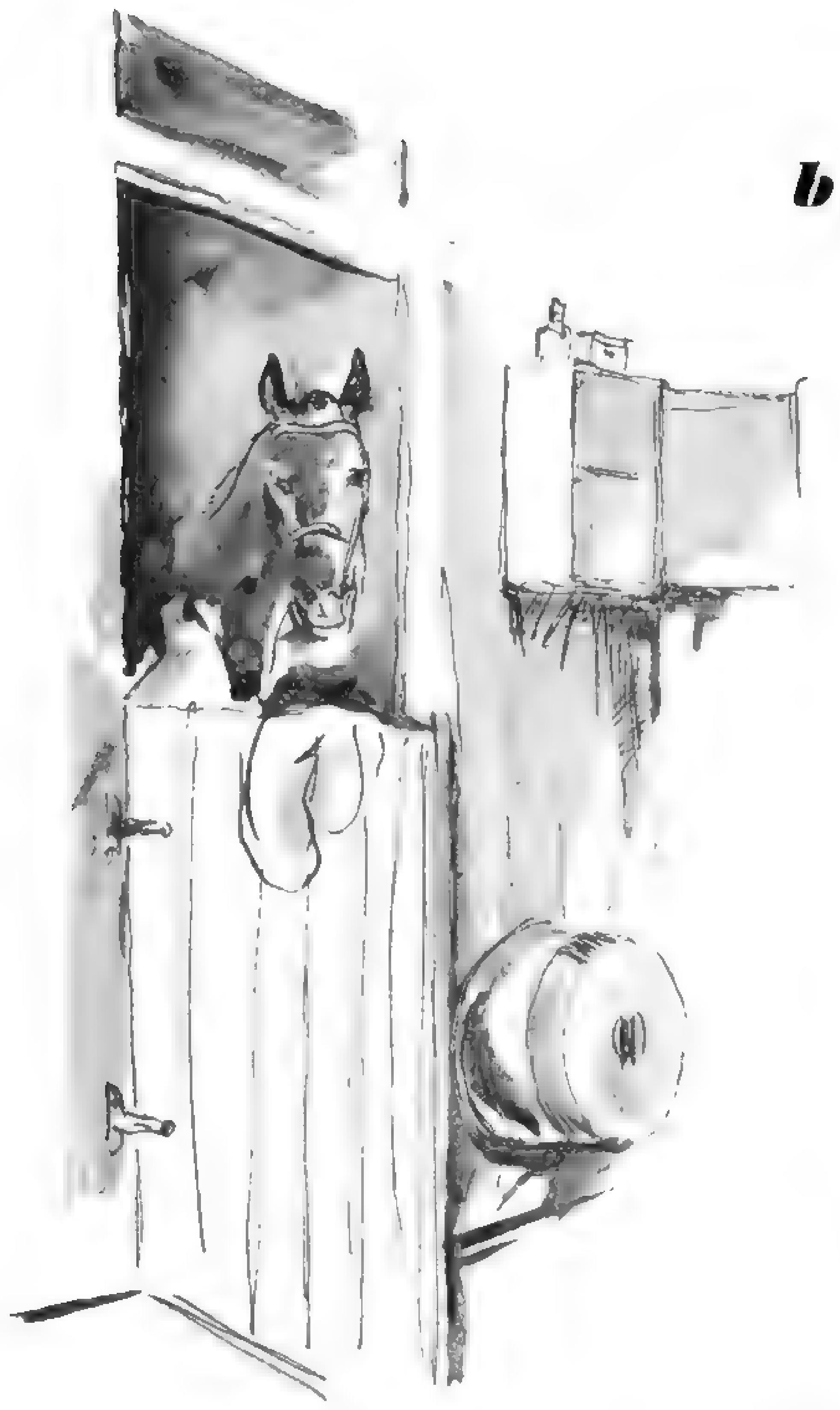
Continued on page 171

Let the Buyer Beware

The P's and Q's to mind in setting about the business of buying yourself a horse

by ROGER WARNER

• SPORTS •



"LET the buyer beware" is the ancient slogan of all horse trading. It is as old as the ages through which men have ridden and driven and bought and sold horses. It was a tradition with the Arabs in the desert centuries ago, and most certainly it still is with American horse traders of the old school.

"Let the buyer beware" was not, however, an entirely despicable business standard, even from the loftiest ethical point of view. Thirty years ago horses were a necessary common denominator of transportation, and therefore of commerce. Whether a man bought them or sold them, he kept his wits about him. He took care individualistically, of his own interests, for there were no set of specifications and no f.o.b. price on a horse. If a man got stuck once, he hoped to win out the next time. What the venture lacked in absolute honesty, is made up in excitement. A horse deal was a sporting meeting of two minds . . . It still is!

In 1900 there were approximately 21,200,000 horses in America. Today there are only 13,000,000. Truck and tractor may be crowding the patient work horse from farmland and city street. But the present is far from a horseless age, for there are more lightweight, well-bred horses used for sport and recreation than ever before. Every year business and professional men discover that on horseback they can find relief from the nervous strain of making a fortune, and solace for the losing of it. A man's particular enthusiasm may be just riding on a bridle path; he may learn to ride over jumps and, in the end, graduate to the hunting field; he may, even, learn to play polo, that game of the third generation; but one thing is inevitable: sooner or later, he's going to buy a horse. Once bitten with the pleasant virus which infects all horsemen, he can be content with nothing less than ownership. He will find it a happy and sometimes confused medley of pride, sense-of-power, responsibility and expense. But, as he improves in the art, he would no more think of riding a hired horse across country than he would of renting another man's clubs every time he wanted to play golf, or another man's shotgun every time he wished to shoot quail.

Any man may step into the horse market today under favorable auspices, in spite of its ancient tradition of "Let the buyer beware." More good horses designed for his pleasure are awaiting his selection than ever before. The steady increase in the popularity of thoroughbred racing during the last decade has meant, for one thing, that the services of royally bred stallions have been placed at the disposal of farmers and ranchers throughout the country. Famous race-courses, like Belmont, Saratoga, Arlington and Pimlico, have substantiated their claim to being "associations for the improvement of the breed of horses." Winners on the tracks only a few years back have sired the hunter and polo prospects awaiting purchase by the average sportsman today.

Soon after the World War a wise Government established the Remount Service, because during the war army officers had been so dissatisfied with the poor quality and the dearth of animals awaiting purchase for military uses. Much of the available material, they insisted, was not worth breaking. The Remount policy has been to distribute thoroughbred stallions to all parts of the country, where their services might be had for a nominal $15, instead of the $500 or even $5,000 asked by the owner of a popular and successful race-horse sire. Some of these Remount stallions have been purchased. Others have been donated by generous sportsmen when their days of usefulness on the race course were over. In all, today, there are 700 Remount stallions standing in 42 states. Their foal production is approximately 12,000 per year.

Here are ideal mounts for the amateur sportsman, whichever section of the kingdom of the horse he would invade and conquer. The "half-bred," result of mating the thoroughbred stallion with a common, cold-blooded, large-boned mare, will make either riding horse or hunter. If the mare herself is a "half-bred," so much the better; for the result, the "three-quarter bred" will approach more nearly to the thoroughbred ideal of beauty and speed. This kind of horse has larger bone, more weight-carrying ability and a more equable disposition than the usual thoroughbred. If you're good at arithmetic, you've now figured out that the "three-quarter" bred mare and the thoroughbred stallion produce the "seven-eighth" bred, and so on until it can be said truthfully that a colt has "just a trace of cold blood." (The snobbish English Stud Book insists that Man O' War has such a trace!)

There is, of course, no equine motion that excels the smooth, long-striding gallop of the thoroughbred. None other horse can put in so bold and ground-covering a leap at a fence. None can equal his courage. But he is, in a sense, like a fine Swiss watch, or a Rolls-Royce car—the continued brilliance of his performance demands constant and expert care. And his hot blood, the heritage of three hundred years of racing, makes him so quick, so spirited and sometimes so willful that the average rider has difficulty with him. Of course he is used extensively in the hunting field and exclusively for polo; but many experienced sportsmen, masters of fox hounds, prefer the half-bred for week-after-week, season-after-season work in the hunting field. He wears better, they say, even if he never reaches quite the heights of brilliance that the clean-bred one does.

The price you pay for a good horse, like the price you pay for a fine antique highboy, is a compromise, mental or stated, between what the owner thinks he's worth, and what you think he's worth. He doesn't have to sell. You don't have to buy. In some cases you can bargain, even haggle, over the price. In others to do so would be suicidal. You've got to use your judgment, your good taste, and to know your man. Probably, already, he knows you, or your type. Good horses, which later made excellent hunters, have been bought for as little as $90. Very useless hunter horses have brought $5,000 at auction. But it's well to remember this: any hunter prospect four years of age stands the man who bred and raised him at least $600. If he's sound and well-grown, and of excellent quality, there ought to be a fair profit in raising him. If he's already schooled to go over jumps cleverly and safely, in the manner you would wish him to do all his life, he's worth more money to the owner—and to you.

It's just as well, in these matters, not to drive too close a bargain, remembering that a man's safety out hunting depends on the horse he is riding. A hundred dollars saved and a neck broken would be the poorest of bargains!

And, before you start out shopping, do not be upset by the bargains you have heard about . . . More than likely, the animal bought was a crazy run-away thing that few could ride, or so unsound that he was worth just exactly what he cost, or a little less . . . And do not boast, now or ever, about the rare bargain you have bought. Some day you might want to sell the horse!

You've been riding sometimes from the stable of a well-to-do and friendly sportsman who owns ten horses instead of one, which is your goal. This man is no dealer, of course, though by gentle conversation you find that he might sell you one of his own horses.

He has more than he needs . . . He can't hunt as much as he used to . . . It costs too much to keep all this stuff in hard times.

Listen to him, and remember that unless he's dead broke he won't part with his best ones. Listen to him and realize, modestly, that a hunter that has carried him several seasons may be, in spite of advanced age and slight defects, the best mount the beginner could have. If you see the whole situation with clear, unemotional, wide-open eyes, you may arrive at a true bargain. You may become the owner of a steady old hunter who knows the game, who will "take care of you" through many an exciting day. Of course you must not spend too much for this animal, and of course delicacy, the tender relationship of one gentleman with another, would prohibit you ever complaining about the defects of the animal. And the veterinarian hardly fits into this kind of transaction, for the whole thing is in the nature of a tender blessing from an older sportsman on a younger one.

But as you advance to the encounter, remember (with reservations): "Let the buyer beware."

Horses are sold at auctions in all the large cities and in many country towns. Unlike famous Tattersall's in London, to which sportsmen from all over England send hunters at certain seasons of the year, these sales are of no great importance. The prices are low, and the quality of the animals is in keeping. The man who consigns a horse need say nothing about him. It is understood that the buyer takes these horses as they stand, and finds out the worst for himself. Usually, for a day before the sale, the stuff is there for inspection. If you must advance into this arena, take a veterinarian with you—a shrewd one.

At night auction sales, of all places, let the buyer beware.

Now, for a brighter aspect to this picture. If you have time and a stable in which to raise colts, why not drive out among the farmers and see what they have on hand? Old Mr. Baldwin keeps a few good mares which he breeds to that chestnut Government stallion that was imported from France—the one that has sired some of the best working hunters and show hunters in your part of the country.

You find the farmer's colts rough, of course, with hair as long as goats', standing in the lee of a huge manure pile. But a lady, even when in dishabille, is a lady still, and that two-year-old chestnut filly shows breeding through all the tufted hair in which the burrs have caught. Well-grown thing, isn't she? Fine sloping shoulders. Good quarters. Close to sixteen hands. Will be sixteen-two by the time she's grown and filled out. She walks away from you as if bored with this inspection; walks smoothly, gracefully, flexing those springy pasterns. You cluck, and she springs into a low, sweeping canter, interspersed with playful kicks, and circles back towards the barn.

Well, old man, your heart is touched! If you can wait for her to grow up . . . if you can keep her in the manner her beauty merits . . . if you are capable of breaking her and schooling her . . . if you realize that she may not turn out as well as you expect—go ahead, take a chance. Life must have romance. Mutter to yourself, "I take this filly . . . for better or for worse."

The price you pay will, of course, be in keeping with her age, because you are assuming the expense of raising her to womanhood. *And here the buyer didn't have to beware so much.*

But the filly will not be ready to ride for two years, nor to hunt at any great distance for three. During this time you will have the fascination of watching her growth, of exhibiting her to your friends, of dreaming of the fine mare she is to be. But what are you going to ride in the meantime? And where are you going to get it?

You have, thus far in your search, neglected the very best source for good riding or hunter horses or polo ponies—the legitimate and reputable dealer. He exists in every section of the country, the kind of man who has been in business for years and intends to be for years to come. His word is as good as his bond, for he has broken distinctly with the ancient and nefarious traditions of the trade. His honesty, his judgment of horse and man have won him friends among sportsmen everywhere. Go to him, therefore, and explain exactly what you want. Don't pretend to know it all—he will know different the minute he hears your first comment about a horse. Don't, even though this modesty may be difficult, pretend to be able to ride better than you can—he will know all about your horsemanship the first time he sees you throw a leg over a horse. This horse deal, like any other, is going to be a sporting meeting of minds, but there is no reason to handicap yourself by flaunting thin knowledge and self-esteem. You might offend the man!

The only person I ever heard of who was stuck by one of the most famous and beloved of all the good dealers in the Middleburg-Warrenton section of Virginia started all the trouble by swanking into the yard in the loudest of checks and sportiest of new breeches. As horse after horse was led out, he turned into a walking encyclopedia on all the lore of horses and horsemanship. He posed as an authority, but he got stuck. He didn't buy a bad horse at that. But he did pay about $1,000 too much—all because his manners were so challenging to anyone as human as this dealer.

The reputable dealer is in touch with all the sources of supply. He buys the colt from the farmer, raises it, breaks it, schools it and shows it to you ready for use. You may be sure his price allows for a profit, but a fair one, which is the essence of good business. Don't try to beat him down. He knows what the animal is worth in the market today. His prices, like the antique dealer's prices, depend upon the quality, the rarity, of the article he is selling. He, too, is dealing in art!

This kind of dealer will allow you to ride one horse after another, for he wants you "to be suited." And to tell your friends where you were "suited." He will not let you ship a horse away from his stable without a veterinarian examination.

In his hands, least of all, need the buyer beware!

A Gentleman's Game

Whether or not you've ever shot grouse this ought to give you a new respect for that noble bird

by HAROLD TITUS

• SPORTS •

You won't understand what the Doctor said to the Drummer unless I give you what went before. You won't understand it, that is, unless you're a grouse hunter yourself. And more than a casual. You'd understand well enough if you were an addict, a devotee, but, short of that, you couldn't.

I can't give you all that led up to the Doctor's slapping the Drummer down. I'll try to give you enough, though, so the Doctor's meaning will be clear even though you never touch a gun and don't know a setter from a Skye terrier . . .

We'd come a long, long way to hunt grouse. We'd talked ourselves into a dither for a day and a night, the way you will when a sport gets clear into your marrow. But when the Doctor finally got out of the car he was in no hurry to get about the thing we'd come for. The dog whined in his crate but the Doctor paid him no attention. None at all. He just stood looking at the place we'd driven so far to be.

He's tall and a bit stooped. His cropped mustache is gray. In his old shooting clothes he looked like a figure from one of those grand hunting pictures by Frost. He stood very still. And for a long time.

Beyond, swamp timber had a green which suggested black. Along the edge, soft maple flared crimson and birch was butter colored and tough poplars still emerald; oak was purpling and cherry had gone mauve. Gaudy pigments, true, but softened by October's haze to the quality of mellow tapestry.

Frost was still in the air and a tang of ripened things and a virginal silence and a sweetly melancholy peace. (You're bound to go a bit soft describing a place like that.) The setter kept whining in the crate but the Doctor didn't move. For a long time. Then he nodded.

"Yes, He is good!" he said . . .

The dog came out, yipping and jumping, waggling frantically, and raced in circles and drank hastily from the cress-bedded creek. Guns were set up, hands trembling slightly, as they will the first time out.

"Which way?" he asked.

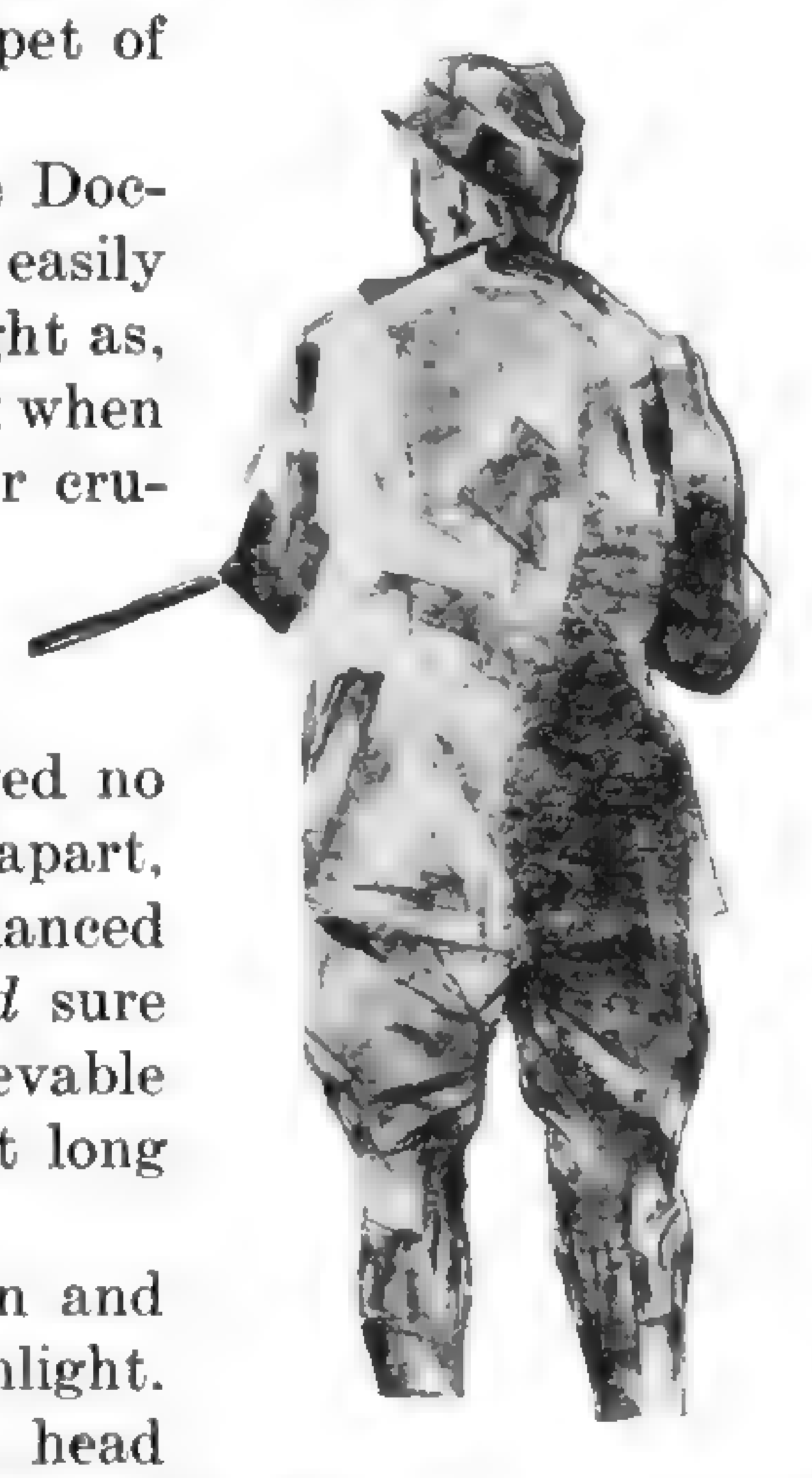
Who cared? There was no breeze to consider. It was all grouse country. We had it to ourselves. So we left it to the cock-eared, expectant setter. Dogs know best, anyhow.

He elected to go east, flashing betwixt cedar and spruce, his white coat like moonlight, his black markings like moon shadows. He cast to the right and then to the left of the old road we followed. He worked with head high, as one of noble line should. He covered his ground thoroughly. He held to the guns. His plumed tail whipped excitedly, eagerly, constantly. . . .

Constantly? It was part of a statue. It was hewn of spotted marble. It was inanimate, fixed!

"He's down!" said the Doctor superfluously and we went to him.

His head was high, eyeballs sideways in their sockets as they'd been turned when he struck scent and froze. A bushy white pine was before him, beyond it a blackened stump and a carpet of wintergreen.



"Take this side," said the Doctor. "I'll go yonder," he said, easily enough but his voice was tight as, one imagines, he might speak when his surgeon's knife poises for crucial incision.

We went in slowly. Then more slowly. We passed the dog and he moved no hair. We stepped further apart, kept on, flushed nothing. I glanced back at the dog. He *seemed* sure enough, but it was unbelievable that a bird would hold that long and . . .

A roar of wings. A brown and golden flash in a shaft of sunlight. A memorable glimpse of a head outstretched, a small eye, popping in alarm. No memory whatever of throwing butt to shoulder, of pressing cheek to cold walnut, but the twenty gauges cracked and a feather floated lightly down to earth.

The Doctor looked back at the dog, belly to ground, licking his chops, saying that that was all for the moment.

"A single," the Doctor remarked. "And only feathered. He isn't hurt," he said in a way that would have puzzled, say, the Drummer. "Good dog! Hie on."

Those fine legs scoot him forward; that regal head holds high. He takes us around a little swale and up on an open ridge. He hesitated, crouched; the waggle of his tail became a tremor. He went forward, stopped; went on, creeping; *froze!*

A bird burst to air beyond range. Another rocketed into close sanctuary. The dog held staunchly, with impressive conviction.

"Run!" muttered the Doctor. "They're feeding in cherries and are wilder than—"

We ran, swishing through dead brakes and sweet fern. The dog stood like a rock. More were there, he said, and he knew. . . . But where? No sound, no movement. Just that dog, like a rock.

Then they began to lift. Two, somewhere. One, next, far to the right and another close in and to my left.

I swung on him and as the muzzle crossed his flashing flight I squeezed and he went end over end, hitting the bracken, bounding twice, coming to rest, trailed by sifting feathers.

"Good shot! Good boy! Clean kill!" The Doctor's eyes were warm, then. He shoved his old hat back a bit. The dog was down, trembling. "Dead bird. Fetch!"

The setter, having seen, went like a plummet. He came in, dead bird in velvet jaws, ears modestly down and sat and gave.

I smoothed the ruffled feathers and black ruff sprang to iridescent life. The Doctor's eyes were covetous and I handed him my kill. He fondled it, smelled it, turning it over and over.

"*What* a bird!" he said, and the Drummer would have muffed the reverence in his tone, too.

The dog worked out the ridge, made hopeful by that initial find, but to no result. A single flushed behind cedars, permitting no glimpse. Two burst, a half hour later, from an alder swale, screened from me but one offered a clear target for the Doctor.

He does everything well, the Doctor. With finish, I mean. Style, perhaps. His stance was meticulous, his handling of the gun precise. He was deliberate with the first barrel, quick with the second, but the bird bored on and he watched it out of sight.

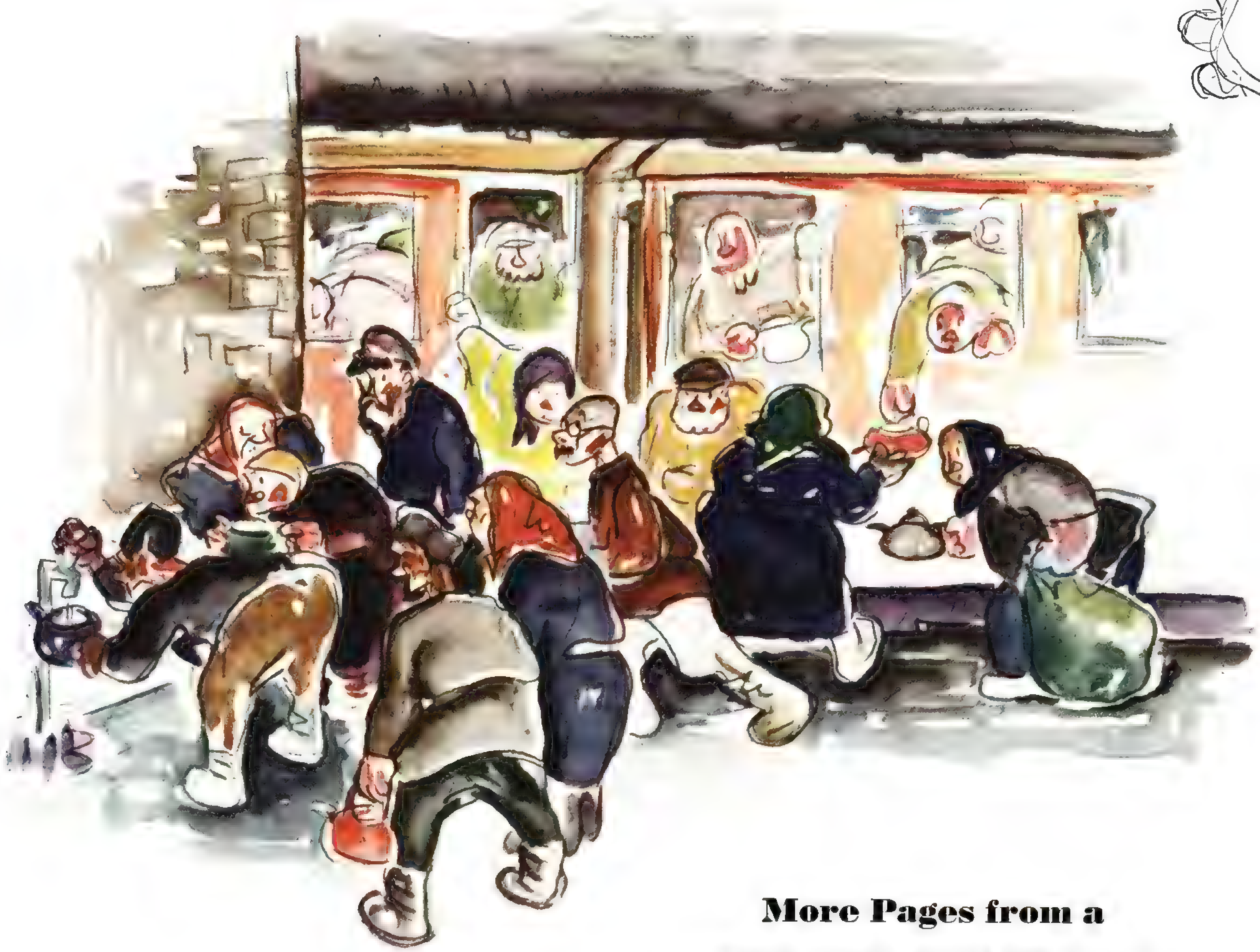
"Tough!" I said, thinking of yesterday's long journey and high talk.

The Doctor smiled. "No," he said. "Not tough. It's good even to miss," he said.

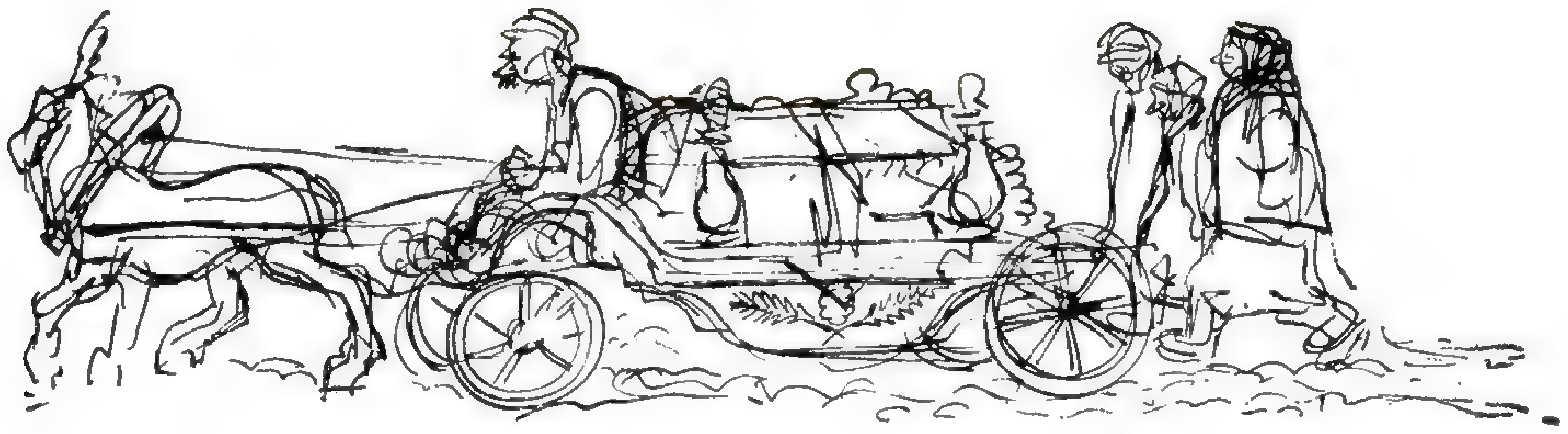
The sun was high by then; the last of the jewels it had made from frost on grass and shrub had vanished. The dog drank from a spring—we had roughly followed the creek—and we drank as well, bellies on a moss-upholstered log, lips in a crystal basin. Brown leaves and white pebbles were on the bottom and water spiders skated on the edge.

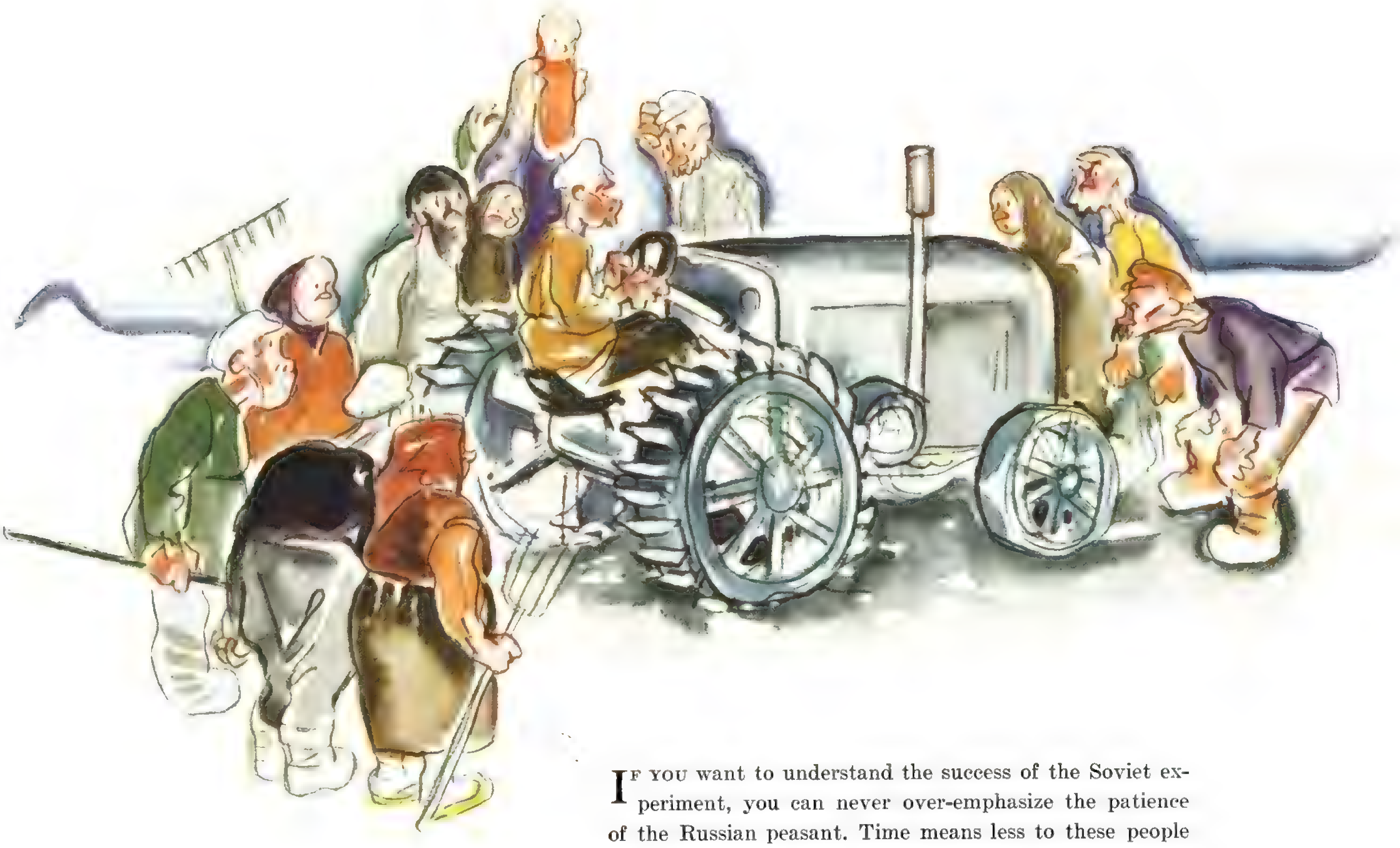
The Doctor searched for his pipe. "Once, missing bothered," said he. "No more. Not with grouse. With some species, yes. Not the grouse." His lips pursed and he shook his head didactically. Then he smiled, rather

Continued on page 183

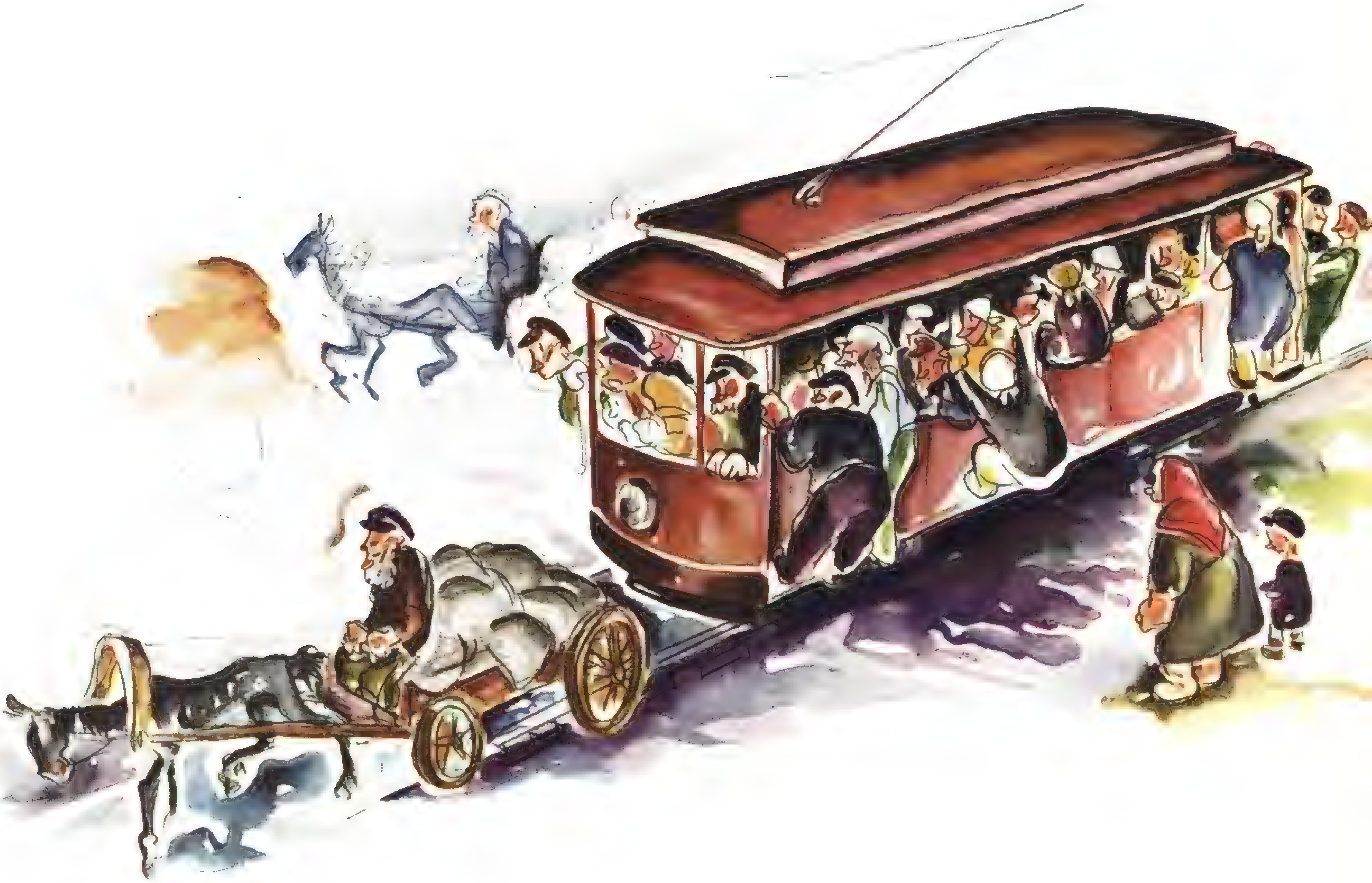


More Pages from a
RUSSIAN PORTFOLIO
by JOHN GROTH

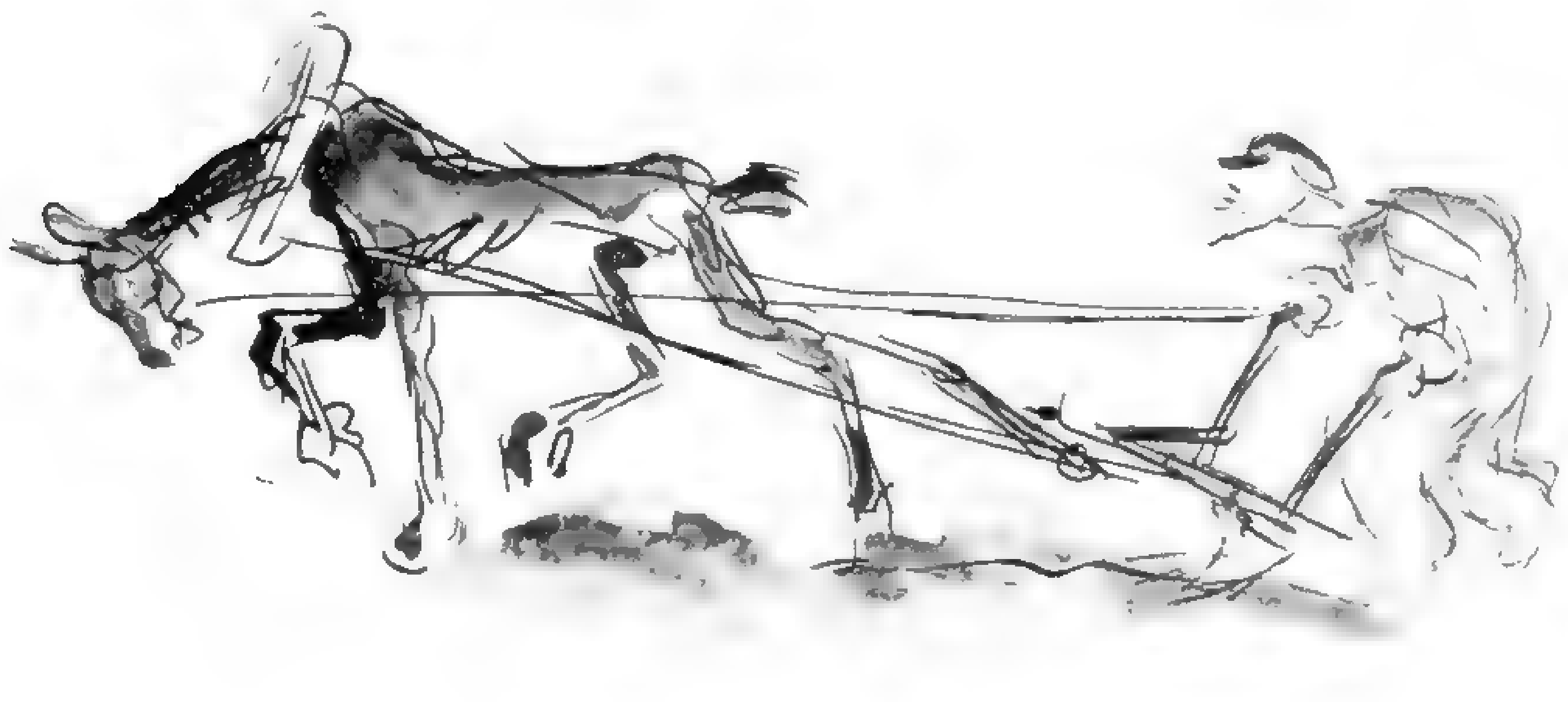


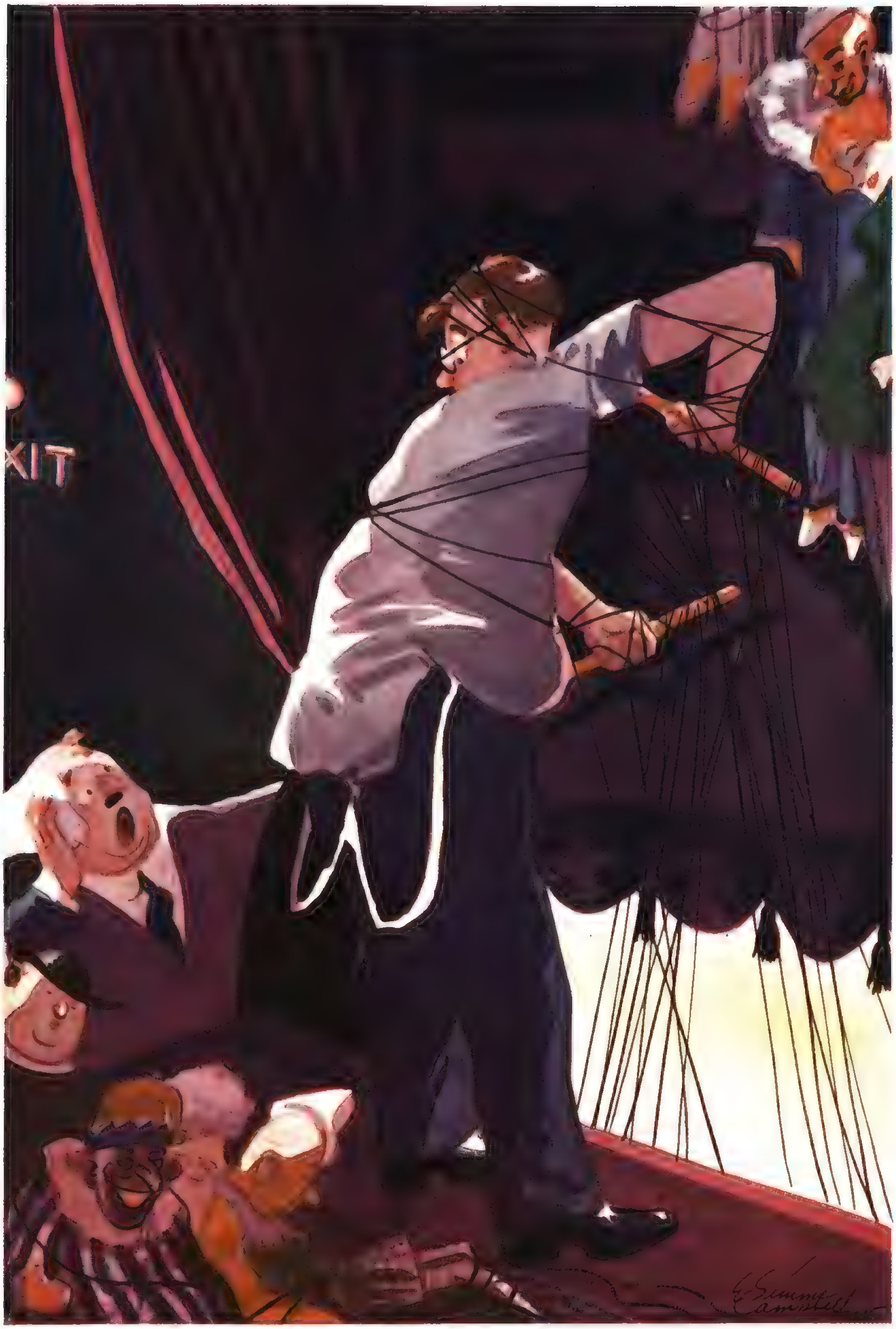


If you want to understand the success of the Soviet experiment, you can never over-emphasize the patience of the Russian peasant. Time means less to these people than to any other Occidentals. At every railway stop they stand in line with teapots and samovars at the hot water tap—in every station you will see them waiting to be accommodated on one of the overcrowded trains—a seat may not be available for hours or even for days—a forty-eight hour wait is endured with patience fortified only by tea. Travel means, nine times out of ten, a permanent move. (Moscow has grown from a million before the war to three million now.) The old and the new exist side by side. Peasants with scythes and pitchforks gape admiringly at a tractor. It is something they can understand. A tractor is far more interesting than an airplane. Everyone knows that the soil must be tilled, but who can see any sense in flying through the sky? Motherhood, left to choice and freed from economic fear (any child is legitimate and any mother is a state charge for four months), is welcomed by this country which, for all its teeming millions, regards itself as under-populated.



EVERY HOUR is a rush hour on the pre-war street cars. After a Russian street car the Black Hole of Calcutta would feel like a fresh air camp. But everybody is good-natured, sustained by that incredible patience—"The subway is coming soon." It is impossible to penetrate the crowd—fares must be passed along from hand to hand to reach the woman conductor. Everybody enters at the rear and leaves at the front. People shift their positions while the car is in motion, arranging themselves in the order of their intended exit. This precludes conversation on any other subject. Manners are terrible but intentions are excellent. The thing the American tourist must remember is that many of these new city dwellers have moved six hundred years in a week by the simple process of leaving their homes in the country. Their manners are those of the medieval charcoal-burners and wood-choppers who dwelt like beasts in the forest—they are about as house-broken as Henry the Eighth.




XIT
E. Simms Campbell

"Good Lord, Ferguson—you oughta see what you got them puppets doing!"

Welcome to a Lunatic

The milk of human kindness that flows on the western plains may turn sour in an eastern office

by JOSEPH SCHRANK

• HUMOR •

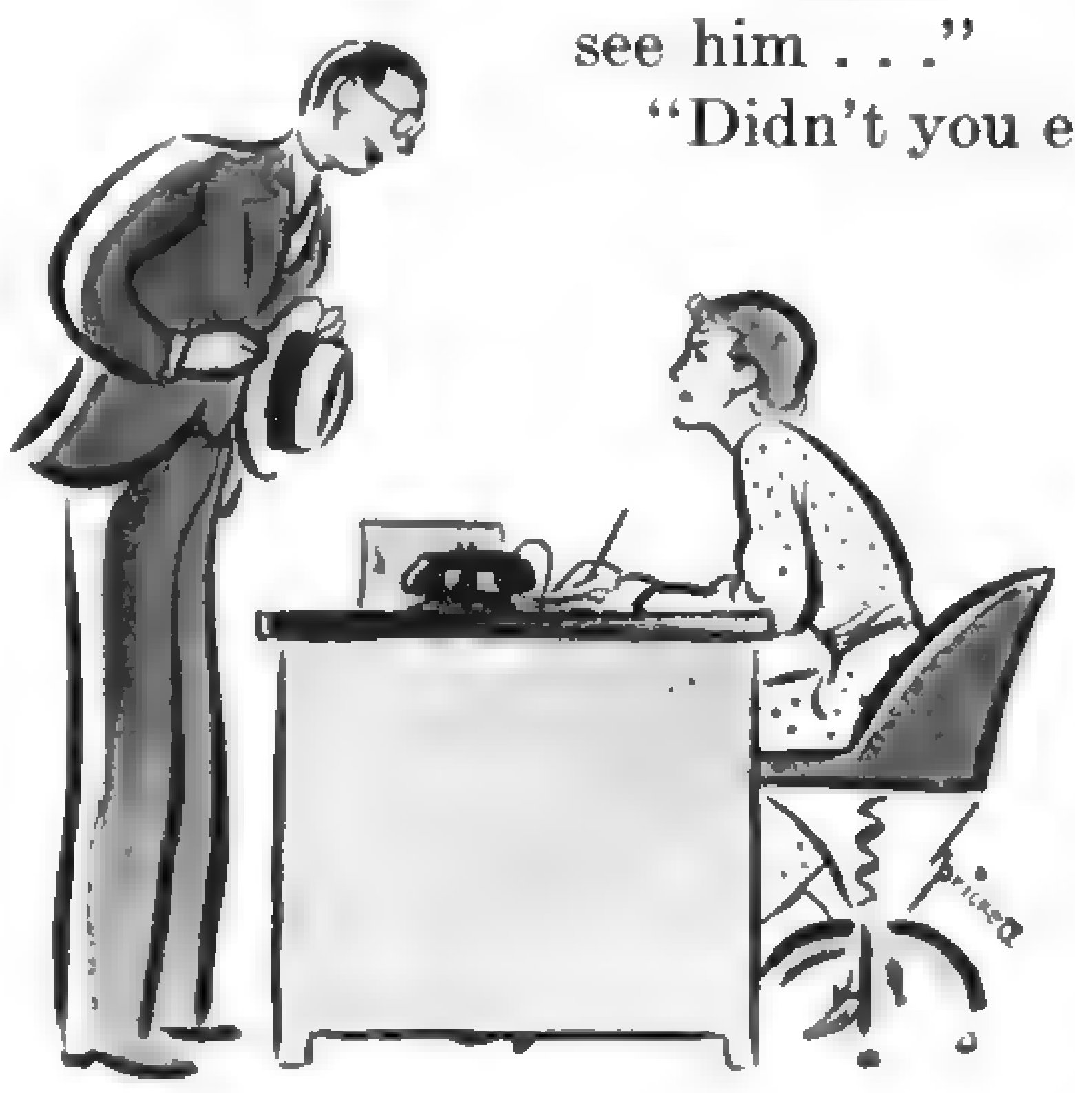
MR. KIBBEE stepped into the office and looked around a little shyly, holding his hat in both hands. Miss Young, the reception clerk, was busy talking into the telephone. She pinned Mr. Kibbee down with one eye, holding him motionless until she finished. Then she said in her vaguely insulting way, "Ye-e-e-s?"

Mr. Kibbee looked at her, a little doubtful about what to say and ended by smiling uncertainly.

Miss Young spoke sharply. "Who do you wish to see?"

"Er—Mr. Pearson," replied Mr. Kibbee.

"Who wants to see him?" asked Miss Young, picking up a pencil and poising it over a little pad.



Mr. Kibbee looked a little surprised—and amused too. "Why—I do," he replied.

"What-is-the-name?" asked Miss Young icily, throwing him a look of utter contempt.

"Oh! Kibbee—Frank Kibbee."

"From where?" asked Miss Young.

"From Des Moines," replied Mr. Kibbee with a friendly smile.

"Listen," said Miss Young, now thoroughly irritated, "what firm are you from?"

"Oh—no firm," replied Mr. Kibbee, looking a little apologetic, "no firm at all."

Miss Young put her pencil down. "Have you an appointment with Mr. Pearson?" she demanded, looking him over suspiciously.

"Why—no," Mr. Kibbee replied.

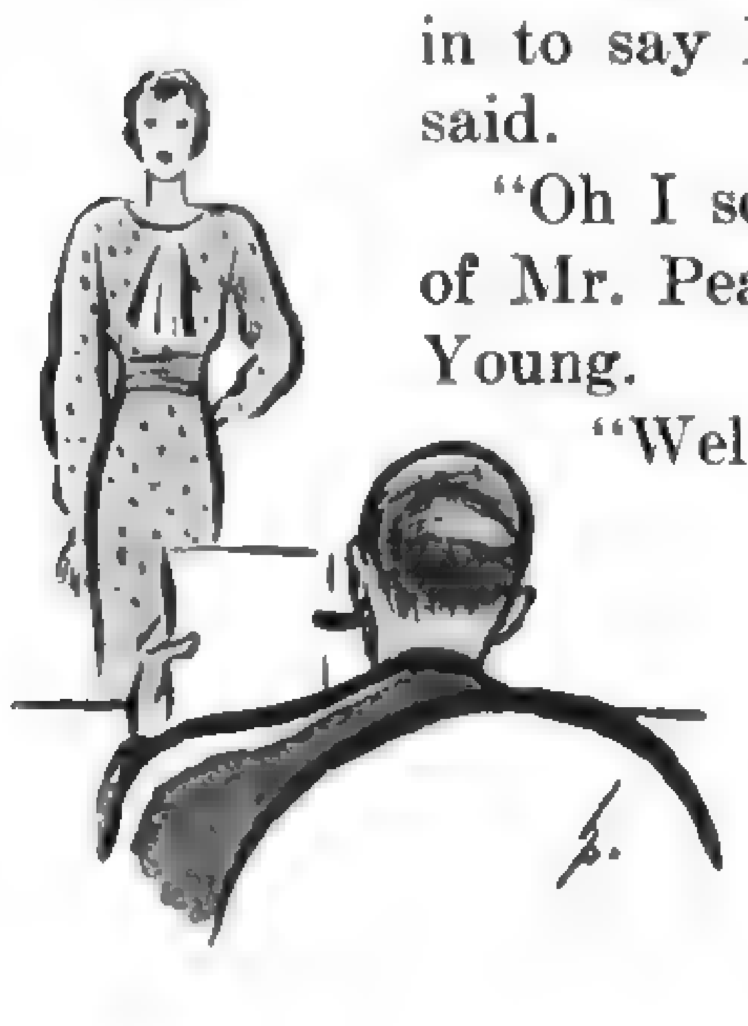
"Mr. Pearson is very busy," Miss Young stated.

"Oh!" was Mr. Kibbee's reply to this.

"What do you wish to see Mr. Pearson about?" asked Miss Young snappily.

"Why . . ." replied Mr. Kibbee, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, "nothing in particular, I guess."

Miss Young stared at him, a little puzzled. "Nothing in particular?" she repeated.



"Why no . . . I just stopped in to say hello," Mr. Kibbee said.

"Oh I see—you're a *friend* of Mr. Pearson's," said Miss Young.

"Well . . . no . . . I wouldn't say that. I only met him once and then it was just for ten minutes," replied Mr. Kibbee. "But we might become friends," he added hopefully.

A vague feeling of alarm began to creep through Miss Young. "You—might—become friends," she repeated slowly, her voice sticking a little in her throat.

"Yes," said Mr. Kibbee brightly. "You see . . . I like Mr. Pearson."

"Oh," said Miss Young.

"That's why I came to see him," Mr. Kibbee explained, looking at her with an expression so bland that Miss Young's feeling of alarm increased rapidly.

"Yes, I see . . ." said Miss Young, choosing her words very carefully. "You like Mr. Pearson — that's why you came to see him . . ."

"Didn't you ever go to see anybody just because you wanted to?" asked Mr. Kibbee.

"Yes . . . Sure I have . . . Certainly . . ." replied Miss Young soothingly.

"There, you see!" said Mr. Kibbee.

Miss Young wondered quickly what to do. If, as was perfectly obvious to her, the man was a lunatic, he might become dangerous any second.

"Don't you think you'd better tell Mr. Pearson I'm here?" suggested Mr. Kibbee mildly.

"Yes . . . I think so," replied Miss Young guardedly. "I'll tell him. Just—just wait a minute."

She rose and, removing her gaze from Mr. Kibbee's smiling face with some difficulty, walked past the half dozen busy stenographers, into Mr. Pearson's office.

"Yes?" snapped Mr. Pearson without looking up from his papers.

"There's a gentleman outside to see you—Mr. Kibbee from Des Moines," said Miss Young.

"What about?"

"Why—" Miss Young hesitated.

"*What about?*" shot Mr. Pearson.

"Why—nothing in particular . . ." replied Miss Young. "He just wants to—to say hello."

Mr. Pearson looked up. "Kibbee? Des Moines . . . ?" He frowned, trying to recall the name. "I don't remember the name," he said.

"No sir," Miss Young said, "he only met you once and then it was only for a few minutes."

"Well—what does he want?" Mr. Pearson demanded.

"Why—he—he said he likes you and you might become friends," said Miss Young.

Mr. Pearson stared at her. "Aren't you feeling well?" he asked.

"No sir—I mean yes sir," stammered Miss Young. "This—Mr. Kibbee—I didn't know what to say to him."

"I see," said Mr. Pearson frigidly. "He's probably come to sell me insurance or real estate or *mausoleums*"—Mr. Pearson bit into this last word as though it were hard cheese—"and *you* couldn't think of anything to say to him. He must be a wonder, this Mr. Kibbee. I'll take a look at him."

"Yes sir," said Miss Young. She walked slowly out. For some weeks now she had been feeling very insecure about her job. She had been late a half dozen times, she had cut Mr. Pearson off during an important long distance telephone conversation and some weeks back she had let a mausoleum salesman get by her into his office. Since then, of course, she had found out what a mausoleum is. Now this Mr. Kibbee . . . "This'll just about finish me," she reflected, as she got back to her desk.

Mr. Kibbee was looking around the office with a pleased expression. "You can go in now," Miss Young said, "Mr. Pearson will see you now."

Mr. Kibbee nodded and smiled as though he had taken it for granted right along that Mr. Pearson would see him. "I won't stay very long if he's busy," he said.

"That's all right," said Miss Young, avoiding his eye.

He ambled casually into Mr. Pearson's office. Miss Young sat at her desk, listening carefully for a pistol shot or a scream or a moan or something terrible from behind the closed door.

Mr. Pearson didn't rise when Mr. Kibbee entered; he just looked up with that fixed stare he used when firing a salesman and waited for his visitor to speak. This Mr. Kibbee did immediately upon entering.

"How do you do, John!" he said cheerily.

Mr. Pearson's expression changed abruptly. He looked puzzled. "I don't think I remember—" he began.

"Don't try to tell me you don't remember old Frank Kibbee of Des Moines!"

Mr. Pearson still looked puzzled. Mr. Kibbee laughed. "Why," he said, "I never will forget that fine little talk you gave us at the Rotary Club out there. Let's see—it was—

Continued on page 126

Last Stand of Man

After taking over the bars and the barber shops, women elbow into the sports pages

by STANLEY JONES

• ARTICLE •

SPORTS SECTION

LAST Sunday morning I received one of the major shocks of my life. I had risen late and begun pawing about through the tiered pile of the paper. One section after another dropped aside . . . Real Estate, Financial, Foreign, Funnies.

"I am going to get dressed," I said at last, with cold fury, "go down to that newsdealer, and saw off his ears with a rusty bread-knife! This is the second time he has left out my Sporting Section."

"No he hasn't," said my son, a bright youth of eleven. "Ma's got it. She took it away from me. She's in the sun porch with it."

"Don't jest, Wilbur," I begged. "Your poor old father can't stand jesting on Sunday mornings."

"I ain't fooling," repeated my heir sullenly. "Ma's got it."

I looked at him once more, then strode to the sun porch. If she is using my page to stuff around the window frames, I thought, and clenched my fists . . .

Mary looked up over the section headed "SPORTS." Her eyes were bright with interest.

"What do you know!" she exclaimed. "Miss Burke beat Katherine Collis in four games in the Casino Invitation."

"What?" I demanded stupidly.

Mary regarded me patiently, tapped the page, which had a large center photograph of two young women in shorts, holding small, thin-necked tennis racquets. "The racquets final, you oaf. Collis was a 2 to 1 shot to take her, too, because she has more pace to her shots. Of course Burke has a better wrist, and more deception to her soft shots off the front wall, but—"

"*Give me that paper,*" I said, through clenched teeth.

"Really," said Mary, looking me straight in the eye. "After all, Henry, I *am* your wife, you know. And I am every bit as much interested in 'Women in Sports' as you are in your old fighters and ball players."

"*Give me that paper,*" I repeated, a little alarmed at the way my voice rose. Wilbur sidled from the scene, whimpering a little.

"I'll give it to you," said Mary, cheeks very pink, "the minute I find out how Helen Howell came out in the semi-finals of the Ardsley—Henry, you're hurting my wrist!"

Let us draw the curtain of charity over the scene . . .

It occurs to me that it is high time for the men to get together in defense of one of their few remaining citadels—the Sporting Page. And merely subscribing to two Sunday and daily newspapers is not going to do the business. For, little by little, the New Feminism has got its pump in the door over the past few years, and this season's outburst of Women in Squash bids fair to bend it right back on its hinges.

I am an old man, and I have followed the Sports pages since the late Tod Sloan booted the first bang-tail under the wire. And it has always been a source of pride with me that here was one retreat into which the women could not barge. But of late years, marking the softening-up of the masculine part of the race, I have received some rude shocks. It started, perhaps, with Miss Eleanora Sears, and her long walks for wagers with certain gentlemen athletes. The fact that Miss Sears generally won these modified Marathons—and also a lot of tennis tournaments—gave me my first forebodings. But we laughed her off as well as we could. After all, she was about the only one of her kind and probably her social standing got her the space. I can even remember Ed Power saying, "Huh, just let some Polack mill girl run a 4:10 mile in her bare feet over broken beer bottles—you'd never hear of it!"

Later on, however, the thing came up again. Certain lady tennis players came on from California, leaving a wake of deflated tennis balls and broken racquet frames as a tribute to their power. May Sutton edged into the Sports Section on several occasions that first year. "Hell," said Ed Power, "that's just a polite gesture to the Far West—you'll never hear of it again."

But Ed, as usual, was out in the high weeds back of first base. It got so we had to swallow a certain amount of it—but only during the Summer. The Winter was still 100% ours, with "hot stove" leagues over our barrel-chested fighters, long-haired football Titans, and giants of the diamond. We knew, in a vague way, that a few women had taken up golf, but we figured that they were merely desperate and trying to keep track of their husbands. Moreover, no woman could walk more than five holes in those days, on account of whalebone and long skirts.

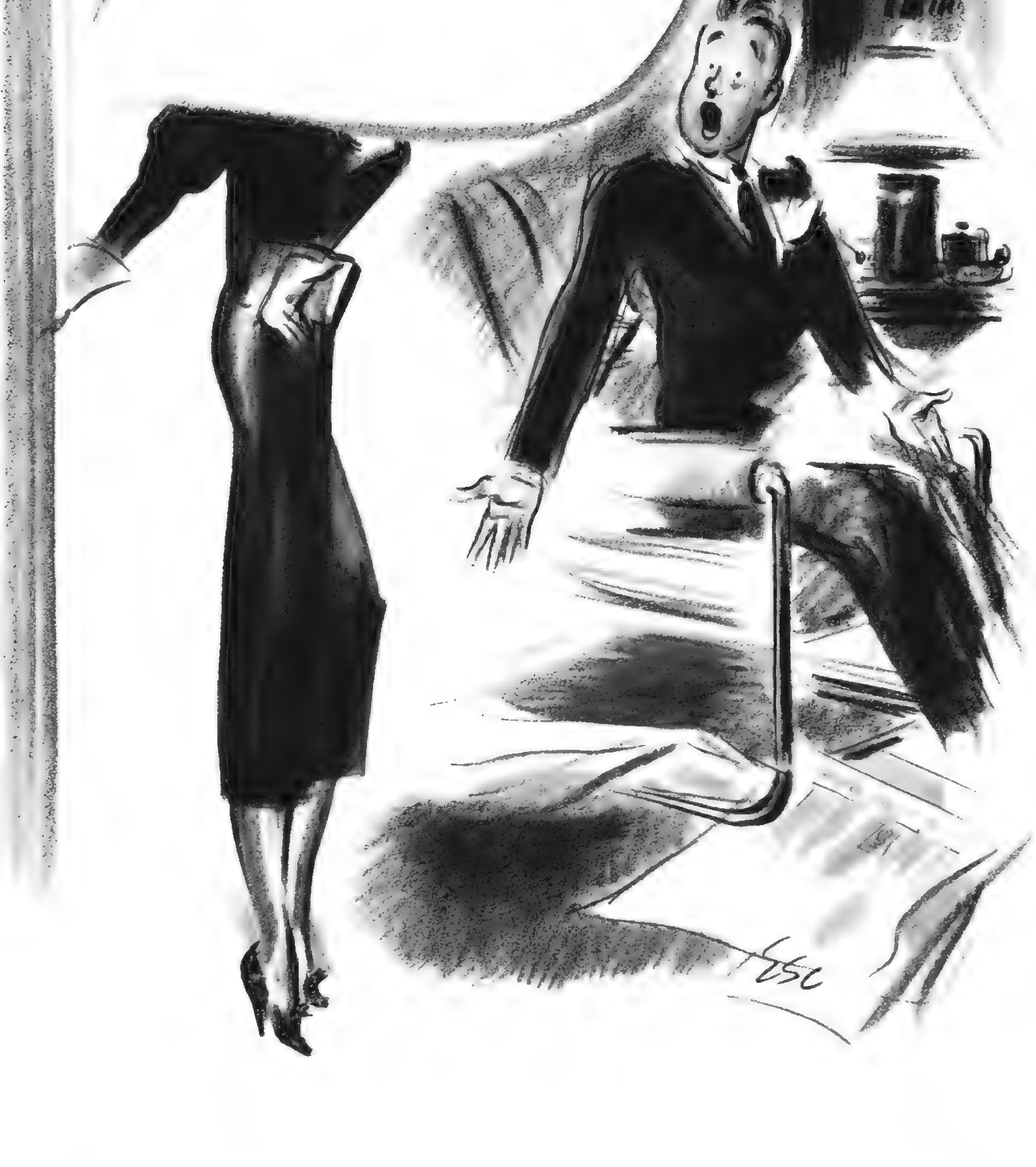
But before we knew it, a girl named Alexa Stirling began to crowd the gate, crushing several of our favorite bowlers and minor league pitchers down into 6-point type at the very bottom of the Sports pages. She took, we felt, a mean and thoroughly feminine advantage of us by going south and belting the rims off the par figures for various golf courses when she should have been home putting up grape conserve in her mother's kitchen. Ed and I got together, pretty glum, but Ed had the answer, as usual. "Shucks," said Ed, with a wave of his meerschaum pipe, "she's a looker, that's all. Get a load of that smile—the next one that comes along will have a pan that'll crack a lens like a china plate chucked off the Woolworth Building!"

Other lookers came along, however. Lookers who could whale a golf ball down a fairway and send nervous chills up the spines of elderly gents a clean two hundred yards away. Lookers from California, led by Miss Helen Wills and a set of blistering ground strokes which peeled the covers off tennis balls and brought chuckles from the board rooms of A. G. Spalding and the Messrs. Wright & Ditson. "Good night," said Ed Power, "if these dames begin to develop a wallop—good night. But they can't do it it ain't according to nature. Any more than it's according to nature for us to make hooked rugs and have kids."

Looking back, it seems only a day since Ed dropped this pearl on the table at Jimmy's place. But what has happened since, with enough speed to knock your hat off? Draw up a chair, brother:

We've had Mallory. And Lenglen—who didn't help us a bit by letting her smart old papa take the shears and cut off her skirts a good foot and a half! (Boy, was *that* one below the belt!) And a slew of par-busters like Hicks, and Wethered, and Orcutt. And, let me add—a certain

Continued on page 143



"Well why get sore about it—do you notice when I have a new hat?"

Care and Breeding of Watches

Down the ages the weather has run a poor second to the time as a subject for conversation

by EDWARD M. BARROWS

• ARTICLE •

A BALANCE wheel of a well-made watch travels, in the course of its duties, about 4,000 miles, approximately the distance from Chicago to Los Angeles and back, each year. The minute hand passes the hour hand more than 8,700 times during this period, the watch as a whole uttering slightly over 150,000,000 ticks meanwhile. These things are only incidental to its main duties of keeping track of engagements, providing alibis, fending off collisions, and acting as liaison for negotiating quick loans. All taken care of by a pocket power-plant delivering 1/300,000,000 H. P.

This is a great deal of responsibility to crowd into one vest pocket, or strap to your wrist, and watches are apt to show it after their manner. They have their own ways of resenting mistreatment, their own habits of nervousness and sulks, which they give vent to in unexpected ways. When the watchmaker cautions us always to wear our watches upright in our pockets, we consider him finicky and wish he would base his advice on practical sense. But the U. S. Bureau of Standards, America's court of last resort in matters horological, goes even farther. It tells us seriously, in an official pamphlet, that "The temperature of the watch in different pockets varies considerably and the amount of motion and jar to which the watch is subject also varies. For instance, a watch carried in the upper coat pocket generally is at a lower temperature and is more frequently disturbed, than in other pockets." Hence you must pick out one pocket for your watch, and stick to it. Good watches, moreover, the Bureau instructs us, are so delicate of adjustment that "all sudden motions of the watch, even in the hand, should be avoided."

According to other authorities, a high grade watch should always be worn by the same person, as it can detect the human differences in tempo, temperament and temperature, and take offense accordingly. Wrist watches are supposed to be peculiarly sensitive to body heat, so much so that watchmakers suggest with perfectly straight faces that once strapped on, the watch should *never* be removed from the wrist. Of course the watch must not get wet, but this, they hold, is merely unfortunate for the bath-tub industry.

Watches of this grade are the product of more than four centuries of mechanical evolution, in which English, French, German, Swiss and American artists and artisans have had leading parts. Their efforts were preceded by several thousand years of experiment and speculation. In all ages, time always has furnished the chief subject of conversation. The weather is a very poor second. The activities of the race have taken many conflicting directions since history began to be written, but throughout it all runs a common thread of endeavor to find out what time it is. And curiously enough we never have found out, though men who make a business of knowing such irrelevant things assure us that more inventions of universal application have arisen out of the clock and watchmaking industries than in any other line of manufacture. In it have originated valuable discoveries in metallurgy. The harmonica is a watchmaker's product. Watt and Stephenson both were watchmakers. Henry Ford is said to have been inspired to some of his stupendous mass production operations by observing the same principles in miniature among certain watchmakers in the east. But in spite of all this, no one yet knows just what time it really is.

However, this uncertainty is no longer much cause for worry. Modern science has reduced the deviations in time measuring devices to a few thousandths of a second, and any nimble-witted office slave can alibi his way through so small a lapse as that. As to appointments, since one guess is as good as another, the other fellow may have been a thousandth of a second too soon. It was different in earlier days, as a parchment reciting the troubles of one Cassadorus, Prior of an Italian monastery of the 6th century attests. The monastery's prayer routine was scheduled by a sun dial, which told time by an arrangement of measured shadows. But sometimes it was cloudy, besides which the monk in charge of it was none too certain in his calculations. So the Prior acquired a clepsydra, or waterclock, to check on the sun dial. But the waterclock ran out of water, or clogged or developed other ailments, so a system of time-telling candles was installed with a monk to keep the candles burning and keep tabs on the waterclock priest who was checking the sun dial superintendent. But the candles flickered and were often inaccurate, whereat Prior Cassadorus went back to first principles and hired an astrologer to correct the candle time by the movement of the stars. Beyond this the worthy Prior could not check without adding an angel to his payroll.

If this manuscript is authentic, it places Prior Cassadorus among the modernists of that period, for he merged the four best known methods of telling time into one system and retained the best features of each. He had plenty of precedents to choose from. Some of the earliest stone inscriptions have to do with the passage of time, and the Chaldeans' first fumbling efforts at scientific observation are involved with attempts

Continued on page 146

Beware off the Dogg!

This is a sentimental story that is intended to be read and enjoyed only by fathers

by HANS FALLADA

▪ FICTION ▪

THERE was once a little boy called Thomas. On his first Christmas Day his grandparents had given him a small black plush dog with lop-ears and cheeky brown eyes, a kind of dachshund but on wheels. And because the axles of those wheels were not central but slightly to one side, this black prodigy in cloth hopped and surged up and down as if it were careering madly and with all its might after imaginary hares. For this reason Thomas' father christened the dog "Hopple-popple," and when Thomas was a little older and could speak, he, too, approved the name. He loved the dog very much, never slept without it, and saw to it that his father and mother said "good night" not only to their son but also to Hopple-popple. In a word, it was real love.

Now it so happened that Tom's parents moved into a new house a very, very long way off. Little Thomas spent the days of the removal with Aunt "Sonia," and with him, of course, went Hopple-popple—how else could Tom have slept? When everything was ready, Tom and the dog travelled with Aunt Sonia to the new house. Tom's father was waiting at the station, and the little boy was so happy and shy at the meeting that he pushed his head straight through his father's legs, and from there gazed after the departing train. Then the three of them walked hand-in-hand through the pine forest to mother and the new house, and it was then that Aunt Sonia suddenly stopped as if thunder-struck:

"Oh, dear, I've left Hopple-popple in the train!"

Father's head jerked rapidly, and he said: "Don't let's talk about it. There'll be so many new impressions here that he'll just forget him." His son said nothing yet, but marched on sturdily between the two grown-ups. There were wonderful trees with prickly needles; then came a kennel with a dog, and then Mummy stood at the bottom of some steps and held her arms wide open. Afterwards they went through a big door on to an enormous balcony, and down below there was a long water, and now a steamer came round the corner of the forest, and a boat, two boats, lots of boats...

In the evening, when Thomas' bedtime came, he was tired and happy and excited, but as Mummy lifted him over the rail of his cot he said: "Hopple-popple!" Gravely Father answered: "Hopple-popple's still on the puffer-train, Hopple-popple's coming tomorrow." The child gazed wide-eyed at his parents; then, as they switched off the light, he pleaded again urgently: "Hopple-popple!"

"Thomas must go to bye-bye!" said Mummy, sternly, and closed the door from the outside. Father and Mother stood and listened breathlessly: no, no wailing, no crying, silence. "He'll be all right," said Mummy. "But you'd better go to the station tomorrow and put in a lost property claim."

"All right," said Father. "Not that there's any point in it. The train goes on to Poland, and a fat chance there is that *they'll* send back a Hopple-popple!"

Next morning Father made his claim. Then came the afternoon nap—no, no afternoon nap.

"Hopple-popple!"

"Hopple-popple's coming soon."

"Now! Now!"

"Thomas must go to sleep!"

Tears, rage, but no sleep, and in the evening the same. And the new house and all the water and the garden and the dog and the steamers were all nothing. Hopple-popple! Hopple-popple, a silly black plush dog, was a dark cloud in the heavens, and at the end of three days it lay like a pall over everything.

"Well, tomorrow I'm going to Berlin to find a new Hopple-popple," declared Father to Mother.

"Do you think you'll find one?"

"Do you want this to go on?"

So Father went, and in the end did find what he sought: Hopple-popple to the life. He had trailed round for a very long time and spent a great deal in fares, but: "Thank the Lord, Tom'll sleep quietly tonight!"

He was so happy over his find that he yearned to do good to all the world. In his carriage sat a child. It was quite a different child from Thomas; a pale, dark-haired child, a weedy child, a difficult, troublesome child, but a child . . . There were two other gentlemen in the compartment, but that did not deter Father; he made noises at the child, he pulled faces, but it was no use; it remained a difficult child. From the luggage rack Father took the small brown-paper parcel. The child looked on. Slowly Father undid the string. The child watched: "What can be inside?" He unfolded the brown paper, disclosed one end, a little more...

"Hopple-popple!" said Father, gravely.

"Wow!" replied the child blissfully.

And now it developed, after all, into a very pleasant journey. Wonder of wonders, the fat growly man in the corner turned out a real old grandfather. He pulled Hopple-popple by the string along the empty seat towards him. Hopple-popple hopped, Father pulled him back by the tail, the child crowed. From time to time Father felt a vague qualm.

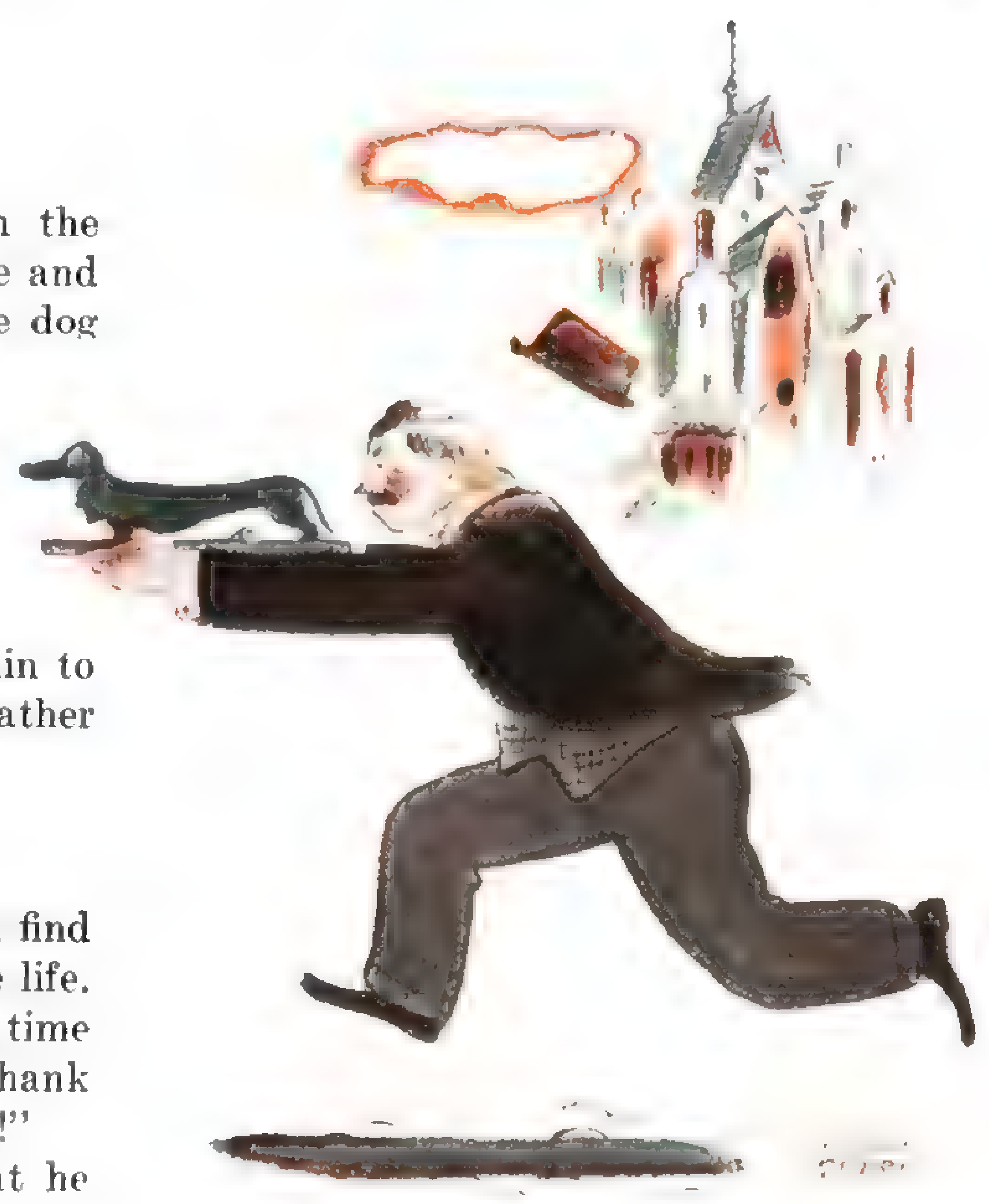
"How far are you going?" he asked the child's mother.

"Neu-Bentschen. And you?"

"Oh, I get out much sooner, but your boy'll be tired of the dog by then."

"I don't know," said the lady. "When he

Continued on page 109



So You Want to Go Native?

Advice and instruction to males in search of an island paradise where industry is unfashionable

by JOHN D. MORSE

• ARTICLE •

If you are a male over five and under ninety-five you've probably wanted, at least once, to go native on a South Sea island. So did I. Furthermore, I went. I wanted to lie on white coral sand under palm trees, with a breeze from the blue Pacific swishing the palm fronds overhead and cooling my darkening back. Together with plump brown maidens I would eat bananas and coconuts, and forget forever the bitterness of a wolfish world. I soon discovered, of course, that you can't live on bananas and coconuts alone. Either one, as a steady diet, is about as digestible as a piece of manila rope with a spoonful of sugar on it. But I also discovered, during one nearly-naked year, that you don't have to depend only on these South Sea staples for food—in Hawaii or on any of those incredible islands, where labor has no pretense of dignity and industry is decidedly a bore.

All right. Where to go and how to get there? Lockhart, the British Agent, points out that, "Every country where man cannot live naked in all seasons is condemned to work, to war, and the hampering restraint of moral code." That is why you can't go native satisfactorily in Alaska, or indeed anywhere north of the tropic of Cancer. There is good reason as well as romance behind the South Sea legend, as you will discover when you consult Stewart's Handbook of the Pacific Islands, the most unintentionally exciting book ever written about them. Here is a paragraph:

"Swain's Island, or Olosenga, in 11 degrees 5 minutes south and 170 degrees 55 minutes west, is of coral formation, about three miles long and one mile broad. The island lies close to the Union group, and was taken up about 50 years ago by Mr. Eli Jennings, an American, who settled upon it with his wife, the daughter of a Samoan chief. The island is planted with coconuts, which give a handsome yield. The population numbers about 100 . . . . ." You'll find listed plenty of islands where no Mr. Jennings has yet appeared.

I have often wondered how Eli Jennings got to Swain's Island; if he simply tired of selling shoe buttons in the commercial America of 1880, if he became entranced with a palm-fringed coastline from the forecastle of a passing ship, or whether the Samoan chief had something to do with it. We know how the men who have written about going native in the South Seas found their islands. Melville literally fell into "Typee"; Stevenson sailed from one to another on a yacht, finally settling in Samoa; Gauguin escaped from Paris to Tahiti, as have Nordoff and Hall since the war; Eskridge went to "Mangareva" to paint; Jack McLaren planted coconuts for eight years of "Crowded Solitude" near Thursday Island; the Ritters, now in the Galapagos, singled out Floreana Island before they left Berlin. For my part, I discovered Olono, my Hawaiian hermitage, while walking around the island of Hawaii, 200 miles from Honolulu, where I had stopped off on my way home from Japan.

Of course you'll need *some* money to find your island. Tahiti is ten days and $80 away from San Francisco, and you'll have to have a return ticket or the cash equivalent before you can land. Also there's your passport, $10; landing tax, $15; occupational tax, $5. You won't need a passport for American Samoa or Hawaii, but the fare to Pago Pago on the *Mariposa* is $155, Honolulu $75—I'm naturally assuming that you'll want to travel third class. If you're a first-class passenger, why do you want to go native? I'll want at least three hundred dollars before I start out again because I've found that travel at sea without money occurs more often in books than on boats. One Pacific line, in fact, has arranged its schedule so that ships meet in mid-ocean to exchange stowaways and take them back to port on bread and water. The only man who ever hitch-hiked very successfully across an ocean was Jonah, and I don't envy him his trip.

Perhaps you can pick out your island in Stewart's Handbook; if not, you'll want to go to Pago Pago or Papeété in Tahiti and look around. Copra traders still sail from one coconut island to another, and your passage will depend on how well the captain likes you. If you are wise you'll take almost nothing with you, for you'll need almost nothing except a pocket knife and some clothes. (In a hundred years the missionaries have pretty well discountenanced nakedness.) I walked 300 miles around the island of Hawaii with a blanket, a raincoat, and a camera. Adhesive plaster and iodine composed my medical kit; there are no snakes in Polynesia, and the painful stings of the few poisonous insects can be treated just as you would treat them at home, with mud, or (if you have it) ammonia. You can return the hospitality of natives with canned sardines or jelly which you can buy from the Chinese storekeeper who is as much a fixture of nearly every island as are its palm trees.

Once on your island your chief wants, although more easily satisfied there than in less friendly climates, will be those of every other primitive or civilized man: shelter, food, and companionship. When I discovered Olono on a deserted but richly tropical coast of Hawaii I also discovered another young American who had been living there for a year and a half, all alone among his coconut palms and bananas, and when he invited me to stay on with him he offered me one of his two shacks. Perhaps you'll be as lucky, whatever island you're on. Most natives have learned that corrugated iron makes better roofs than grass, and although it is perhaps less picturesque, it has the compensatory virtue of serving to catch water for your rain barrels. Perhaps, however, you'll find a real grass hut, and if you do, one or two nights in it will find you less regretful that the "old style life" is passing.

But shelter is not of number one importance in the South Seas; throughout one January in Hawaii I slept comfortably in caves and on sand beaches. Of course I got wet and cold a few times, but when the banana-ripening sun streamed down on me again next day I forgave and forgot the weather. The year round at Olono I slept on a bed of mats and boards under a mosquito net and one blanket, and the year round I wore a hat to protect my head from the daytime sun. Ours was a perfect climate, just as yours will be if you're inside the tropics of Capricorn and Cancer—an average air temperature of about 74, water 78, with few variations exceeding ten degrees in either direction. The trade wind, fresh and sweet, blows all day long, moderating the equatorial heat. It is not too hot to work, but it is hot enough to make work more or less unnecessary, so you'll probably lie in the shade with the other natives, exchanging stories in the French-English-Island dialect which you'll have a grand time learning from a dark-eyed girl with (really) a bright hibiscus in her hair. If you miss, down there, the joyous quicken-

Continued on page 103

Alone With Emyl

A story of two men alone in a shack on a miserable Alaskan island in winter

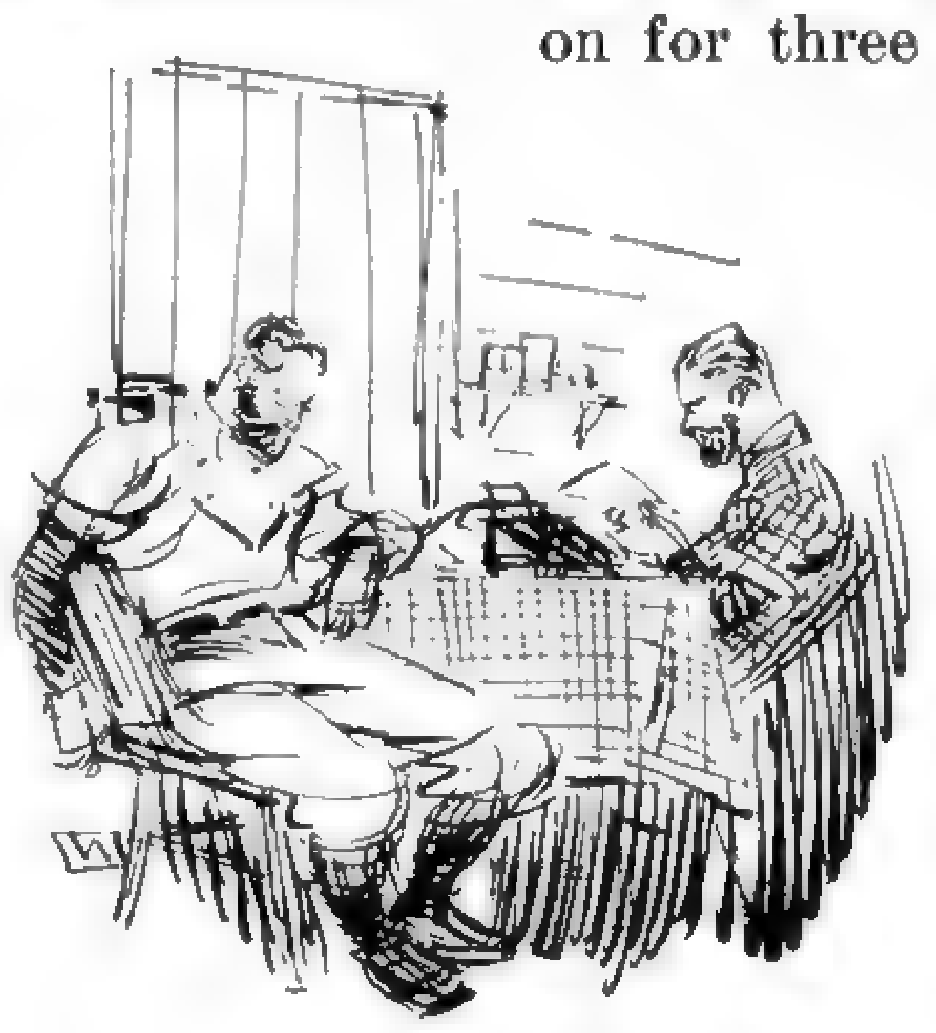
by NAHUM SABSAY

• FICTION •

Sitting on a low stool before the fire, Emyl gazed at me with his new stare, queer and disturbing; then, turning his face away, he looked into the dark corner of our shack and said in a brooding tone, wagging his head:

"Yes, Mike, most of them come to it. All those writers, you know, and the artists, and the musicians. And the bigger they are the sooner they come to it."

Pretending to read from the pages which lay on the table before me, I watched him, my heart compressed painfully. There was no Mike in the corner. Nor was there any Mike nearby. We were all alone on the whole island.



I watched him, and the thought that it was coming on him again bored through my mind. I saw him transfer his look to the dish of water which stood steaming on the top of the stove, and thence to the air intake of the stove which threw a reddish light upon his figure. It was a muscular figure, I knew that well, and the knowledge made me feel still more uncomfortable.

After he had sat thus for a few minutes, he rose, stretching himself as if he was just awakened from sleep.

"What about a little walk, Henry?" he asked. "We might get some driftwood on the beach." He said that in his usual tone, the queer look was no longer on his face.

"It's too wicked outside," I replied. "And besides, I want to finish this chapter today."

"Oh, come on! You need some fresh air," he insisted. "You've been at work all morning. Get your duds on!"

"No, thanks, Emyl," I resisted. "I want to finish the chapter. You go alone."

With no more words, he wrapped himself in his thick clothes and slicker, and went out, letting in a puff of fog mixed with freezing wind.

As soon as the door closed behind him, I pushed away my typewriter, rose from the table, and started to pace the floor, thinking of the folly of picking this, a miserable Alaskan island, for a winter of writing. Yet the winter had started most promisingly, bringing the assurance that at last I would be able to finish a long piece of writing, the most assuring element being Emyl himself.

He was forty-five, Norwegian by birth, and dark-complexioned, black-eyed, and black-haired. Soon after the last steamer had departed from the island, and he had learned the real reason of my taking the job, he assumed most of the routine work around the place. As my manuscript grew, he showed a touching interest in it, straightening out the pages, erasing the carbon marks, even though this was not to be the final copy, and each evening reading what I had done during the day. He followed the development of my characters, making at times shrewd remarks and at times asking pertinent questions. This encouraged me much since I felt that my novel had a slow-moving action and a slight plot. Thus it went on for three months, my work advancing steadily, my hope growing with it, and our life with Emyl retaining the somewhat idyllic character into which it had fallen from the first.

But early in January, during one of the gales, I noticed something strange in Emyl's behavior. As soon, however, as the calm spell had set in again, things went as of old. The same thing happened two weeks later, during another gale. And now apparently it was coming on again.

It was not his talking to the non-existent "Mike" that disturbed me but the puzzling things which he said. He had been talking to Mike from our first day alone, addressing him with amusing and often witty remarks. Falling in, I, too, sometimes addressed Mike. He had become to us an invisible companion, and quite a welcome one, I must admit, in our solitude, because there were hours and days when our isolation on the barren and fog-shrouded island *was* beginning to grip us strongly. Even an imaginary third person served a purpose, calling forth banter and sallies which otherwise would not have been spoken.

And now—

"Open the door, Henry!" I heard Emyl's voice breaking through the wind. I opened the door and saw in the twilight, an end of a huge log under his arm, his slicker and fur cap thickly covered with hoar-frost.

"Give me a hand, Henry!" he cried. "There's another, a whale of a log, on the beach. I dragged it up high. Now we'll give her hell!" He winked at me in his good-humored manner. "It sure is one rotten day!" he added cheerfully.

I had to make an effort to conceal my relief. "I must have imagined it this time," I thought. To convince myself further I asked him the first thing which came to my mind.

"What are we going to have for dinner tonight, Emyl?"

"Can you beat it, Mike?" he exclaimed, looking past the stove into the corner. "He's hungry again!"

"Shall we open a can of beef?" I carried on.

"You are the boss." A moment later he added, "By the way, Henry, we'll have to do something about the fence in front of the office. It is down."

"We'll fix it as soon as it gets a little quieter," I replied.

That evening we had beef for dinner, and pancakes, and beans, and, of course, coffee. After we had washed the dishes, we sat down at the table as usual, Emyl with a book, and I before my typewriter.

It was neat and warm inside our shack, but outside the wind, sleet, and rain were shooting against the roof and the walls. And during the calmer spells we heard the roar of the ocean.

"Well, how much have you done today, Henry?" Emyl inquired.

"About fifteen pages," I answered.

"That's good! Let me see 'em," he asked, stretching his hand across the table.

I passed him the pages, watching him read. For three or four pages his face showed nothing, but as he progressed, he kept nodding his head approvingly.

"That's what I thought this guy would do," he said with a contented smile when he finished. "Seems very natural."

Happy with his praise, I took up the typing of the rest of the chapter which I had written in longhand. Emyl opened his book, and with his hands spread on the table, started to read. From time to time, now one of us, now another would get up to put some more wood in the stove, or to fill and light his pipe, or would merely raise his head, listen to the fracas outside.

Thus it went on for a couple of hours till an especially violent blast shook our shack and did something to the outside part of the chimney which started to screech. And as I sat looking at Emyl I saw him draw his head between his shoulders, and lower his eyes, to a spot on the page where he kept

Continued on page 106

Pit Your Birds!

Every night somewhere in America this cry is heard around a little ring under smoke-wreathed rafters

by CHARLES PARMER

▪ SPORTS ▪

You learn this early in your cocking career: it isn't the size of the cock in the fight, but the size of the fight in the cock that counts. There are about two hundred and fifty varieties of birds—all good fighters—but a mere score of breeds supply most of the pit birds today. Just as one section fancies a particular breed of milch cows, so do the various regions have favorites; ranging from the Warhorses of the North Pacific Coast to the Mountaineers of Pennsylvania; the Dangerfoots of Tennessee to the Red Shufflers of Wisconsin. It is the difference of opinion regarding the gameness of these cocks that results in the cry "Pit your birds!" being heard every night, somewhere, in America.

The cocks you want are the kind that will take the first and the last punch without a beakhold: that will streak like lightning at an opponent, sink the gaffs deep and true without having to clinch.

Regardless of which of the 250 varieties you decide on, these are points you should seek in your fowl:

Birds with broad back and short body; with plenty of station, that is, reach; wide between the legs—this to accommodate the gaffs—spurs set well down toward the feet; big bone; strong, long wings; and bright eyes—the more cruel the better.

There's this to remember: once your bird is badly cut, he may lose enthusiasm for the pit. He sulks. If he doesn't do that, his muscles may harden after he scraps four or five times. Like a boxer slowing up. I have known a bird to change hands for $3,000; two weeks later—after being badly slashed—to be offered for $25, with no takers.

While a few rare birds keep in trim three or four years, the average is good for only one season—then oblivion.

You will need about 21 well-conditioned cocks to participate in a main (21 separate fights usually comprising a main—sometimes fought in one night, more often in two or three). They should cost you less than $200 in the stag stage. Let them wander in your yard until eight months old—when they graduate from stag to cockdom—mingling with lovely pullets all the while. Their barnyard scraps over some lovely female develops the killer instinct, though seldom can they kill with their natural spurs.

Now you begin their actual training. (If you are too lazy, there is an ex-welterweight in Ohio who has a national reputation for conditioning fowl. You may send your birds to him and pay his price.)

First cut his spurs off to within a quarter-inch of his leg. Over the stumps you will strap the hand-forged steel gaffs—resembling miniature bayonets—on the night you fight your main. Gaffs that will pierce and kill.

Before the fight you will condition and work him out with muffs—chamois gloves fitted over those shortened spurs: like the twelve-ounce gloves a champion uses against his sparring partners.

Though training methods differ, it is customary to walk a fowl from his eighth to his twelfth month: to walk meaning to let him mingle, cock of all he surveys, with a choice number of pullets on a cock-run. This may be the barnyard; or you may spend thousands, as your fancy dictates, in providing a walk alongside a limpid stream with weeping willows casting friendly shadows for his amours.

A year old, he passes the moulting stage and is ready to fight. It is an axiom that all game birds are game: so the conditioning is everything. For the main a weight has been agreed on: usually from five to six pounds, with two ounces over-weight disqualifying your bird.

But wait. You need special scales, on which his weight is registered almost to the pennyweight. In the hills of a Southern state, in a hamlet so small you can motor through it in ten seconds, is a gamecock-scale maker internationally known. In the past few years he has sold more than 450 scales to members of the fancy. There's another, equally noted, in New England. A third on the Pacific Coast. You pay your money and you take your choice.

Twelve days before the main you go into active training with your fowl. Put him into a separate coop—and away from the ladies of his species. Each day weigh him, determining his workouts on the weight he must lose. You find he is filled with fighting spirit: he has scrapped during romantic moments; and you have fought him, spurs covered with muffs, against brother-cocks.

You clip his comb, of course, so the other cock can't take a beakhold during the fight. You clip his tail, his wing tips, and remove some of the under feathers. Several times a day you take him from his coop and hold him over a table, covered with a canvas pad. You toss him up and down. You let him fall with wings whirring—catch him, toss him up again.

But be sure you don't over-train him. He can go stale, same as a boxer.

Now comes the time for the selection of the gaffs—those murderous steel spurs you strap to his legs. There are about fifty different styles; and ranging in length from 1¼ inches to 3 inches. Usually the length is specified in the conditions of the main. This gaff fits over the cock's spur—which is on the inside of his leg—drops down half an inch, then sticks straight out to a curved point. It is rounded over its length, but grounded to a needle's point at the end. Occasionally a main specifies that slashers shall be used: these are needle-pointed gaffs sharpened to a razor's keenness on either side; but generally the slashers are not used above the Rio Grande.

While you can get machine-made gaffs for five dollars a pair, it is better to have yours made especially for you by one of the ancient and honorable gaff-makers. You may find craftsmen who boast that their great-great-grandfathers made the gaffs that Andrew Jackson and his men used on their cocks. Hand-made ones may cost as much as twenty-five dollars—but they are worth it. Practically no danger of breaking during a main. A broken gaff spells disaster; the same as a saddle slipping during a horse race.

Having conditioned your birds yourself—and gotten a kick out of it, too!—I'd advise that you employ a professional heeler for the main. A heeler is a gentleman—wise in the ways of fowls—who knows exactly how to strap a gaff on a cock without exciting it—the right angle to put it—how tight to adjust it. An art, my brethren. A good heeler is in constant demand, and frequently spends his time traveling from main to main.

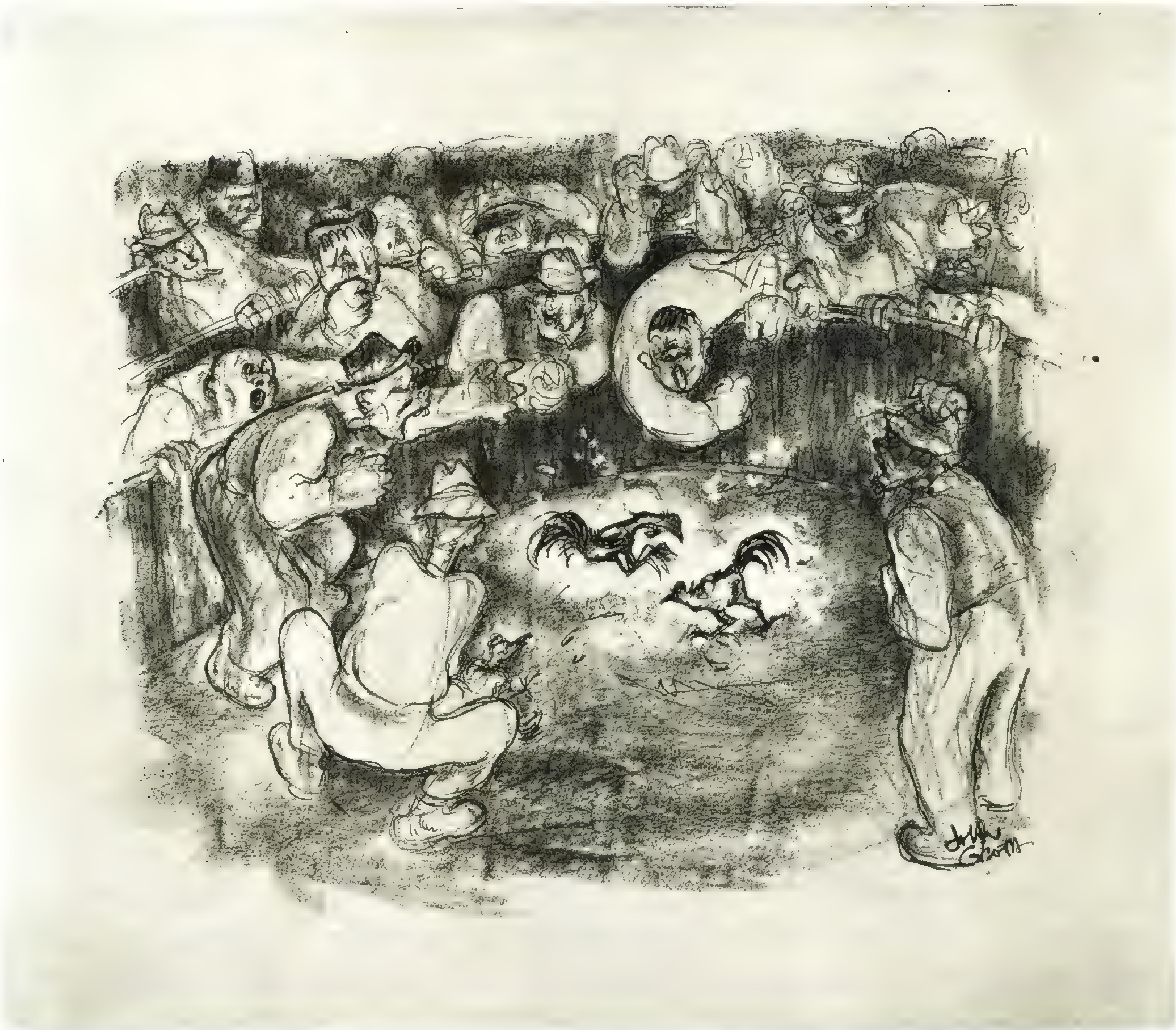
You need a professional handler, too. Somewhat akin, in functions, to a second in a prize-fight. He handles the bird the day preceding the fight. Gives him his last meal of cracked corn. Tosses him in the air once or twice, morning and afternoon; perhaps gives him a peep—and only a peep!—at a lovely pullet.

Then takes him to the twenty-foot circular pit.

It is his duty to put him down when the starting signal is given—and during the fight to watch his bird, and the other man's. If his bird is stuck, it is his privilege and duty to rush forward, stoop, seize both birds, and pull the gaff expertly from his own fowl.

Here is where the professional handler is worth his price in rubies—provided he keeps sober.

The best handlers are small, wiry men who can dart into the pit and extract a gaff in a split-second. There are such. Generally they are ex-jockeys—men you once cheered when they booted your choice home in the Futurity or the Preakness or the Derby. Quite natural for them to gravitate from track to pitside when overweight makes them hang up their tack; for cock fighting, in the words of Cohen's Florian Slappey, is something they do nothing else but, after the day's racing.



LITHOGRAPH BY JOHN GROTH

Now your cocks are ready. You have engaged heeler and handler. The date for the main is set. You and your honorable opponent have made a little side bet to make it interesting. Maybe $10,000, if you are riding the waves. (Oh yes, there are $10,000 mains!) $5,000, if a benevolent uncle has remembered you in his will. $1,000, if your notes are cleared at the bank. Perhaps only $500 if you are a bit pressed.

Not for worlds would you candidly admit that you, a vestryman and upholder of morality—the man who gave the barbecue to the Boy Scouts last Thanksgiving—are sallying forth on an illegal enterprise.

The ladies smile knowingly when you remark, over the broiled ham and fried apples, "We are going to the Club tonight for a little business talk. Be back rather late."

Philip—not as spry as when he won the Oaks riding your stallion some years ago—chuckles openly as he passes the beaten biscuit. It is the prerogative of long service.

No time for liqueurs—you must hasten to "the club."

As you ride down the road, a light truck following with the birds, someone suggests: "Suppose we stop at Granny Black's for a last snifter. Her place is on our way." You turn off the concrete and onto a gravel road that winds for a mile or so through underbrush. Lights, off to the right, gleam through the cedars. (There is a Granny Black's near every pit.)

In the pale moonlight you see cars, licenses of a dozen states on them, parked in front of Granny Black's tavern. Yes, they've all come for this main, which has been advertised in the cocking journals. From past experience they stop here for the last soupçon of likker; for the man conducting the main is God-fearing and law-abiding, and doesn't hold with demon rum.

Old Granny is shuffling among her tables; a one-tooth grin on her face as she explains, "There ain't no lye in this here corn, gents—an' I ages it myself."

With hilarious shouts you are drawn into the party: an asthmatic horse doctor from Kentucky; a slim, oldish osteopath from Pennsylvania—he sings tenor Sunday mornings; a thin-lipped note shaver from Georgia; the king of the Illinois corn belt, leathery face relieved by sharp black eyes; a M.F.H. from Middleburg, who takes his cocking seriously; the attorney who won a big will case out West; the man who thought his gelding would beat Cavalcade, sure, in the Derby; the clothing manufacturer who bought a maiden stallion especially to enter him in the Hambletonian—"I would a-won, too, if Pop Geers had been alive to drive him." Three charming chaps whose inherited money takes them from main to derby to tennis nationals each year; and a sprinkling of nondescripts.

It is all man-talk here:

"I've a setter bitch that will sweep the field at Madison Square Garden next year—"

"Hell's bells, man! Silvio Coucci is ten pounds the best rider on the Big Apple—"

The soupçon becomes one, two and more until someone remembers the main. "Great Scott, they're waiting for us!" Just as well be snobbish; for the truth is the crowd is waiting for this group. The advertisements read:

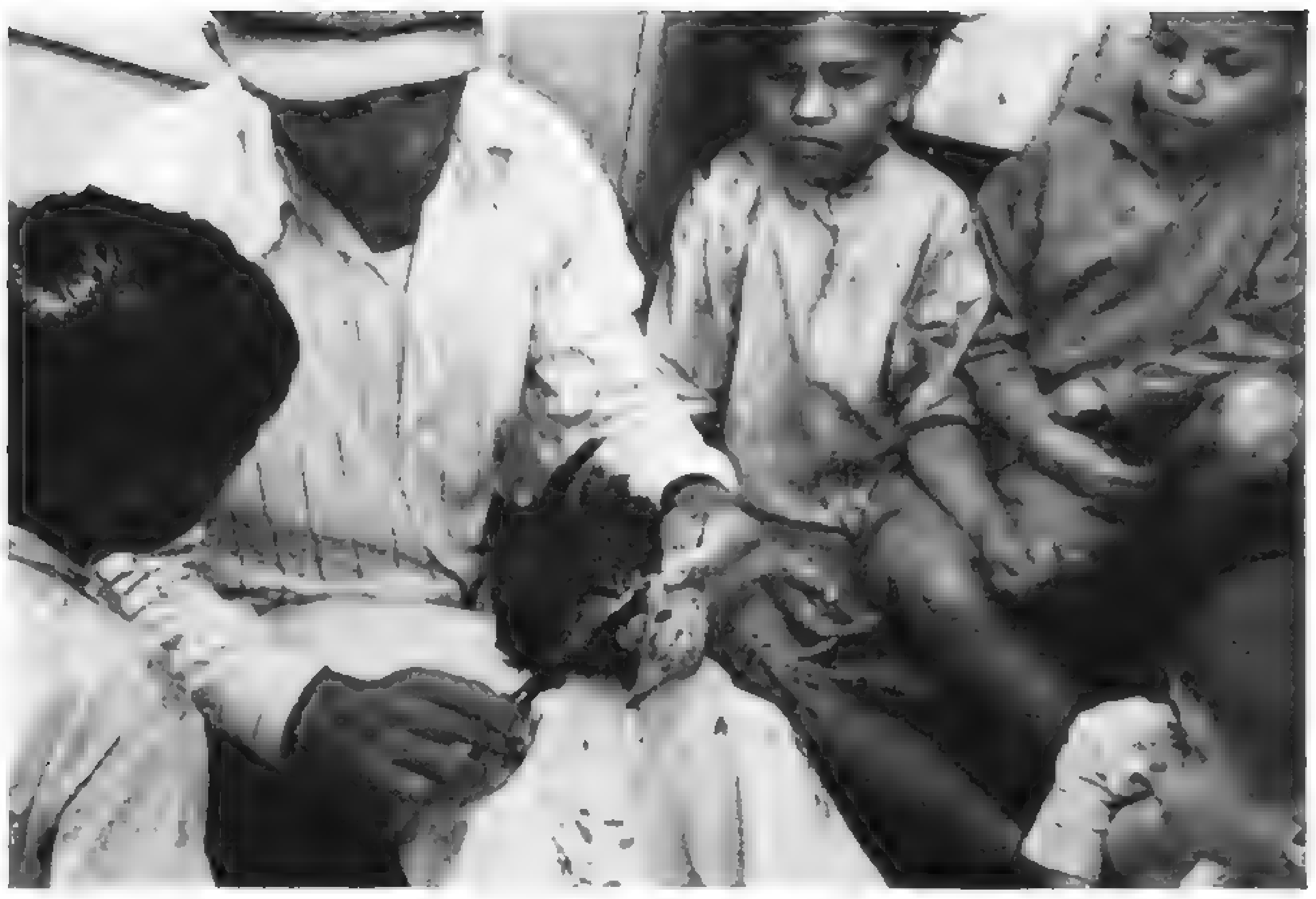
> Main to be fought at Shanty Ed's Pavilion. Boys, if you want to see a hot main, with the elite of the cocking world present, come out. Pit is eighteen miles from the County seat, off route 70, near Granny Black's tavern. Bring your cocks and hack after the main, all night if you wish.

Shanty Ed's Pavilion is a barn in a hollow. You are stopped at the barnyard gate.

"Okay, gents!" the lookout calls, when he recognizes you. "Good luck—and we'll keep

Continued on page 144

THE ROUTINE *of the* COCK FIGHT

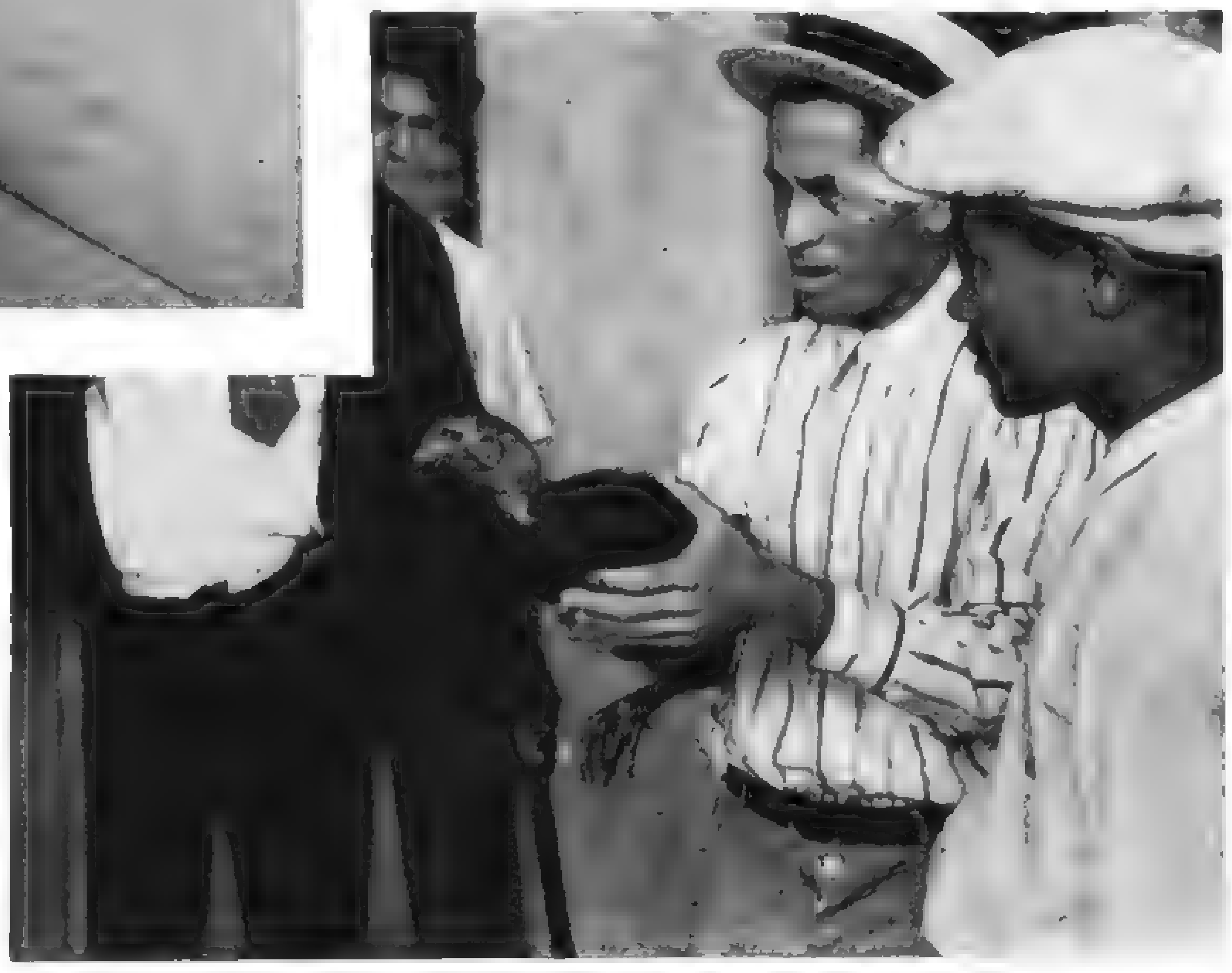


Trimming the cock to fighting form

The fighters get a little work-out

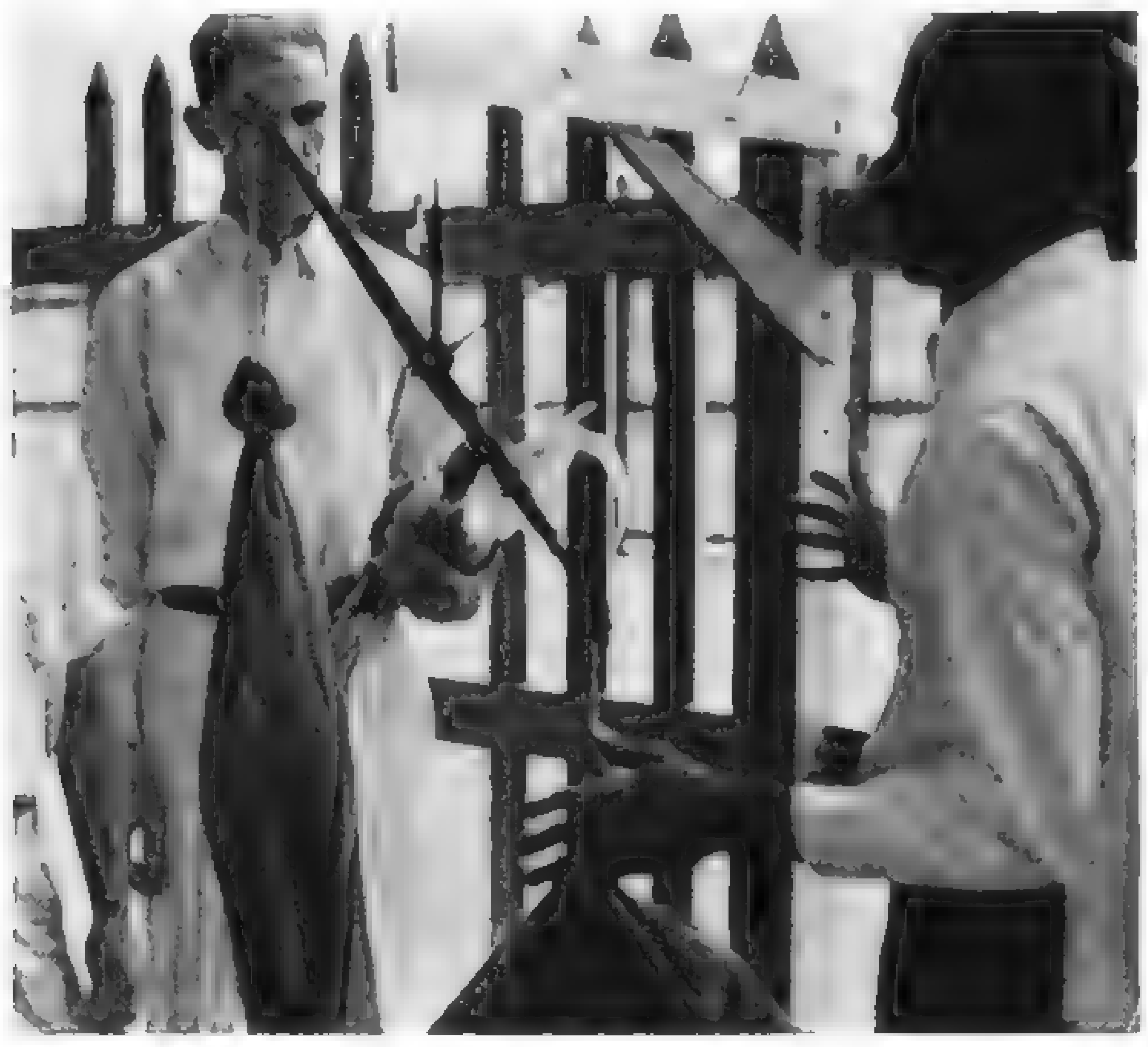
The matched cocks are inspected

A cock is taken out for airing

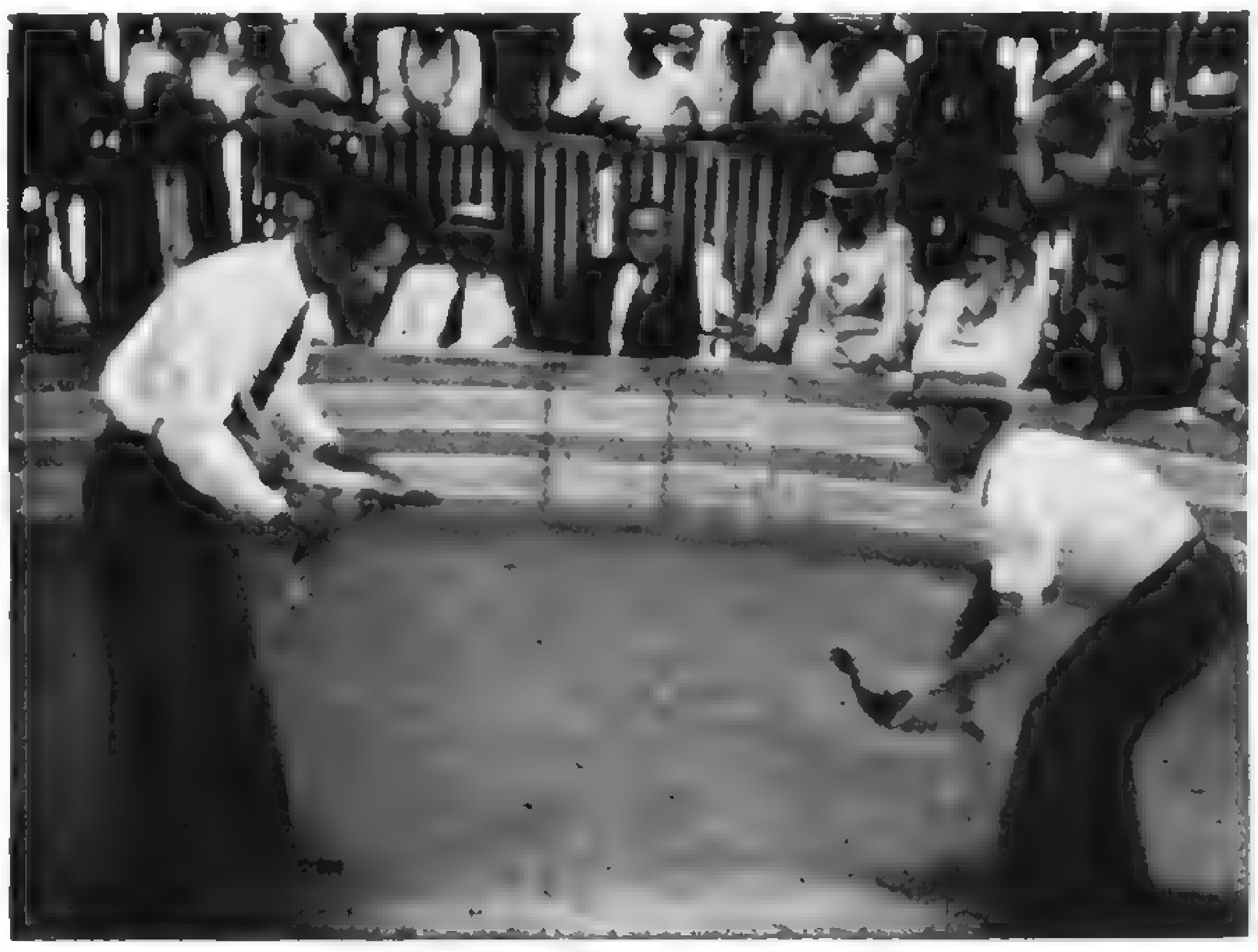


Ballyhoo-ing a fighting cock

Placing a private bet



Weighing-in a pair for matching



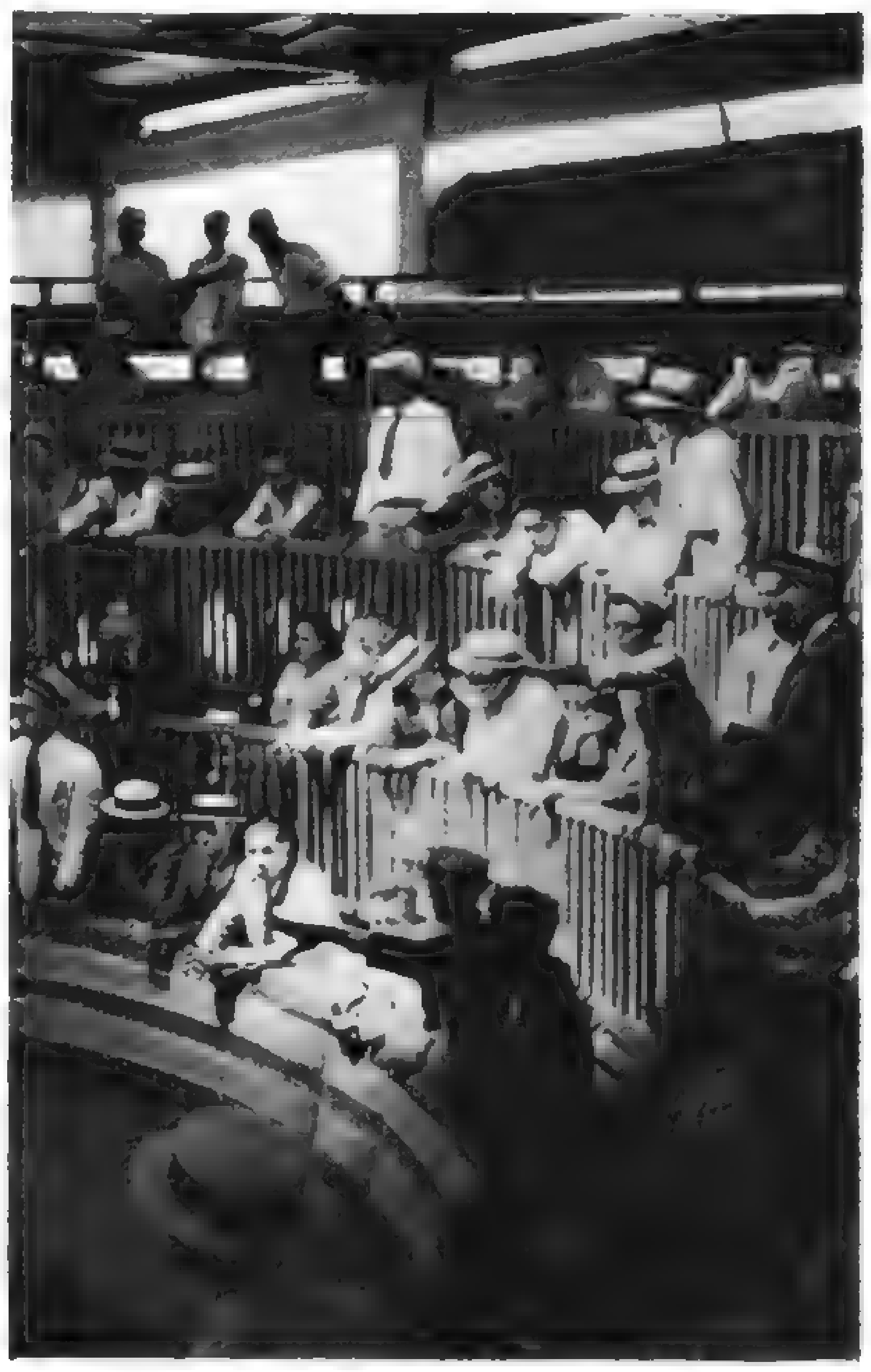
The fighters get the first peek at each other

PHOTOGRAPHS
by
REMIE LOHSE

Showing off the cocks before the start

The referee gives the last instructions . . .

. . . and they're off!


Bets are signaled across the arena

The audience is "brought to its feet"

Audience seen from backstage

Reviving one of the cocks

The winner . . .

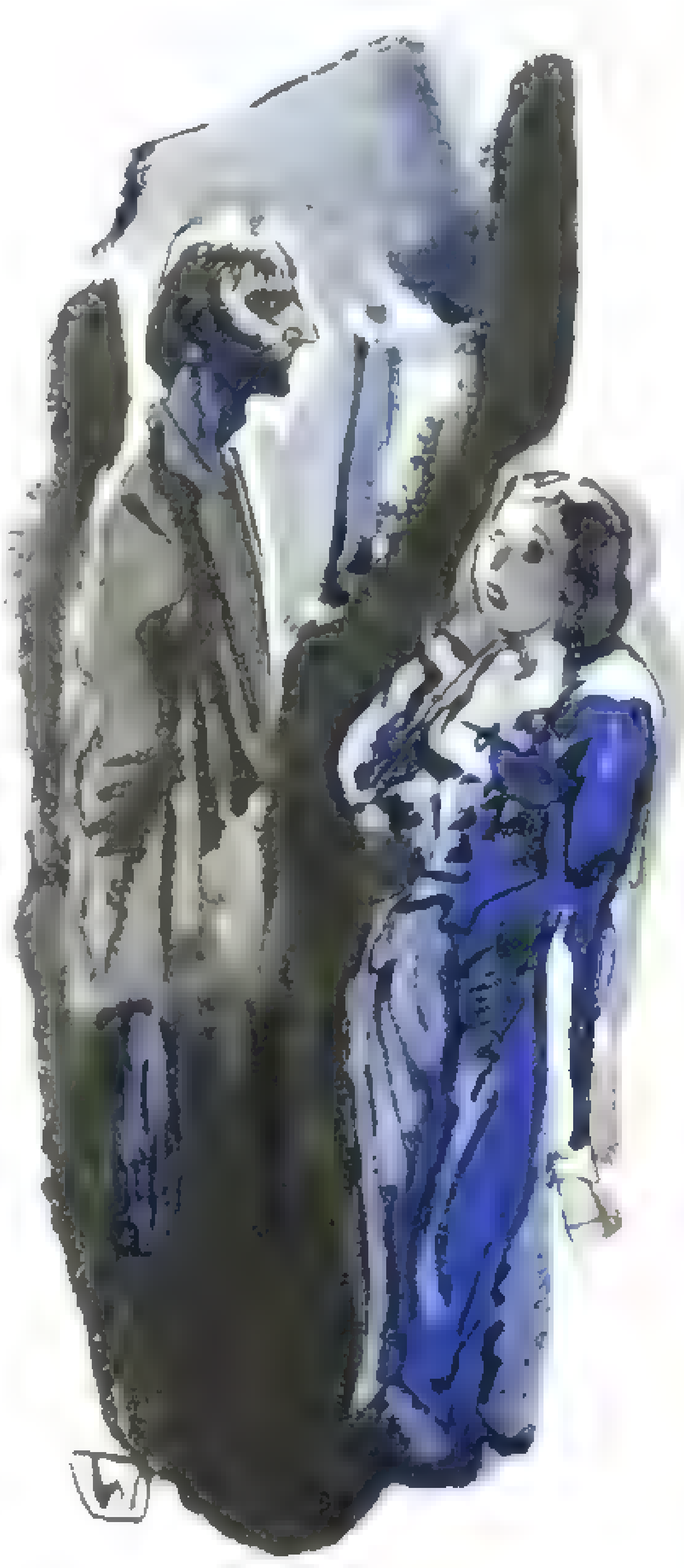
. . . and the loser!

The Ancestor's Return

Giving you your choice of two explanations for the change in a man's attitude towards his wife

by ANTHONY GITTINS

• FICTION •



NEITHER whisper nor movement, on this winter's day, touched the sullen fields, the hedges and dark spinneys in the vicinity of the old house, so when a double knock suddenly sounded on the postern door, the outside echoes sped impulsively forth, and were chilled, and died, but the inside echoes darted nervously along the corridors, up and down the galleries and into the panelled rooms, distractedly seeking an audience.

In the library they found Mrs. Arnold Seventree. She was alone in the house. Her husband had driven to Grantham to fetch some luggage belonging to her sister, Miss Amabel Carey, who had arrived that morning for a short visit and who, at present, was taking a country walk by herself. It was the maid's off day, and she, whose home was in the village two miles away, would not return until nine o'clock. The cook had left recently, because the place "gave her the creeps," and Mrs. Seventree had found no one to replace her.

On hearing the knock she frowned, made savage play with her knitting needles to complete the stitch, and dumped her work on the small table beside her. She was a thin, bleached woman, with unsympathetic eyes and untidy hair.

As she walked down the corridor, the matting gave place to the stone flags of the kitchen premises, and her steps sent forth staccato echoes which flickered through the empty house. The first obfuscation of dusk was here perceptible in the crannies and recesses, for there were no windows giving direct access to the pale afternoon light.

The place was weird in the darkling silence. Always she felt there was someone round the corner just ahead, and it absurdly lent her confidence to cough faintly, as if to warn the imaginary interloper that she was coming openly, without spying or hostile intentions. So now, nervously, she cleared her throat, and in the brooding stillness the sound died unheeded, as if some dust had quickly puffed itself into a spiral and slowly resettled. Then she turned the corner, and facing her, motionless, was a man.

She screamed, throwing up her hands as if to claw her blood-drained cheeks. He was tall, very tall, and terrifying to look at. Coarse hair covered all his face to the level of his eyes; his clothes were loose and filthy, lacking collar and scarf; and his trousers from ankle to knee were bound crosswise with string. His boots and hat were those of a laborer, and he carried a stick.

She, panic-stricken, would have run back along the passage, had he not suddenly and quite gently spoken.

"I want a cup of tea," he said.

The absurd, anti-climactic simplicity of the request restored her composure. She felt ashamed of her exhibited alarm. It was the piercing unexpectedness of the encounter that had unnerved her. Now, hearing his mild voice and involuntarily noticing his pleasant eyes and fine, white teeth, she was less afraid and became rigidly indignant.

"Was it you that knocked?" she demanded.

"Yes, madam." His voice was smooth, cultured.

"How dare you come into the house like this!"

"I am so thirsty."

"Kindly leave at once! I shall not give you tea. You should have waited at the door."

He made no answer, but slowly drew himself up to his full height, which must have been over six-and-a-half feet, and raised the stick until its point touched the ceiling.

"Give me some tea!" he ordered.

Terrified by his threatening attitude, she assented.

To her amazement, he preceded her through the devious passages to the kitchen, nor did he once hesitate to take the correct turning.

"You appear to know your way about," she said, with timid resentment, and went to turn on the light, for the dusk seemed to have gathered more quickly than usual. A shadow dropped across his face, distorting it.

"I used to live here," he said.

"You . . . lived here?" she echoed in astonishment.

He nodded, plucking at the coarse hair on his face. "Nearly two hundred years ago," he replied.

She stared at him, and then, having no doubt that he was daft, continued apprehensively to prepare the tea. Soon he demanded cake, bread and cheese, and biscuits. All these she gave him, and he ate ravenously.

Half-an-hour later, with vast relief, she let him out of the house by the postern door and watched him until he passed from sight along the path which led through a small copse to the lane. Evidently he knew not only the house, but also the surroundings.

Mrs. Seventree then locked the three outside doors and returned to the library. She was trembling. There had been something very queer about the man.

Some minutes later, her sister, Miss Amabel Carey, came back from her walk. She was an antiquary, but only in an amateur and feminine way. That is, she was always ready to accept rumors and retail them as facts, in order to inflate the small knowledge that she possessed. She would have done well as a journalist.

Mrs. Seventree recounted her experience.

"No," said her sister, stoking the fire, "I didn't meet him. He must have gone the other way. I came from the village."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Looking at the old tombstones in the churchyard. *And* at your family vault. My dear, what a positively vulgar example of Decorative Reticulated work!" Miss Carey stretched her brogues towards the fire. "What appealed to me was the tomb of Oliver Seventree. The stonework is so chaste, isn't it? By the way, my dear, do you know that one of the crockets has fallen off? And it looked to me as if the stone had been raised recently."

"First I've heard of it," said Mrs. Seventree, plying her knitting needles.

"Really, Hetty!" complained Miss Carey, "the attitude you adopt towards your family—er—heirlooms and history is *most* indifferent! You'll be telling me next that you don't know why Oliver Seventree was buried in a separate tomb!"

"Well," said Mrs. Seventree, defiantly, "why was he? I don't know. I don't care. I haven't time to bother my head about all that's dead and past."

"Hetty!" wailed her sister, horrified by this heresy. Then she continued, in tones of incredulity: "Why, *everyone* knows the story! Oliver Seventree murdered his wife, and then committed suicide before his crime was discovered. The priest wouldn't hear of his being buried in hallowed ground, but old Sir James Seventree insisted on it, saying that his son might have been directly responsible for the death of his wife, but he hadn't actually killed her intentionally, and . . . oh, it's a long story. There was a fearful row. Eventually, though, he *was* buried in the churchyard, but not in the family vault. Then Sir James . . ."

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. Seventree, hiding a yawn, "I do remember something about it, now you come to mention it.

Arnold should have been back by now," she added, glancing at her watch.

"Talking of ancestors," remarked Miss Carey, "I . . . "

"Turn up that light, will you, Amabel?" put in Mrs. Seventree. "I've never known it get dark so quickly. There must be a storm blowing up."

"Talking of ancestors," resumed Miss Carey, "I recall a very strange . . . Hullo! That sounds like Arnold."

Mrs. Seventree sat up, and turned her head. "I heard nothing," she said.

"I thought I heard a sound in the hall," rejoined Miss Carey, and they listened for a moment.

"Imagined it," said Mrs. Seventree. "Tell me, what sort of a man was this Oliver Seventree?" She asked the question, not because she was at all interested, but because she did not wish her sister to embark on the threatened reminiscence. Amabel's stories were invariably tedious.

"A most unpleasant individual, from all accounts," replied Miss Carey. "He was terribly cruel to his wife. Sometimes he kept her locked in that small vault for days and days. I mean the place you use as a wine cellar. He was brutally selfish and domineering. He was supposed to have killed her, poor innocent, in one of the spinneys. The date was . . . let me think . . ." Her glance strayed round the room, and rested on a calendar. "Why, how very curious! October 18. On this very day, in 1737. Two hundred years ago, almost."

"Oh, be quiet, Amabel!" exclaimed Mrs. Seventree. "Your talk makes me nervous, especially when you bring out coincidences. I hate coincidences." She rose to draw the curtains, and peered for a moment into the pitchy darkness which surrounded the lonely countryside. The skirmishing drops of a hesitant downpour sprawled their length on the window pane. There was a sinister streak of yellow in the clouds to northward.

"Another coincidence," said Miss Carey slowly, pleased with the effect she had produced, "is that he was exceptionally tall, like your visitor of this afternoon. But there the resemblance ends. His only remaining portrait shows that he was clean-shaven. Strangely enough, he didn't *look* a hard man. But he was. According to history, his wife lived in abject terror of him."

She paused. Mrs. Seventree picked nervously at her knitting. The rising wind searched the chimney and dropped, like an owl imprisoned, its mournful cadence to the dim-lit room. Miss Carey added absently: "Sometimes the hair continues growing after death."

"Do stop, Amabel!" exclaimed Mrs. Seventree. "You're doing it on purpose to frighten me. As it is, I can't rid myself of an idea that there's something queer . . ." She broke off with a shriek, and threw up her hands. "Arnold! Good heavens, how you frightened me, coming in like that!" She had dropped her knitting, and was breathing heavily.

For Mr. Seventree had entered quietly behind them, and had placed his hands on her shoulders, near her throat. He was a man of average height, with a strangely indefinite expression in his features. His eyes were light, and quite amiable. On his shaven but bluish jaw there were traces of rain, and his hair was bedraggled, giving him rather a wild appearance.

"I told you to leave a light in the porch," he said.

Mrs. Seventree started. Never before had she heard her husband speak so curtly. Ever since their marriage, he had been the meekest of men, complying with all her wishes and daring not to assert himself even in the smallest matters.

"I forgot it," she replied.

"I can't compliment you on your memory," he retorted. "Get me some tea."

She checked a cry, and put her fingers to her neck.

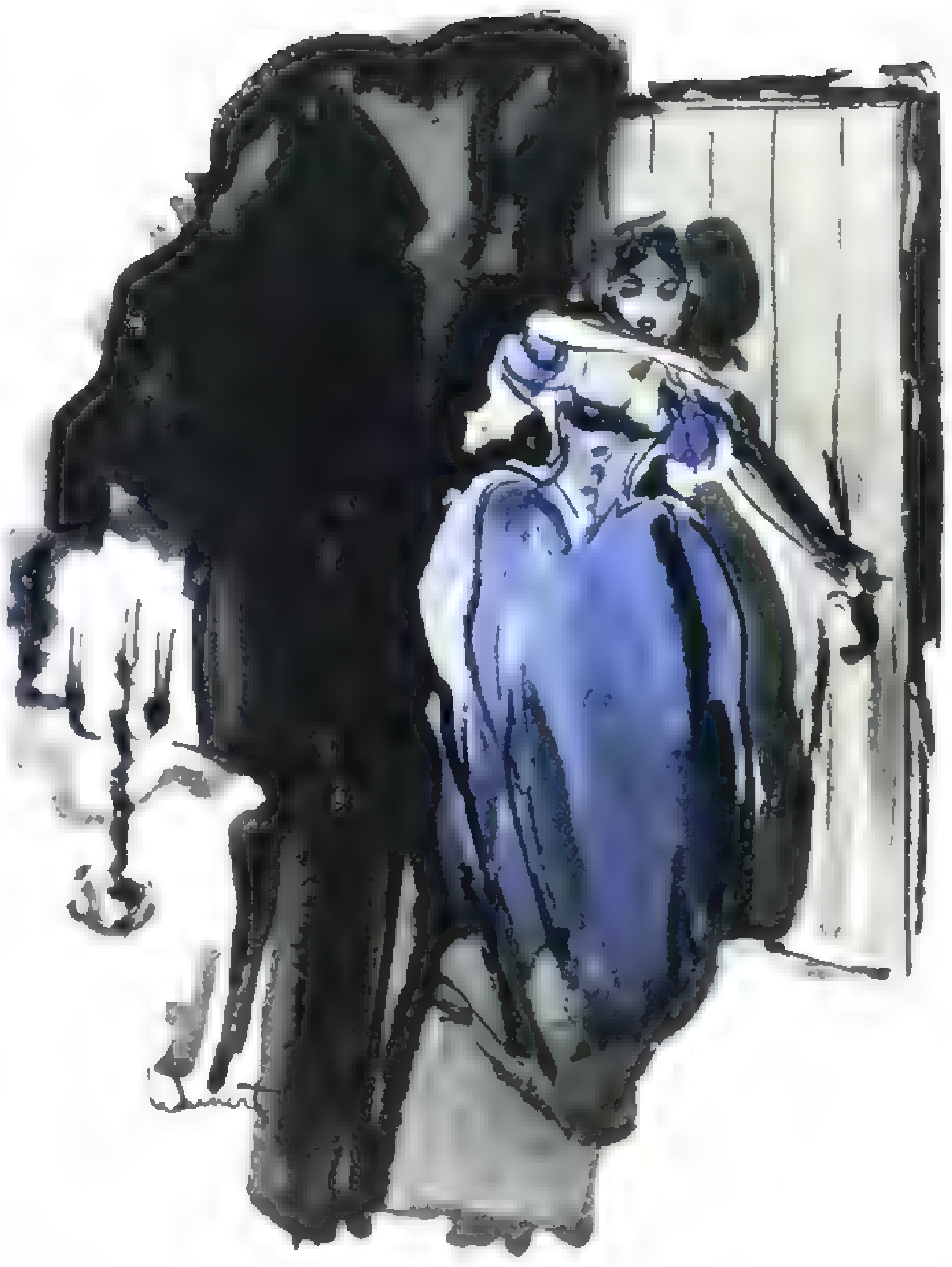
"What's the matter?" he demanded.

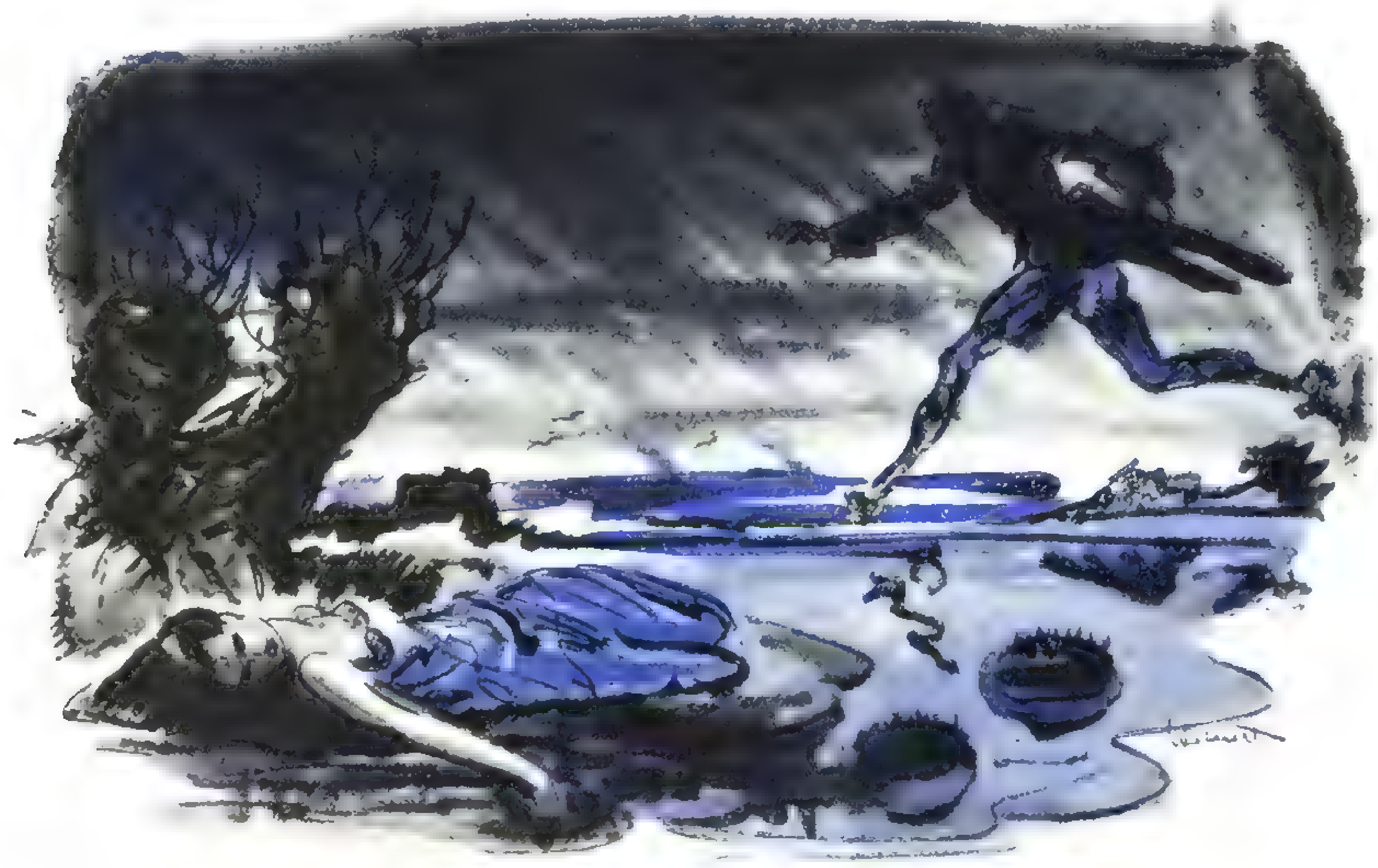
She stared at him. "I . . . I . . . nothing. Arnold, did you see a man on the road, a man with . . ."

"I've seen no one," he interrupted. "Get me some tea. I'm cold and thirsty. No, perhaps I'll have brandy instead." He fumbled in his pocket. "Here's the key to the vault. Just run down and . . . why, what *is* the matter with you tonight, Hetty?" He turned to his sister-in-law. "What's upset her?" he asked.

"I don't know, Arnold," she replied, in a subdued tone, eyeing him curiously. "You're very different to your usual self, tonight." A sudden gust of wind hurled itself against the window and retreated, howling, as if it had looked into the room and had found therein a reason for shrill, demoniacal laughter.

"Different?" he queried. "In what way?"





"You've never ordered Hetty about, before."

"Haven't I? Well, it'll do her no harm." He spoke brusquely, but with a faint lack of self-confidence, as if his mind was in conflict, and his temper an upstart dictator until the issue should be decided. Then he turned sharply to his wife, who had moved a little way away from him. "Hurry up, Hetty! Don't stand looking at me, woman! I shall get pneumonia if you don't bring me something. By heaven, what a night!" He went to the fire and warmed his hands, while the rushing wind moaned in the chimney and the rain increased. A draught flicked the top leaf of the calendar, and in Mrs. Seventree's hearing the paper rhythmically creaked: "'tober eighteen. 'tober eighteen. Seventeen hundred and thirty-seven."

"Just the night for a murder," said Mr. Arnold Seventree, and the flames threw a shadow on his face, distorting it.

Mrs. Seventree screamed, and pointed a trembling hand at him. He rose from his stooping position, and stared at her. Her mouth moved, but she appeared unable to utter any coherent sound. Her face was dead-white, her eyes were two dark hollows, and there was terror in them.

"Who are you?" she cried insanely, shrinking back and thrusting blindly for the door handle behind her. "You are not my husband! Who in God's name are you?"

And feeling the handle in her hands, she suddenly wrenched open the door and rushed from the room. They heard her footsteps crossing the gaunt, darkened hall, and an instant later the front door opened, and a great wind flooded into the house. Then the door banged, and silence crept out again from the dark corners, and on the gravel outside they heard her running steps mingle with the swirl of rain, and grow fainter, and fade away.

He had made two great strides when, prompted at this moment to glance at the other woman, he saw also in her eyes the flame of fear. Thus she stood for a moment, in the mad flux of terror and the searchless depths of foreboding.

Then, above the harsh rattle of windows, above the din and stress of the storm, she raised her voice and raved away the last shreds of her self-control.

"You are accursed!" she screamed, mak-

Continued on page 106

The Girl at Thorp's

She was three different girls, up on the Margaree, on the Montreal train, and on Fifty-seventh Street

by WARREN GIBSON

• FICTION •

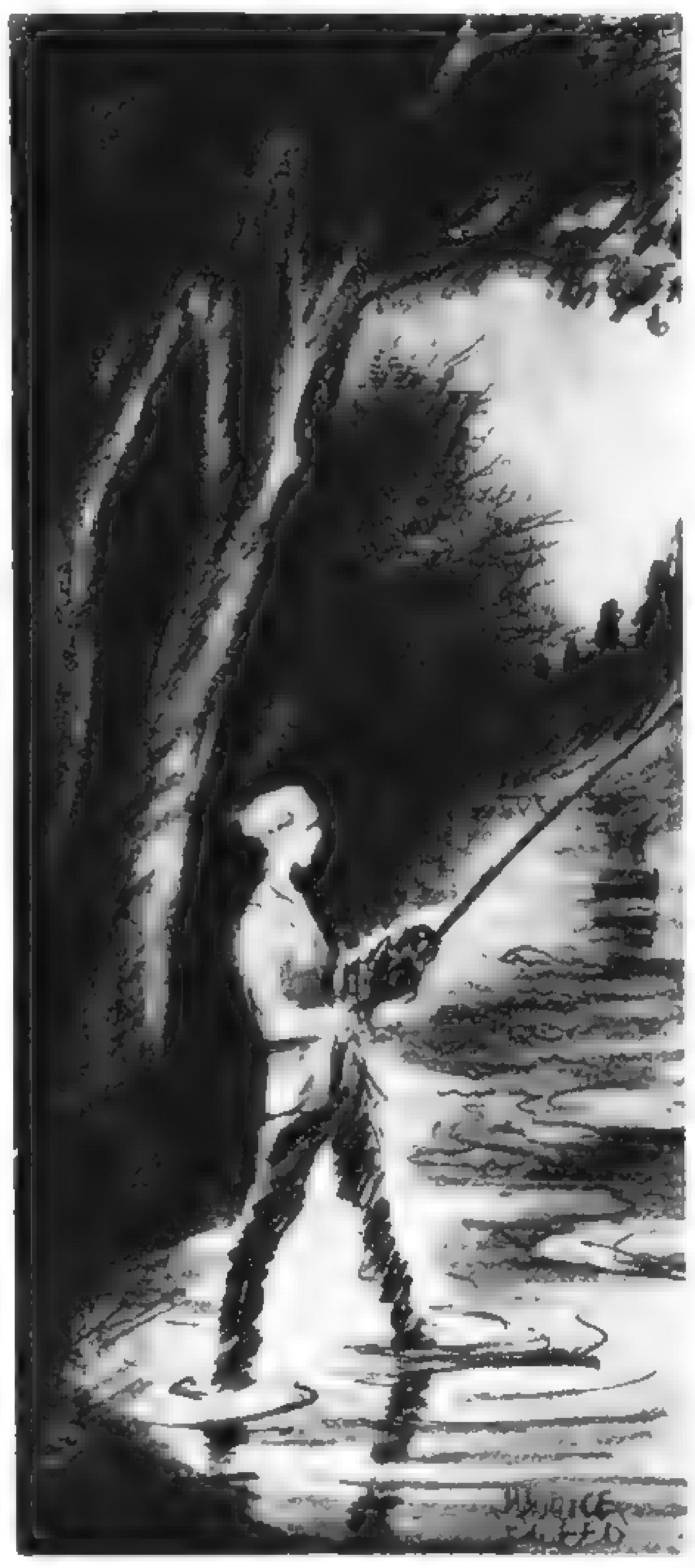
My boat was to sail at twelve o'clock noon and I was hurrying with some last minute packing, odds and ends left over from the night before; all the more important things had been put in, but cases left unstrapped to receive toilet articles and other small pieces which I might need in the morning.

I was off on my annual holiday, going fishing this year again as usual. I often thought of having a different sort of holiday, possibly going to the seashore, taking a long ocean trip or something of the kind, but in the end I usually did the same thing. I withstood the temptations presented by such conventional vacations, packed up my rods and reels and tried my luck with the salmon.

Good Lord! What a relief it was to get away. Tackle had all been looked over days before, fly cases checked and a few especially alluring ones added, a half dozen leaders and I thought my kit was complete; must not forget the tried and true old hat though, no luck without that old soft hat.

I taxied to the dock with all my luggage, plenty of time, found my quarters quite all right, in fact rather familiar, as I had gone north on this same boat on several previous occasions.

There was quite a crowd about the lower decks, so I made my way above to the upper deck, found a quiet corner to sit down in until the steward should come around and I could get a permanent chair.



Almost two whole days of absolute loafing before me. This was Saturday, we should make Halifax Monday morning after breakfast. Then a day spent in some minor shopping and getting my fishing permit, overnight train dropping me off at a little way-station at 5:30 in the morning. There to board a fussy old "chug chug" boat which would take me across the lake to Bedeck, at the wharf would be Joe waiting with the Ford, two hours later I would be on the spot.

Joe and Mrs. Joe have run the place for years, mostly Mrs. Joe really, it is she who does all the managing. Joe himself is usually fishing or just getting ready to go fishing; he can be the busiest man doing nothing you ever saw.

Without Mrs. Joe the place wouldn't get on at all, she really runs things, oversees the kitchen, buys all the supplies, makes out your bill and it's she who accepts your money as you leave. Joe has his job though too: it is his part to greet you when arriving, string out his stock of stories during your stay and to look very sad and downcast at your departure; other than that he fishes. He's a lovable old fraud though. It's Joe as much as the fishing that keeps me coming back year after year.

It was a nice trip up, boat not too crowded, smooth water all the way and no fog. I did my various chores in Halifax on Monday, caught my train in the evening and in due time was put down on the dock where Joe's boy was waiting with the car. A few hours later I was sitting down close by just about the prettiest little salmon stream in Nova Scotia.

Right off I had my customary bad luck; there had been quite a lot of wet weather and for the first few days water was too high for fishing; we did manage to get a few trout from the meadow brook about a quarter mile back of camp though. By the fourth day the water had gone down and cleared up some and from then on we began to get our fishing. Seven beauties fell to my rod in the next few days and I was content, I don't care to murder the fish. The largest topped eighteen pounds, they get them larger up here but somehow I don't seem to land those big ones. My eighteen pounder gave me plenty of sport though, took me out well above the waist, dragged me nearly half mile and I came to shore thoroughly tired out and with a good part of the Margaree in my waders.

The day I had planned to go out I tramped up above the camp some three miles along the back trails and roads, coming down to the stream by the bridge. Not doing any fishing today, just rambling around and saying goodbye till next year.

The whole valley could be seen from here beautiful in the sunlight, small feathery clouds floating by overhead, the sound of rippling water below me, soft meadowland bordering the stream on both sides and then come the hills which bound the valley, lovely, and now I must leave it all and go back to the city. I stopped on the bridge to enjoy this wonderful picture and to see in the sweep of the stream as it came down, a rare opportunity for a painter. Just at the curve above me I saw a fisherman on the opposite bank making ready to cast. He was perhaps some three or four hundred yards upstream; he waded out well above the knees to make his first cast far out to the middle of the stream. There was a sure and workmanlike sweep to the cast that marked him as no novice, that was certain. I stood there for a time watching; it's a pretty sight to see good casting such as this and I was in a splendid position to watch. Cast after cast he made a good twenty-five yards, coming to water right in the channel where it runs strong and swift and where one usually hooks the big fish.

As I stood there watching he started downstream toward me, working the stream as he came along. As he reached a bit of gravelly beach just above the bridge he waded to shore, turned face toward me and looked up. To my surprise I then saw it was a woman, a young woman perhaps in her early twenties.

She was wearing the usual fishing duds, soft felt hat, canvas jacket, men's trousers and high waders; it was not surprising I had not seen it was a woman. I leaned over the bridge rail and nodded to her, she nodded to me and waved a hand in casual greeting. I wouldn't recognize her again, there was quite a distance between us and I couldn't see very much of her face anyhow.

When I returned to camp I told Joe about seeing the girl fishing up above the bridge.

"Oh yes," he said, "I heard o' her, she been comin' up here fur three to four years now but I never did run into her. Some o' the guides they told me about her, said she was pretty good too."

"Yes, she handles a mean rod, Joe; I watched her quite awhile and it was pretty. Where does she stay, do you know?"

"Thorp's, I hear; Thorp got a place up that way a piece above the bridge. She must be stayin' up there."

I had never seen Thorp's but I knew about where it was located. "Well, you ought to take a day off sometime, Joe, and go up there and look her over, she might give you a few pointers."

Women casting for salmon were not often met with in this country, in fact this was the only time I had encountered one in all the years of coming up here. She made quite an impression upon me.

I did not go out the following day as intended; the weather was so fine I just hated to leave, so decided to give the fish one more try after all. The next afternoon, however, I packed up and got everything ready for an early start in the morning. Joe

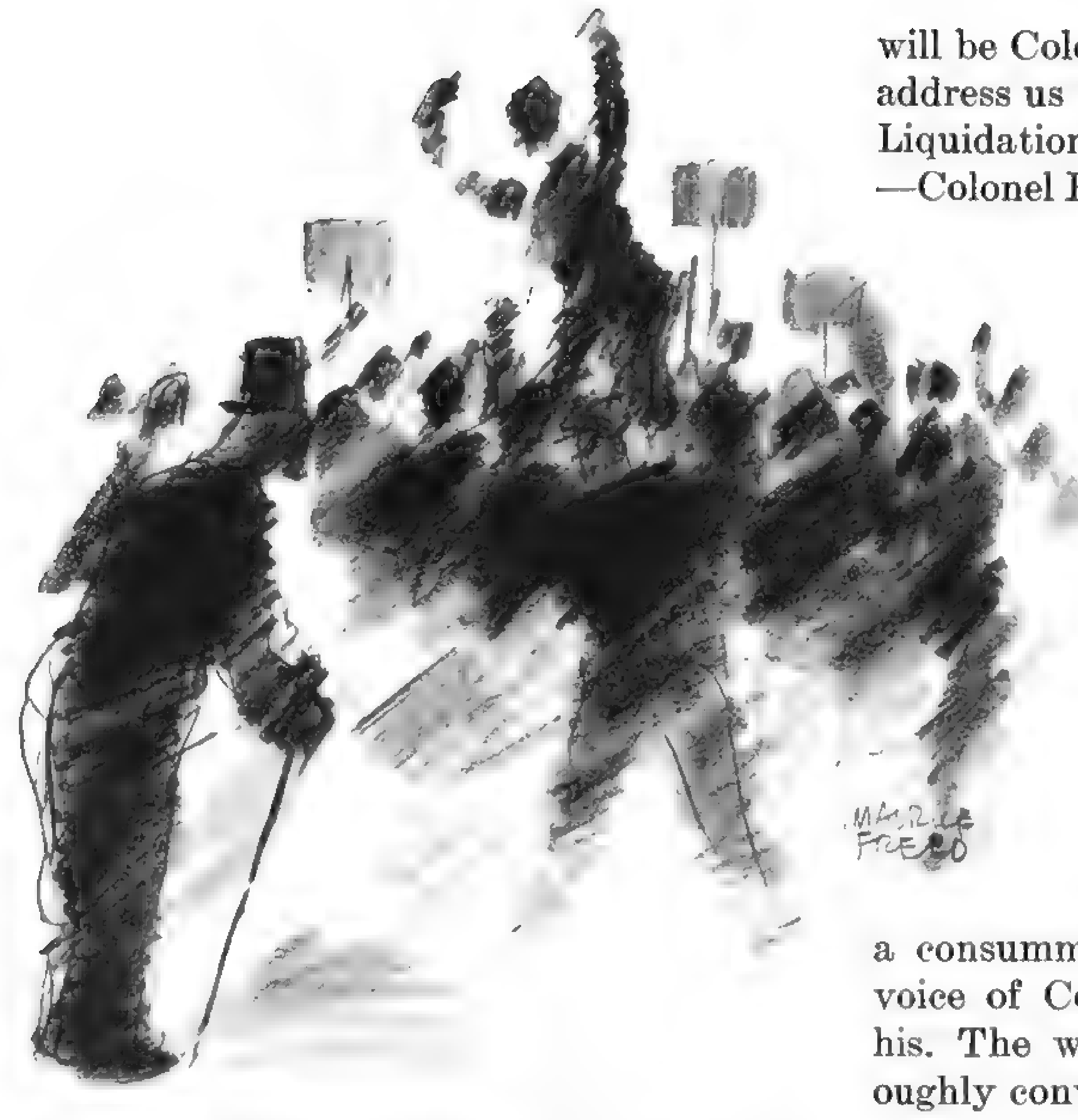
Continued on page 116

A Red of Deepest Dye

The strange case of Baskerville Bagby, who sat before the radio while undergoing a metamorphosis

by REED JOHNSTON

▪ HUMOR ▪



Colonel Baskerville Bagby, U. S. A. (retired), stood at the edge of the crowd in the Square and cheered the speaker half-heartedly. Sometimes he cheered at the wrong places; often he only muttered angrily when the others cheered; there was something decidedly odd about his presence there. He alone was immaculately dressed; he alone wore no red arm-band. The words of "The Internationale" were plainly not known to him. And then there was another difference. The others presumably knew what they were there for. Colonel Bagby did not. It was all very confusing.

The radio had begun it; then "those damned, contemptible, bird-brained nitwits," the Senior Die-Hards—for thus he spoke of his fellow clubmen—they had brought the matter to a head. And now here he was—he, Colonel Baskerville Bagby, U. S. A. (retired)—taking part in a mass-meeting that had something to do with War. He was not quite certain just what it was.

A few short months before and he had sat in the cozy lounge of the Senior Die-Hards one evening, along with a few of his fellows. They were listening, as was their habit, to the broadcast proceedings of a Left-wing rally, so that they might scoff more tellingly and to the point. "Always know more about the other fellow's game than he does" was their motto, and they had no more than got comfortably to sleep in their arm-chairs when the voice of the radio announced: "Colonel Baskerville Bagby." As one man they bounded up wide awake, cast startled glances at the Colonel, and bent toward the loudspeaker to catch the announcement.

"Our next speaker (the voice continued) will be Colonel Baskerville Bagby, who will address us this evening on 'Methods for the Liquidation of the Incorrigible Reactionary' —Colonel Bagby." And then had followed a harangue of a peculiarly violent and bloodthirsty nature, pointedly addressed, it seemed, to the members of the Senior Die-Hards in particular and all that the real Colonel Bagby held most dear. The impostor had done a good job of it too, whoever he was. He had flayed them; he had scorned them; he had said in no uncertain terms just what ought to be done with them.

And that was not the worst of it, by any means. He was a consummate mimic. The voice was the voice of Colonel Bagby. The manner was his. The whole performance was so thoroughly convincing that, sitting there before the radio, he found it necessary to shake himself occasionally to be sure he was not listening to his own voice.

As for the others, they seemed to be shaken by the same doubts. The Bagby that they knew was sitting there in the room with them, to be sure. He was also, in some unaccountable manner, speaking to them over the radio. And what he said was nothing short of treason. They ceased after a time to frown at the loudspeaker. It was the Colonel who received their burning glances and, remarking this, he felt himself tremble suddenly with a vague fear. Yet he could only sit there and suffer in silence.

He would have liked to do something really volcanic. To smash the radio; to drown out that hateful voice with his old parade-ground roar; or, better still, to call for his horse-whip and go down there and give the fellow a good hiding. Somehow, he had been able to do none of those things. Red-faced and trembling, he had waited until at last that outrageous phillipic had come to an end. Then he had pulled himself together and looked with blood-shot eyes at his fellow clubmen.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is an intolerable outrage!" The others stirred uncomfortably.

"Libelous!" said one.

"Damnable!" said another.

"Treason!" cried a third.

"What—what d'ye think I ought to do?" asked the Colonel. Nobody seemed to know. Mr. Aldrich, president of the Senior Die-Hards, said rather vaguely that *something* ought to be done about it. After that they all fell silent until finally the Colonel got up and tottered home to bed.

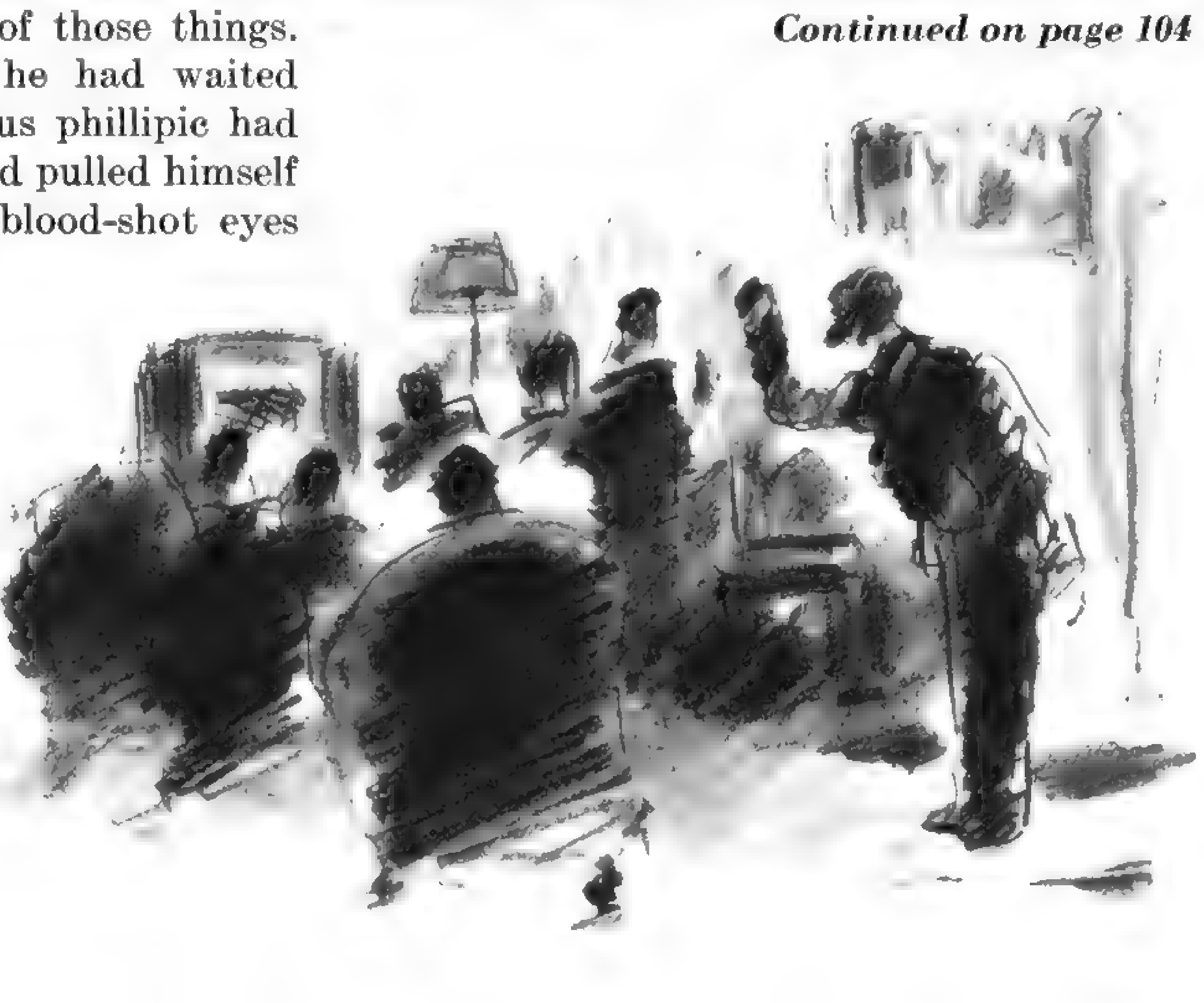
The morning had brought no relief; it only added to his bewilderment. For the newspapers had heard the speech too, and they outdid themselves in playing up the story. Of the two conservative morning journals one frankly called him a traitor, the other expressed injured surprise, in their editorial columns. Both of them published his picture; the entire speech was printed verbatim. There was every reason to believe that the whole town was talking.

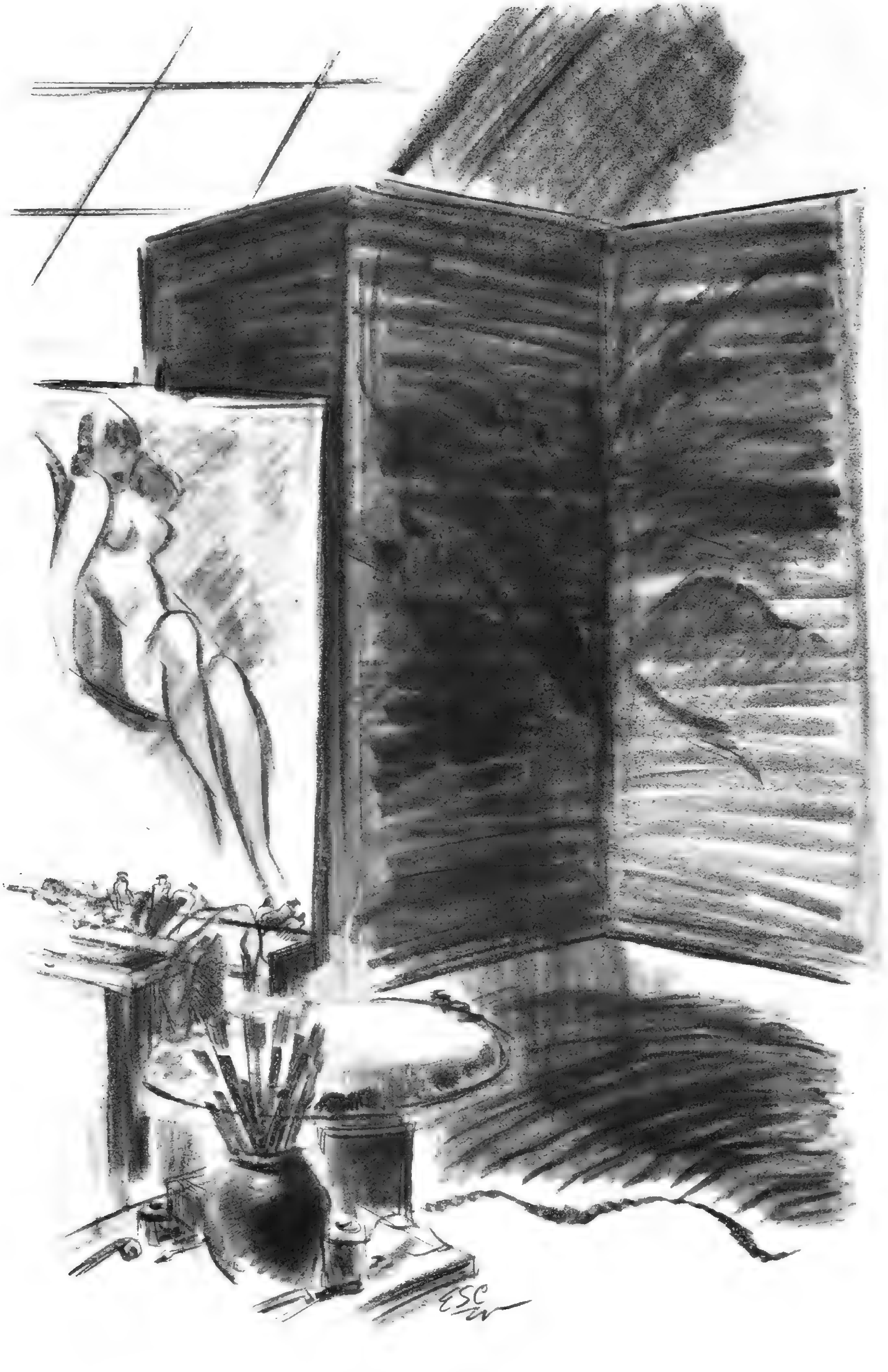
Then the phone began to ring. By nightfall Colonel Bagby had been dropped from six Committees. Eight dinner invitations had been canceled. The Sons of the American Revolution demanded an instant explanation and the American Legion despatched a telegram—in language as strong as the telegraph company would allow—roundly condemning the Colonel "and all that he stood for." Three of his oldest friends cut him dead on the street and two anonymous letters dealt with him so scurrilously that he could only roar with helpless rage.

Nor as the days passed would anyone listen to his explanations. In vain he tried to uncover the source of the hoax. In vain he wrote to the newspapers, explained to his friends, and Echo answered. They had heard his voice on the radio and he was a fool as well as a villain if he expected them to believe a cock-and-bull story about a hoax. And there the matter rested.

Then in desperation he bethought him of the Senior Die-Hards. Of course! Had they not sat there with him in the lounge while that damnable outrage was being perpetrated? They at least could inform a dis-

Continued on page 104





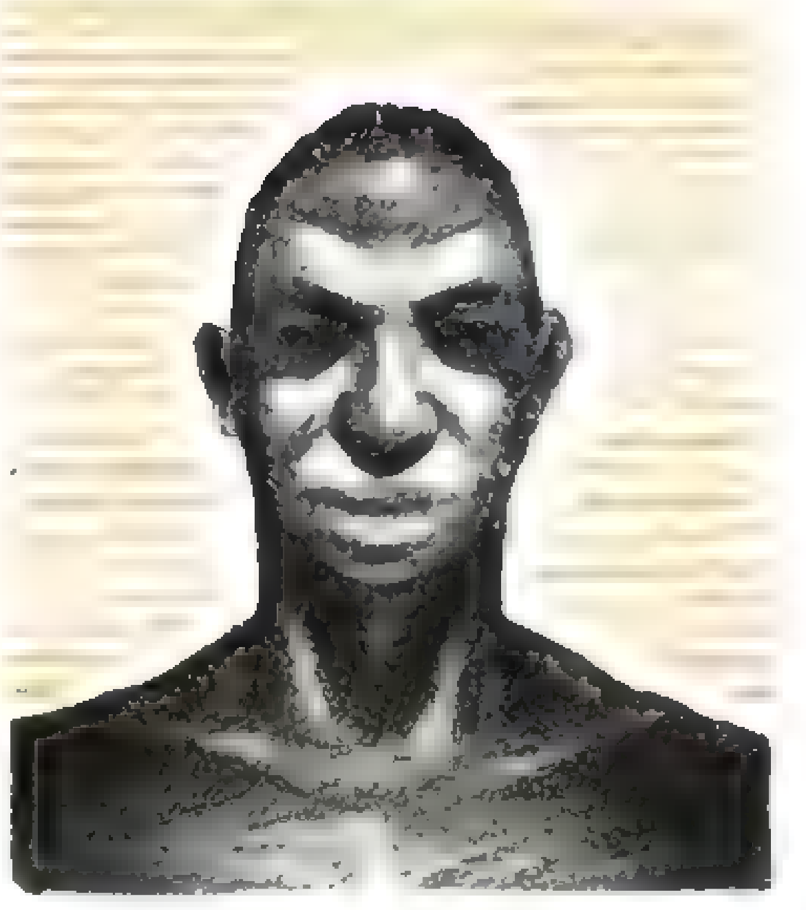
"Well—if you don't feel like painting, you don't feel like painting"

Old Twiddle Toe

He was an ebony giant standing six foot six in his sandals—a thriller as told to Paul Kearney

by MAJOR HOWARD S. REED

▪ ARTICLE ▪



Dod was an ebony giant—a Jamaica negro standing six foot six in his sandals. The reason why he stood in his sandals was that shoes big enough to fit him had not yet been made.

I think in his youth Dod would have taken Hercules in straight falls without benefit of fixers. But being past forty now, he wasn't the athlete he had been albeit his amazing physique stood him in good stead. He could, and often did, dog-trot all day long behind my mule, flatly refusing to ride one himself for reasons undisclosed. Perhaps he could make better time in greater comfort his own way. When we were in the bush after jaguar, I've seen him machete a path through the matted *liana* vines, swinging that heavy blade at the rate of two strokes for each breath for three and four hours without a single pause.

That, my friend, requires strength and stamina which he had in proportions to match his enormous heart. To the same degree this illiterate, semi-civilized black had integrity, dependability and fidelity which I never expect to see excelled in any white.

This was the gift from God which one day dropped from the blue as I sat under my *manaca* thatched roof figuring up the laborers' wages. He, with his partner, Don, had shipped in from Jamaica on a tramp steamer; had left her at Omoa and had footed it into the interior. Unless you have been an isolated white man running a banana plantation sixty miles up the Chamelecon in the jungles of Honduras with the ornery labor of those parts, you'll never know why my heart skipped a beat when I looked up and beheld this sweat-glistening man mountain. Here, by God, was a worker if I knew one on sight—and it appears that I did.

Don spoke up readily enough and said his piece. But big Dod was as inarticulate as they come. He stood there straight as a West Pointer, his face grim and smileless, his eyes meeting mine directly without the semblance of a waver. Not a muscle moved in his perfectly built body—with one exception. And that exception was the big toe of his right foot which rapidly and continuously revolved in a complete circle.

You've seen an old man twiddle his thumbs? Well, that was exactly what Dod was doing with his toe.

Through the five years I knew him, that is exactly what he always did whenever he was suffering the torture of preparing to speak more than a monosyllable.

Well, Dod and his partner went on the payroll in a jiffy, and it wasn't long before old Twiddle Toe had a special job all his own. Racketeering wasn't known in the States in those days, but down around the fifteenth parallel it was an old Honduran custom. The No. 1 man of the local hoodlums resented his inability to cut in on the pay of my plantation labor, and after we had successfully checked his intimidation of the natives, he fell back on the ancient device of sabotage. Every morning we would find some of our live stock bearing his signature: a machete wound as deep as your hand running from shoulder to rump. It would have been easier to kill them outright, but that wasn't his idea. By leaving them to suffer, he compelled us to spend time and energy doctoring the wounds to stave off the flies and maggots.

So Dod became overseer of the live stock. He accepted the detailed responsibilities with a simple nod and went to work. He knew animals and handled them well; he knew natives, too. And with this soft-footed giant making his cat-like rounds of the *potreros* throughout the night, the popularity of cattle sticking dropped to zero.

Dod's only other duty was to accompany me on jaguar hunts and again he was priceless. He was the only man, black, white or brown, with the guts to go into the bush with me when the trail got hot: the only one I've ever heard of with the foolhardy nerve to walk into a female jaguar's lair, snatch two kittens and run with the infuriated mother only two jumps behind.

"My God, Dod!" I said after I'd lowered my rifle and mopped my brow, "suppose I'd missed?"

"Massa doan't miss," was his only comment.

You can't appreciate that until you've seen how craven the natives are when they get close to a jaguar. I'll grant you this cat is no play toy, but those *mozos* have lived in jaguar country all their lives and you'd expect them to be more rational about the beast. But not they. They'll stay with you on the trail until you come across the remains of a fresh kill—then it's bye! bye! natives. As for beating the bush where the animal is cornered, that's unthinkable to them. And since you can't beat and shoot, both, old Dod, who feared neither man nor beast, was my ace in the hole at the showdown.

Of course, when I first went to Honduras it was expressly to hunt jaguars for the museums. But after I bought a plot of banana acreage, hunting the cats came to be a business proposition. During the wet season they stay up in the hills where they belong. But as the six-month dry spell becomes more intense, the game on which they live moves down the rivers to water and the jaguar naturally follows. Being on the outposts, our plantation soon came within their scope, and since these furry devils have an unholy appetite for fresh pork, they'd raise hell with my hogs.

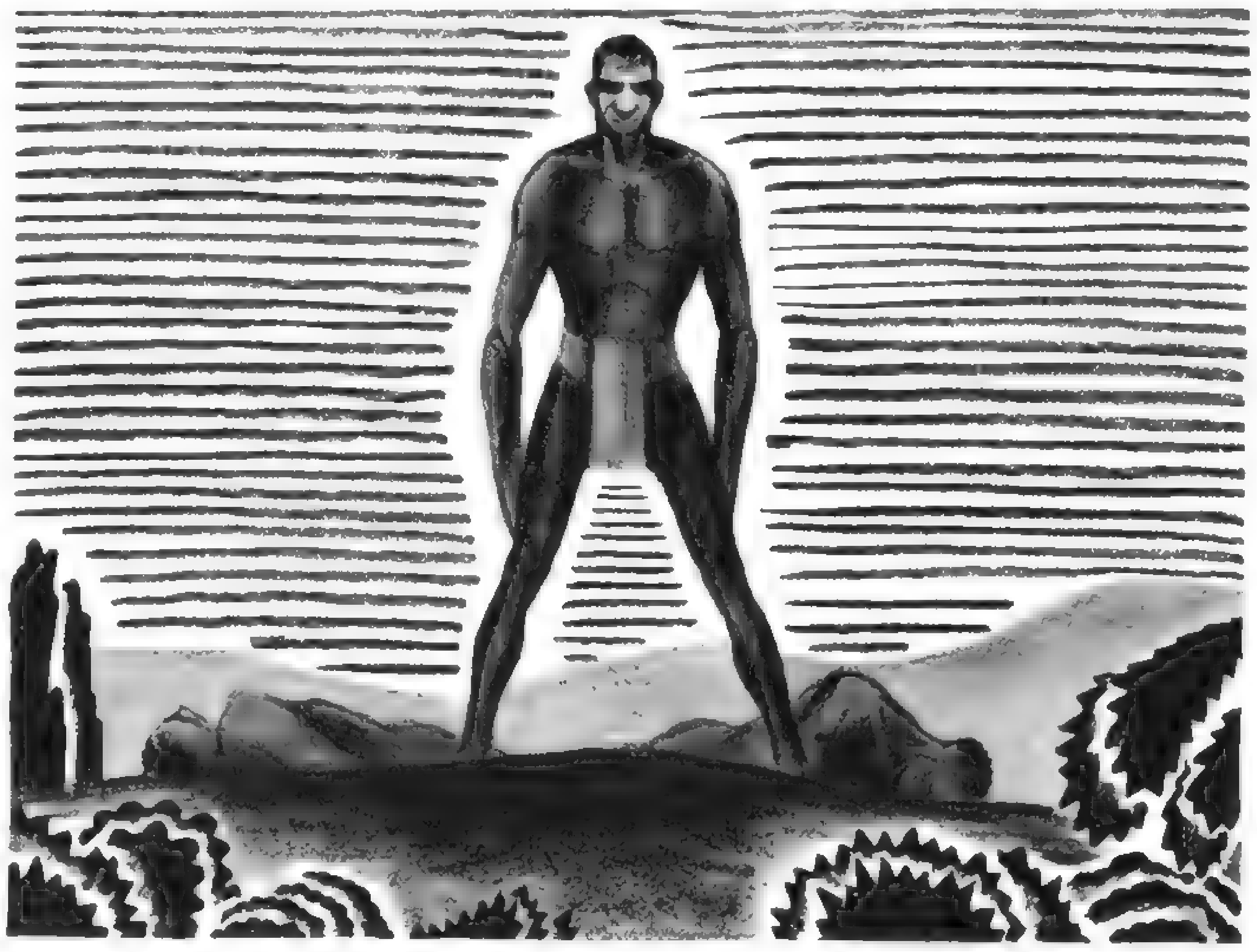
Well, the dry season was on us now; the cats were moving in; the hogs were disappearing. When the third report came in, I determined to go out the following Wednesday and get to work. Dod accepted the word with his usual nod and the faint grimace which was his smile. On Tuesday he was going into the little village of Chamelecon to dicker for a cow: he'd be back that night and we'd start at sun-up.

Knowing Dod to be as regular as a clock—yea! more regular—I thought no more of it until departure time arrived with no Dod to be seen. The party idled around for an hour in vain and we finally pushed off without him. This was the first time he had ever broken his word and I knew there was a good reason. I felt, too, that he would press on afterwards and catch up.

This hadn't materialized when we made camp that night. But next morning, bright and early, there was the rascal with his steely eye, his blunt nod, and not an explanatory word. His left hand was crudely wrapped in a blood-stained bandage, but his only comment was, "Ah's sorry Ah didn't git there, Massa." And I didn't ask

for particulars because I felt they would be forthcoming in due time.

They came that night around the dying camp fire. Sleep had overtaken the two natives who rolled up in their cotton blankets and dozed off. Dod and I, facing each other across the sputtering embers, remained silent for a long time. Then Dod arose to his characteristic military posture and stood rigidly for quite a spell, staring into the fire while its flickering reflections danced crazily across his statuesque features. Covertly I glanced at his feet: sure enough, the big toe was twirling—the story was coming to a boil!



After a wait which seemed like an hour, he began very haltingly. "Massa, Ah wants to tell you how Ah came to break my word yistidy."

"Yes, Dod," I murmured softly for fear of startling that timid tongue. And with many pauses and preliminary stammerings the details came out.

It seems that at Chamelecon Dod, who did a little cattle slaughtering on the side for the local feast days, ran afoul of two natives. Whether they were rival butchers or just frustrated stickers of my live stock, I don't know, but they had some grudge against the big black. Words passed in the village but the thing blew over and old Twiddle Toe had forgotten it until, on the homeward trail that evening, he was astounded to see the two natives leap at him from the bush, brandishing their ugly, thirty-inch machetes.

Big as he was, Dod was quick on his feet: quick enough to dart back far enough to elude the first lunge, parrying the next thrust with his own drawn weapon. Chagrined at the failure of their surprise sally, the pair came at him with increased fury. This wasn't sticking a hog in the dark—it promised to be a battle even at those odds, and they settled down to it with all the craft and skill they possessed.

I've often thought that if those natives were half as industrious at useful work as they are in machete brawls, they'd get somewhere. But they'd much rather fight, and they do so much of it that they've developed an amazing skill. Their long knives are whetted to almost a razor edge and they handle the heavy things with a dexterity that would shame a trained broadswordsman. They play "for keeps," too, aiming at the heart with a swirling, circular thrust, and their blows aren't love taps by a damn sight—they're powerful enough to clip a man's forearm off below the elbow. I've seen it done.

Well, that's what Dod was up against: not only one panther-like native with a three-foot razor, but two. And his problem was merely to keep his precious bowels where they belonged in spite of their notions to the contrary.

Naturally, they tried to flank him and he jockeyed to keep both in front. Parrying two blades from the same quarter is tough enough, but if one ever got behind him, it was curtains—and even the emotionless Dod confessed that he thought he was finished twenty different times.

That night in the feeble glow of the camp fire he re-enacted that fight with a dramatic power that was superb. His words were stumbling but he was living through it again: every thrust, every lithe body movement, every parry. Even as I sat there in the damp of the jungle night he had me dripping with perspiration and panting for wind.

Well, in due time one of the *mozos* left an opening and Dod's blade caught him flush in the left breast coming in. Before he could disengage it, the other was on him. The big black ducked and slapped at the shimmering machete with his left arm. For an ordinary man it would have been a feeble gesture, but Dod was an ox. He did deflect the sharp blade. But he caught it palm open and it clipped off his thumb from index finger to wrist, clean as a whistle.

The sight of Dod's blood seemed momentarily to revive the victim writhing on the ground. Shrieking at his partner, he clutched the gaping breast, as if to seal the wound, rising on the other elbow to "second" the surviving combatant. But the drain of the sticky red stuff that oozed through his fingers was too much: his insane voice choked and gurgled and soon there was no sound but the clangor of the two machetes.

Dod, too, was bleeding like a fire hose, but he knew with a grizzly elation that it was going to be his decision now. One to one was easy for this tireless giant, and it wasn't long before the second adversary was clutching at his own belly and gnawing the grass in his gory finale.

Without relaxing his vigilance, old Twiddle Toe watched until the death contortions had ceased and then he set about his own case. With a length of tough guinea grass he made a crude tourniquet for his throbbing wrist: a few moments scuffling in the brush unearthed an herb whose astringent leaves he chewed to a pulp and slapped on the wound. Binding the job with a strip of his sopping tunic, he leaned against a tree to regain his breath and his wits.

For Dod now had a problem quite as acute as the one he had just solved. The village was less than a mile away and he was right out on the main trail. At his feet lay the bodies of two dead natives, friends and relatives of those villagers. He was black—a foreigner in that country—and the odds were now many more than two to one against him.

If natives should come along the trail the first hostile glance would reveal the bloody murder of two peace-loving men. Returning to Chamelecon, they would bring back a wrathy posse under the leadership of the sputtering *Poncharme*, and they would cut his heart out with alacrity and delight. Even if they suffered a sissy reversion to law and order, that would be worse. Tied hand and foot, he'd be slung on his belly across a mule for a day's journey cross country to the pigsty of a *cabilda* at San Pedro Sula. There, covered with hungry body lice and scampering roaches, fed on stinking water and half-cooked *tortillas*, he'd languish in that foul jail until insanity overtook him.

No, the dice were loaded no matter how they rolled: he had to get rid of those bodies—and he had no time to waste.

Thrashing around the near-by bush for a suitable hiding place, he soon encountered the big stump of a *ceiba* tree. It stood head-high to him, which means some six and a half feet, and the trunk was hollow with age. Twenty feet off the trail, it was an ideal sarcophagus for a pair of stiffs: the problem was how to get those two 170 pounders into the damned thing with only one serviceable hand.

He could, and did, drag them easily enough off the trail to the base of the stump. But he couldn't lift them—and he couldn't leave them in the open.

It was then that Dod's ponderous mind slowly arrived at the solution of his new dilemma. The machete was a tool as well as a weapon—he was a butcher as well as a fighter. So squatting on his haunches in the unseeing bush, he methodically and, no doubt, very neatly carved the bodies of his erstwhile enemies into chunks of convenient size. Piece by piece he deposited them in the hollow *ceiba*, and then he went on his way, a great load off his mind.

His story completed, he lapsed into silence, leaving me with my own private dilemmas. I was a white American and although the local big shots were hostile, I was very friendly with the federal officials, having come here with a State Department introduction. Beyond this I was Dod's boss—and now the judge and jury trying a crime.

I stared into the fire in contemplation. Dod was a good man and I believed him. With a horrible wound he had traveled a day and a night through the jungle to keep his word. With that same wound he had tracked with us all day without a murmur. He hadn't picked the brawl—they had ambushed him.

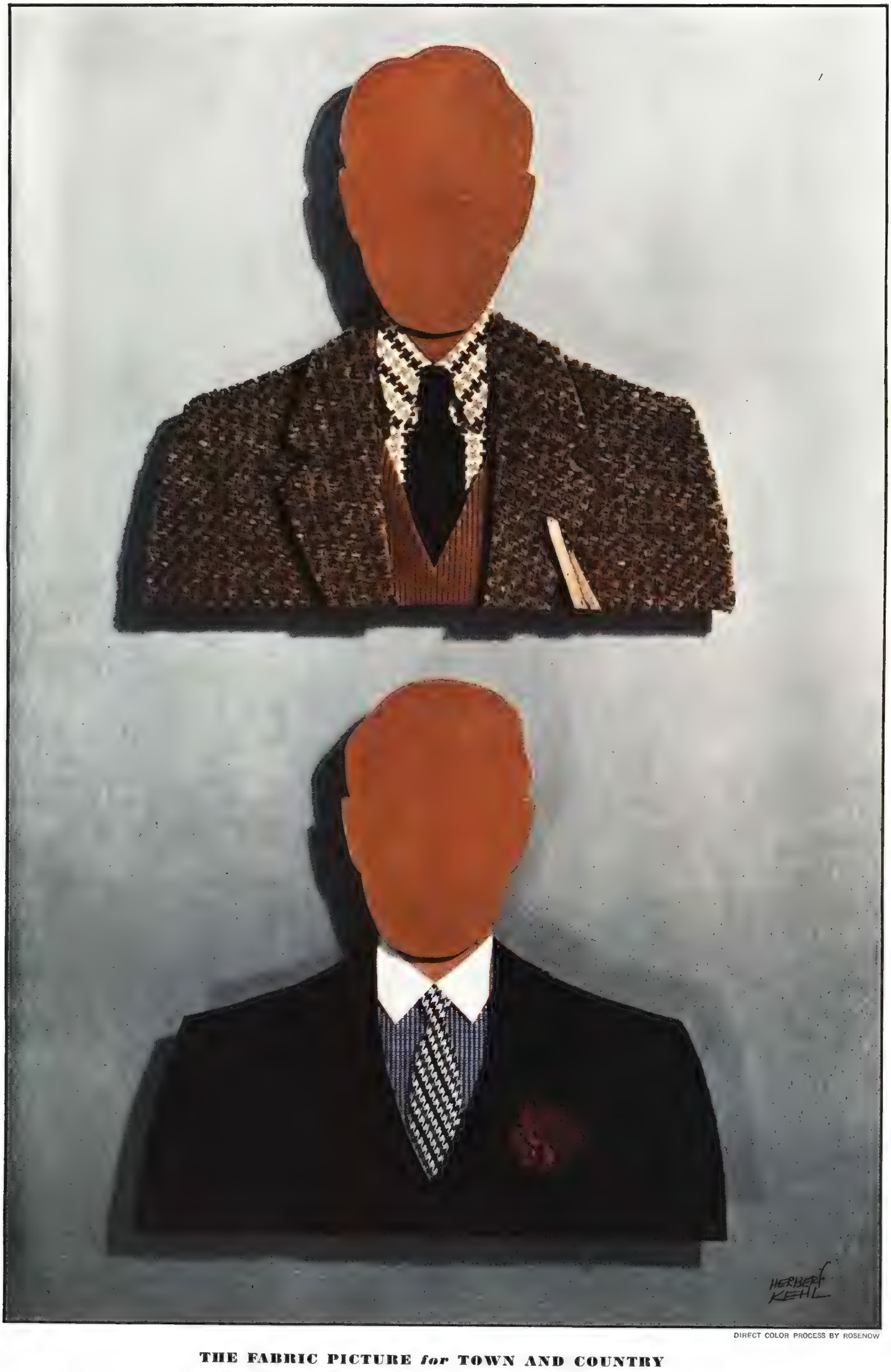
And his reasoning about the *corpus delicti* was beautifully perfect.

I looked up at him but his countenance was implacable. His body was erect again—even his toe was still. Clearly he had completed his summation and rested his case. There was no plea.

"Dod," I said finally, staring at the winking stars. "I didn't hear a damn word you said."

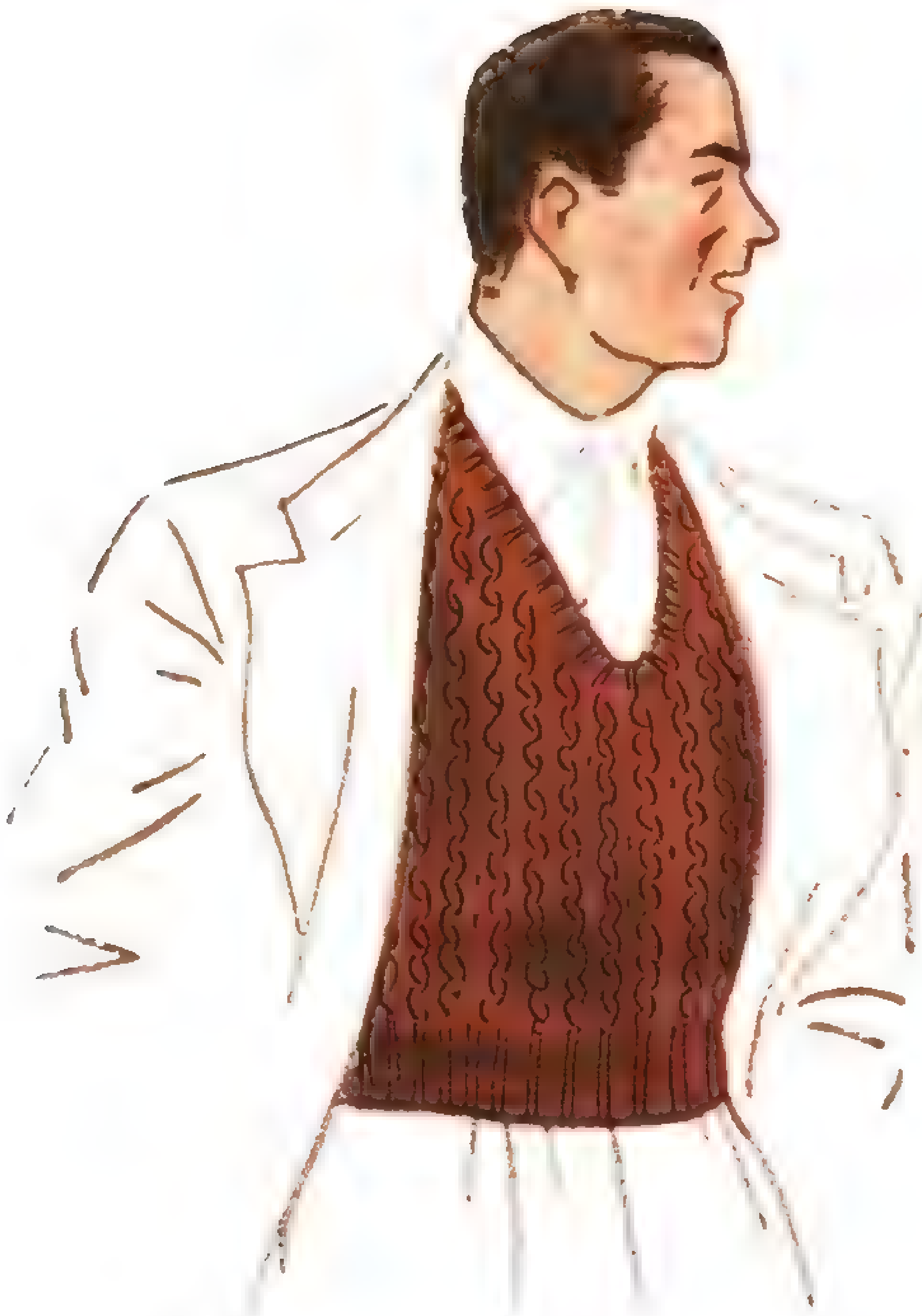
"Massa," he replied very quietly, "Ah knowed you'd say that—Ah knowed it."

And he sat down by the fire once more.

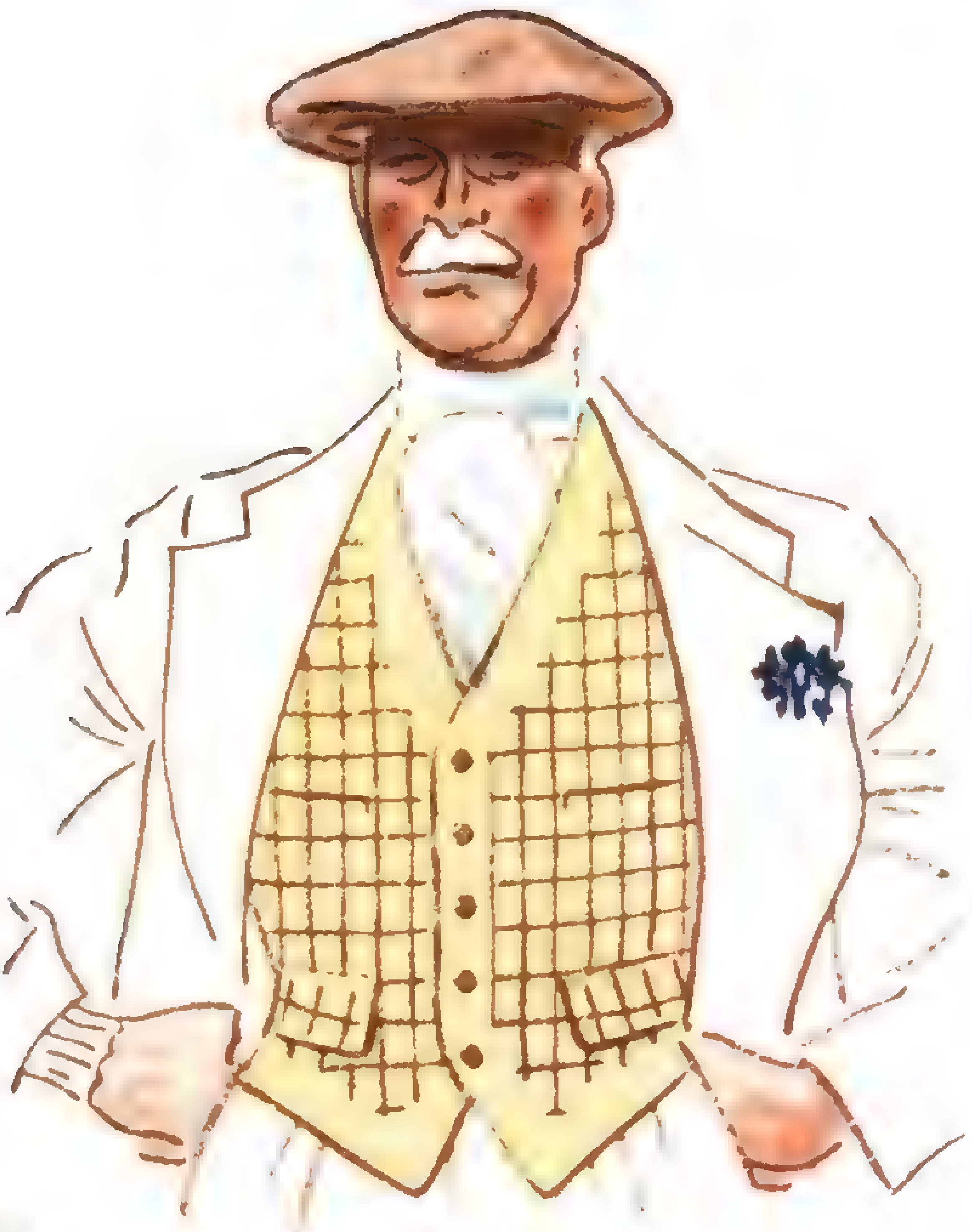

HERBERT KEHL

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

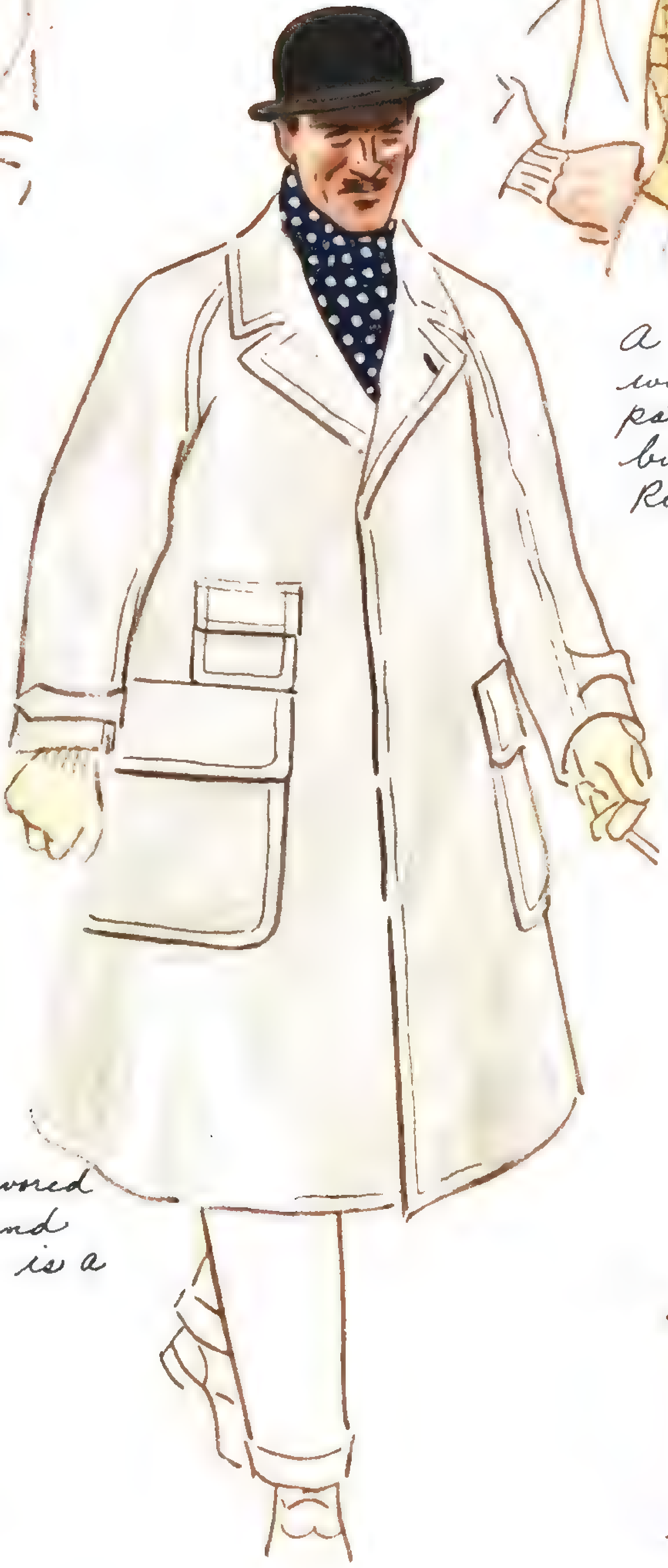
THE FABRIC PICTURE *for* TOWN AND COUNTRY



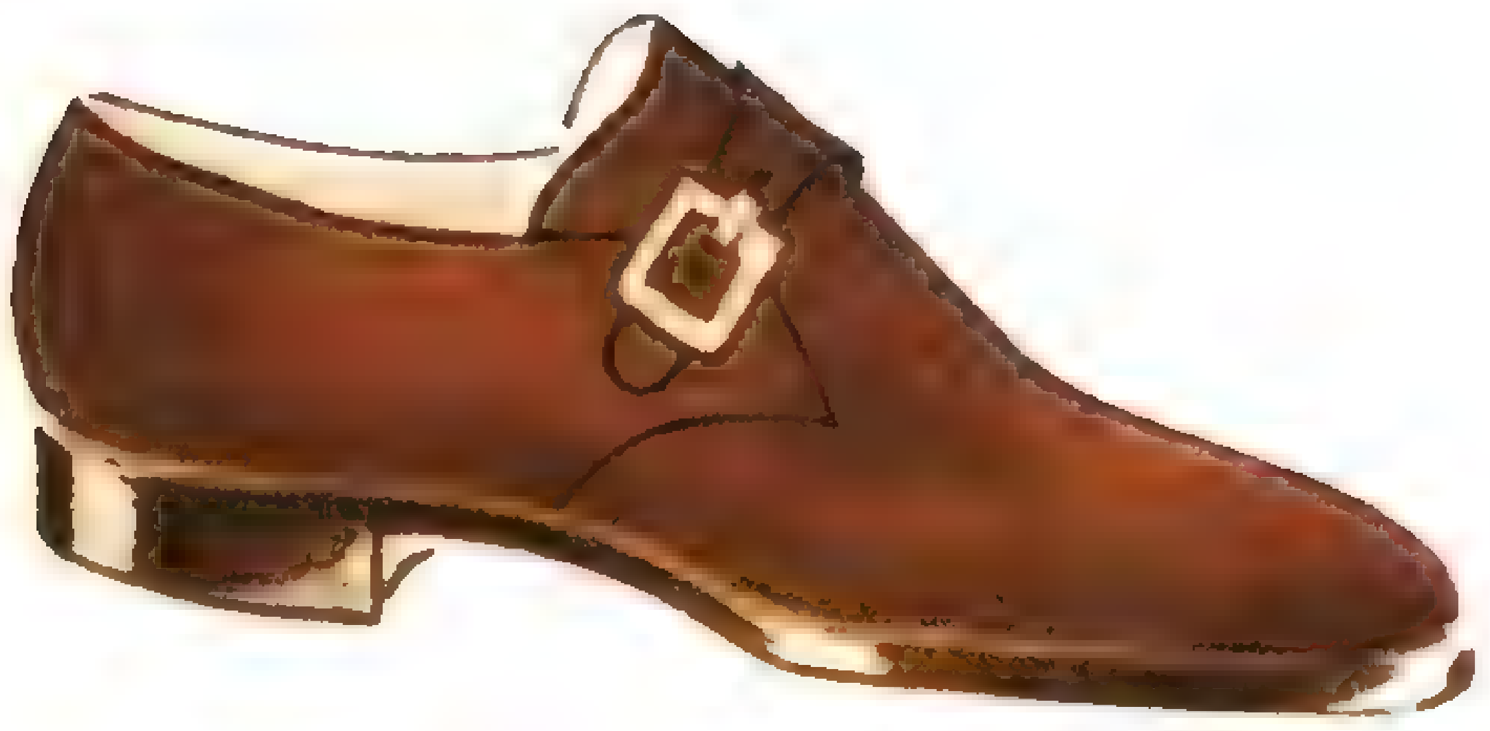
The popular cable stitch pull-over at Cambridge, Eng.



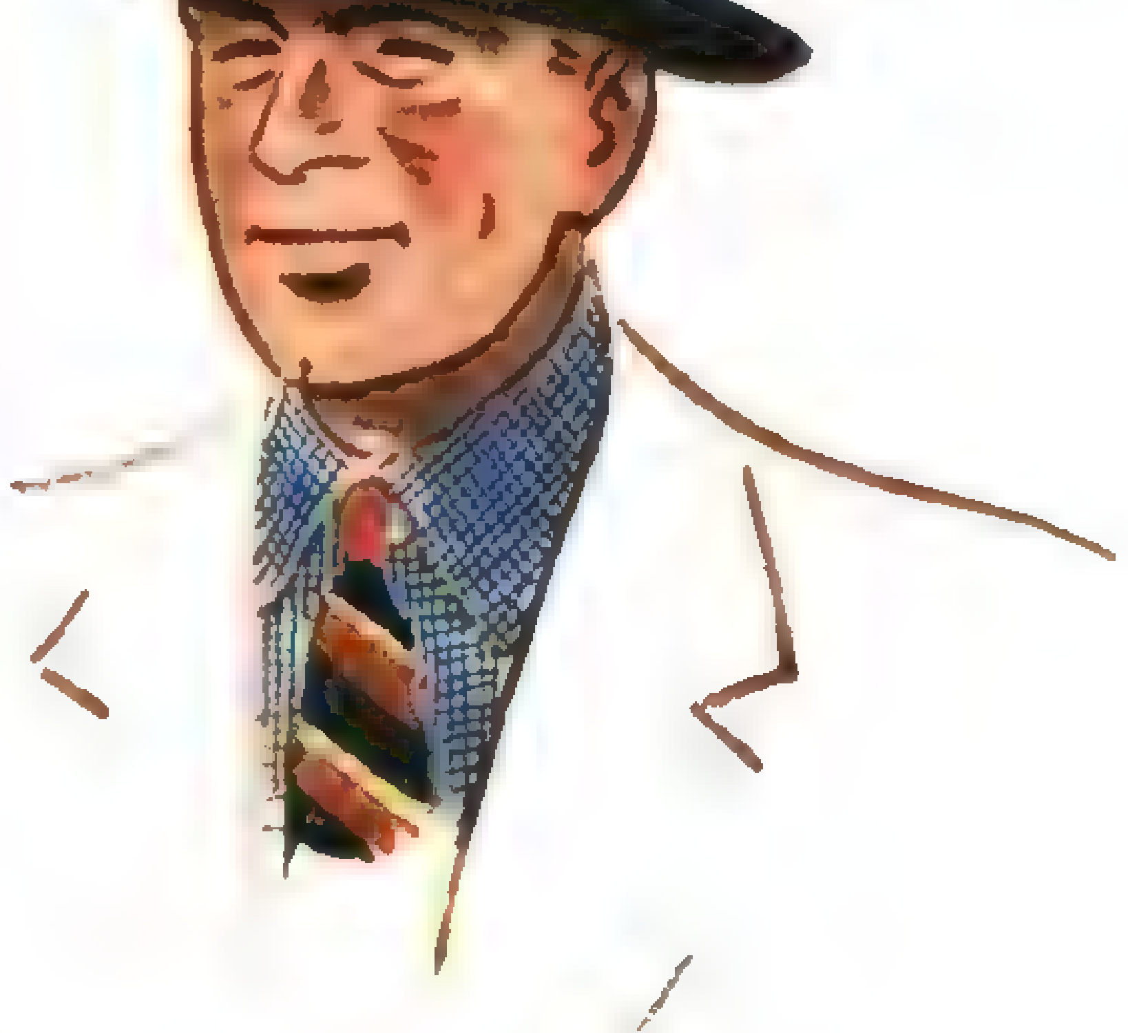
A knitted wool waistcoat in tattersal pattern with brass buttons, seen at the Richmond Royal Horse Show, Eng.



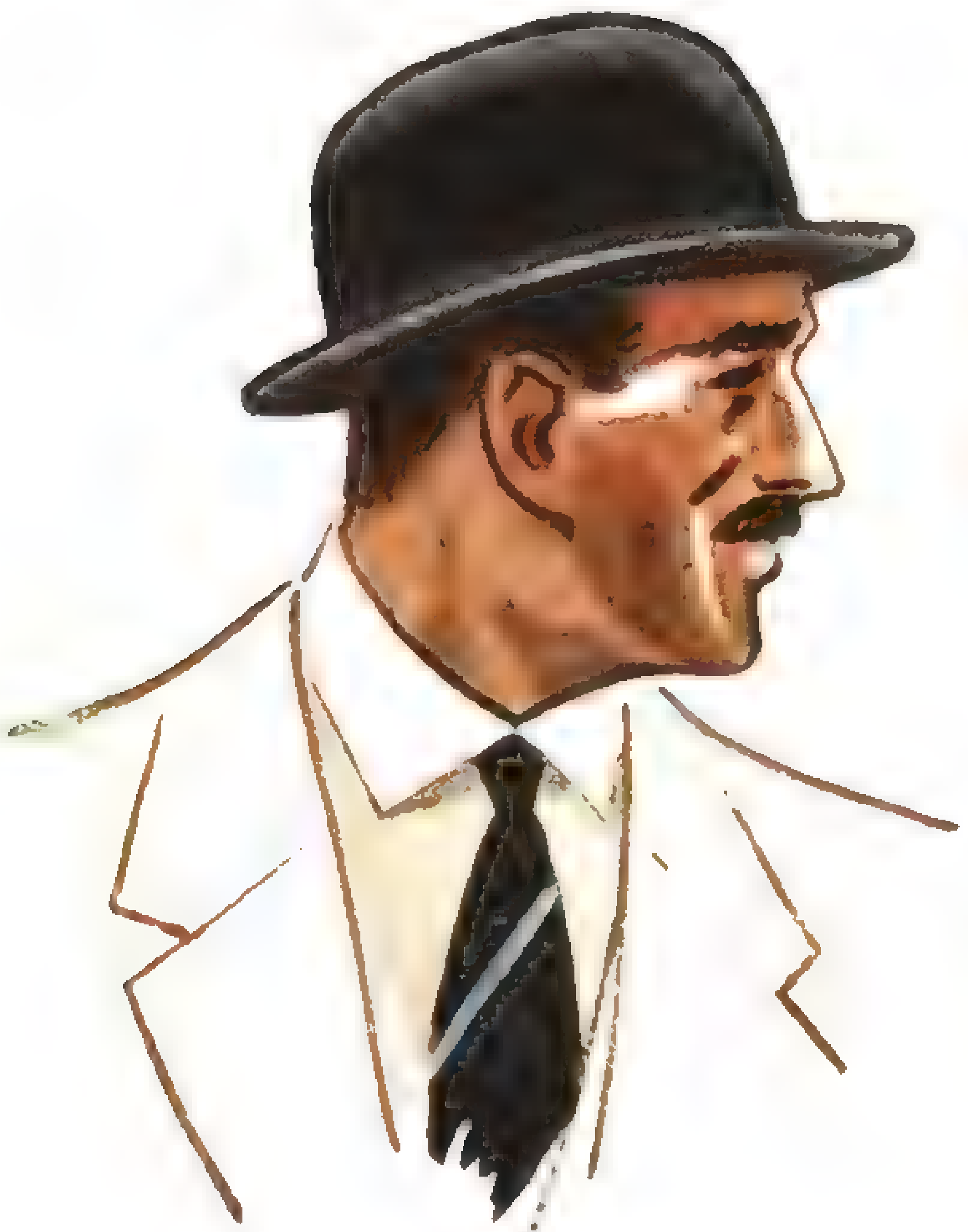
A new raincoat short but with full sweep, a favored fashion in England where a raincoat is a daily necessity.



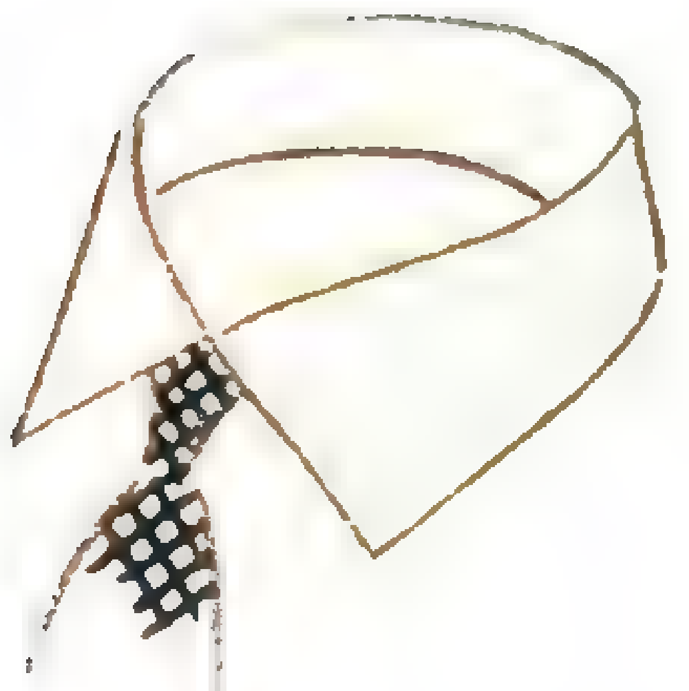
The monk buckskin shoe favored for country wear



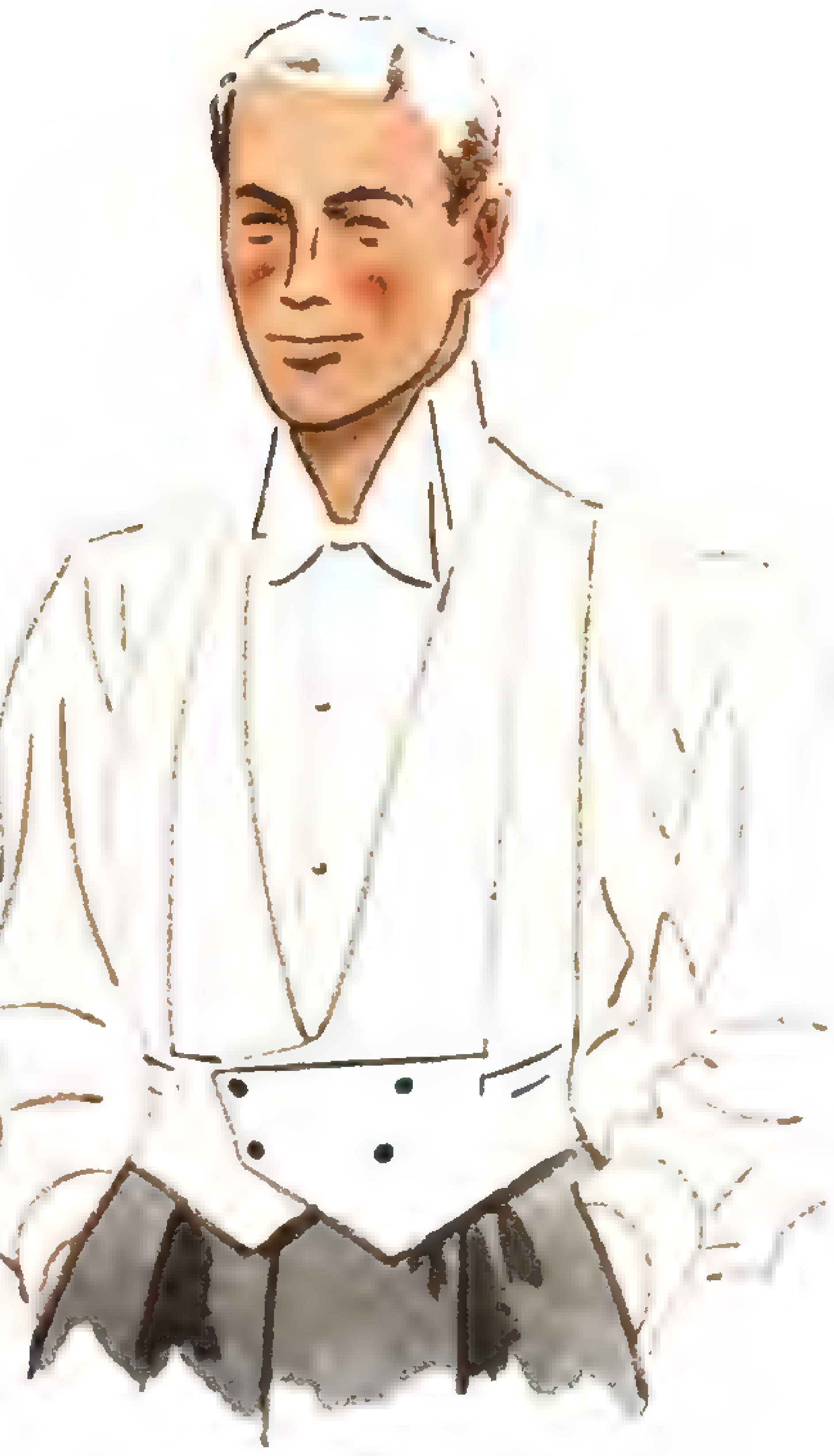
The Pork Pie hat is high in favor for sportswear and week-ending



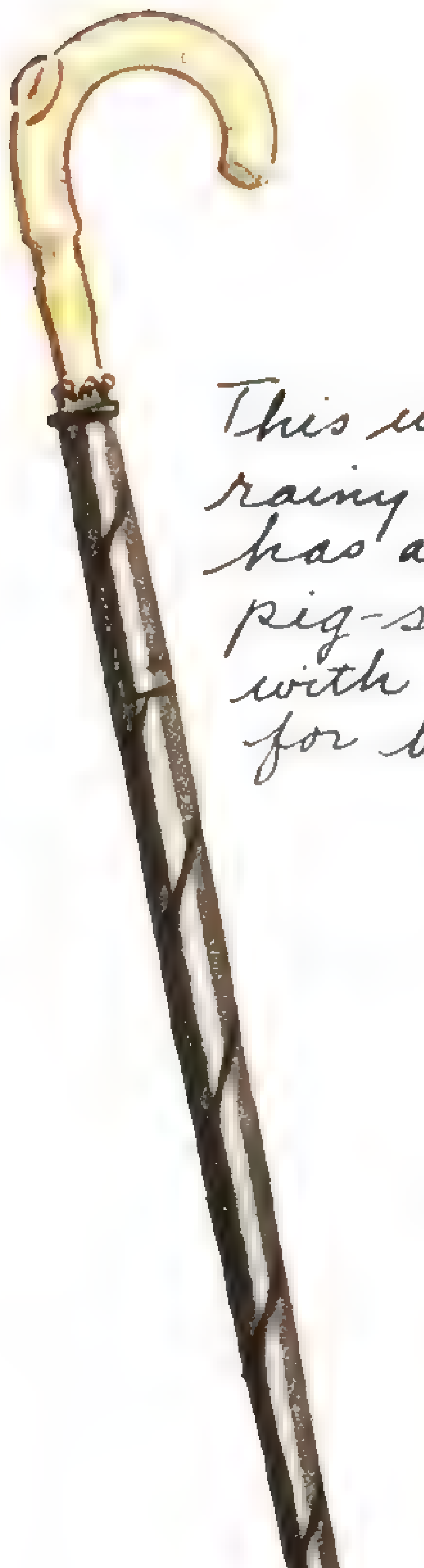
Seen on Bond St London- this bowler that features a narrow, flat set brim



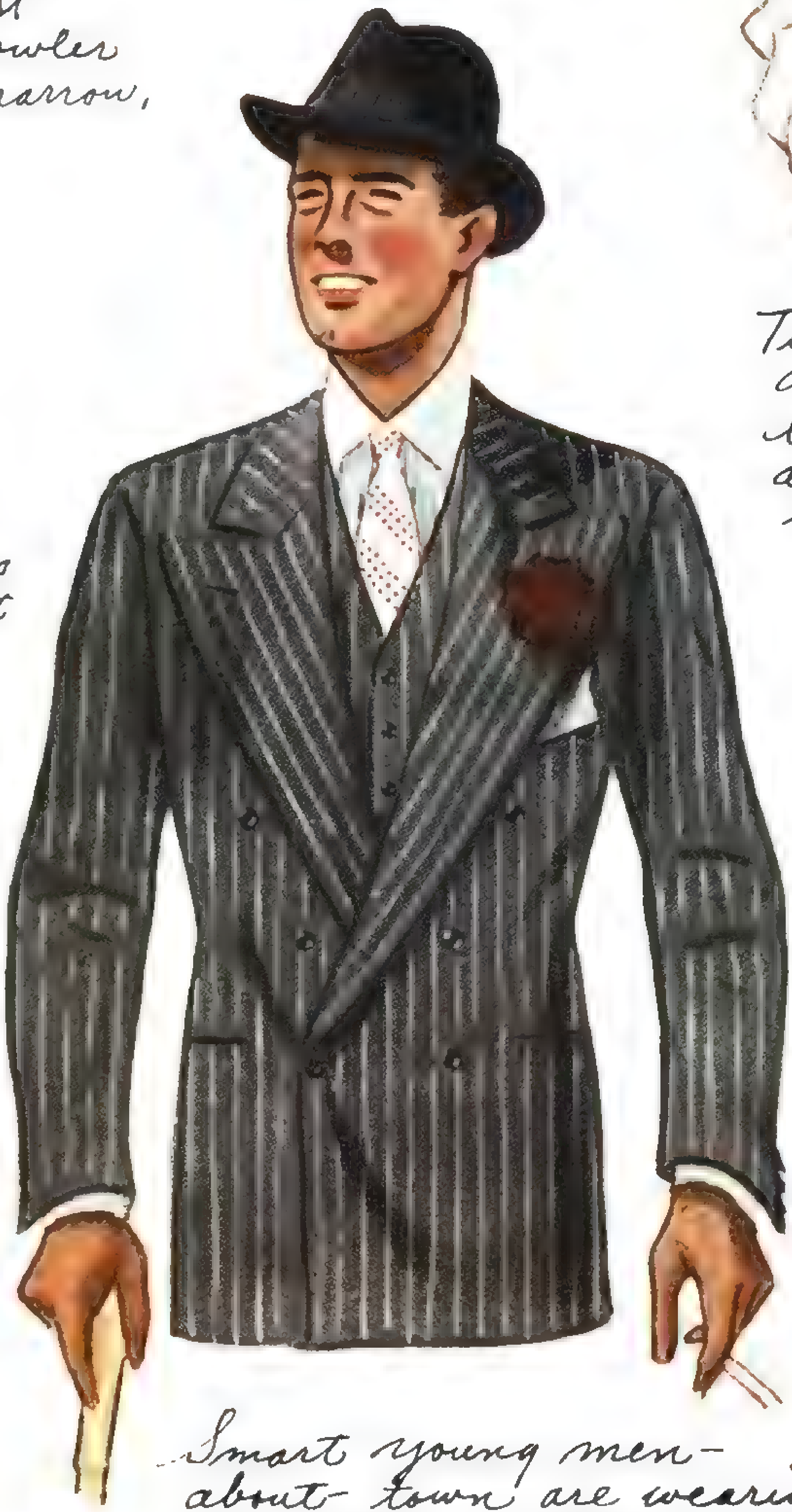
Well dressed Londoners favor this wide spread starch collar for wear with colored soft shirts



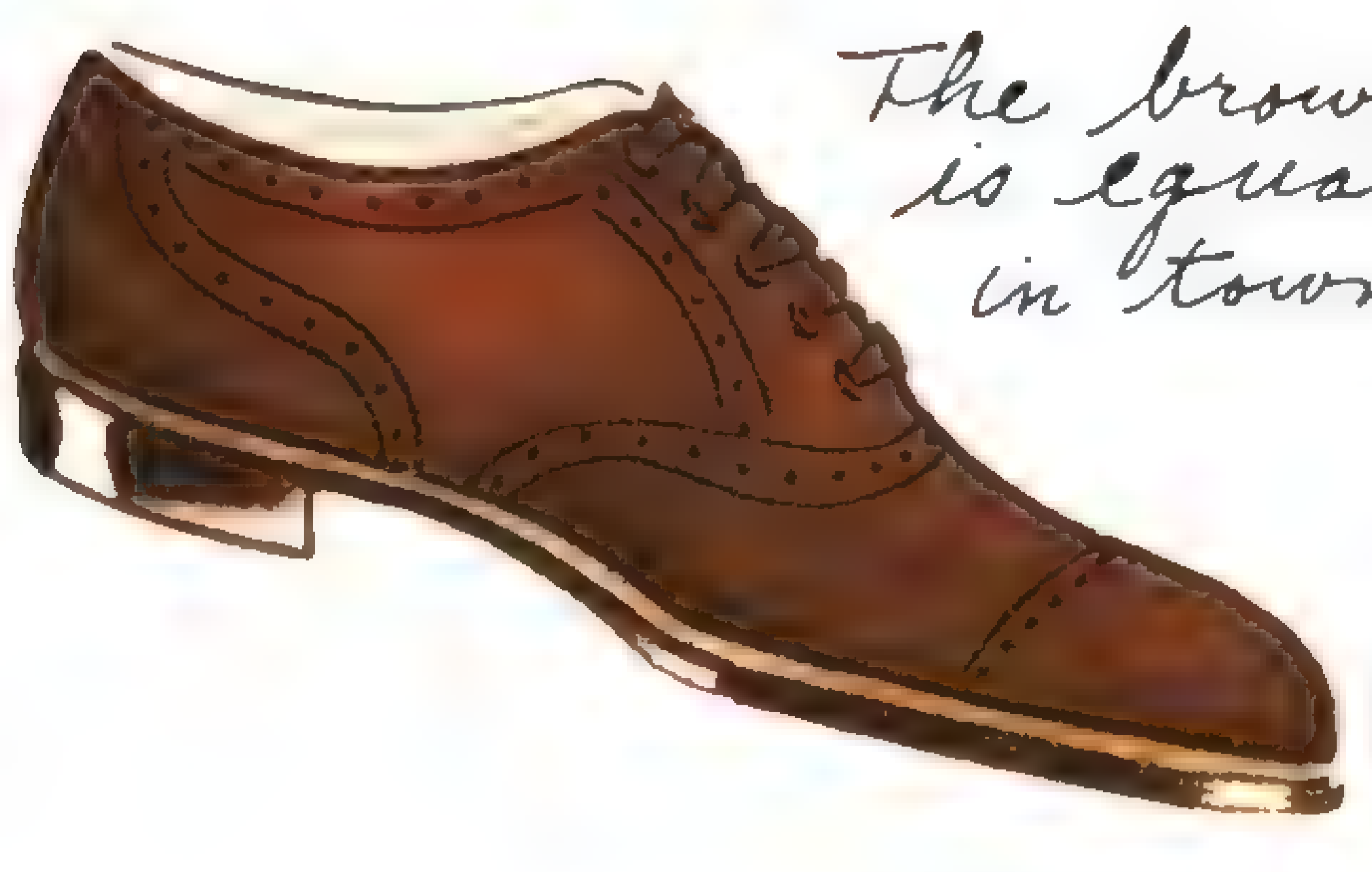
Two new formal wear accessories, a double breasted waist coat and a collar with wider wings



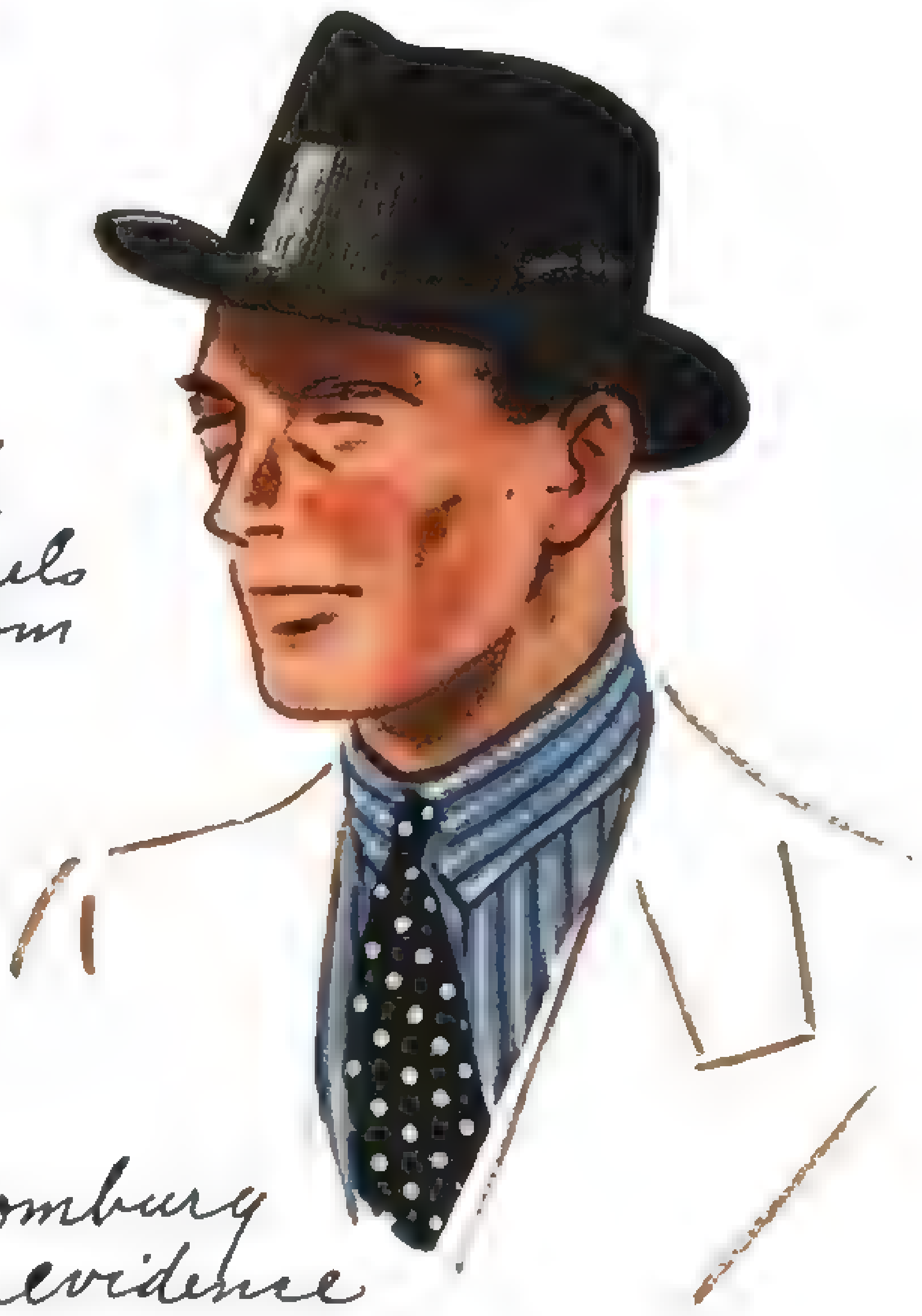
This umbrella for rainy racing days has a parchment pig-skin handle with a pencil for betting notes



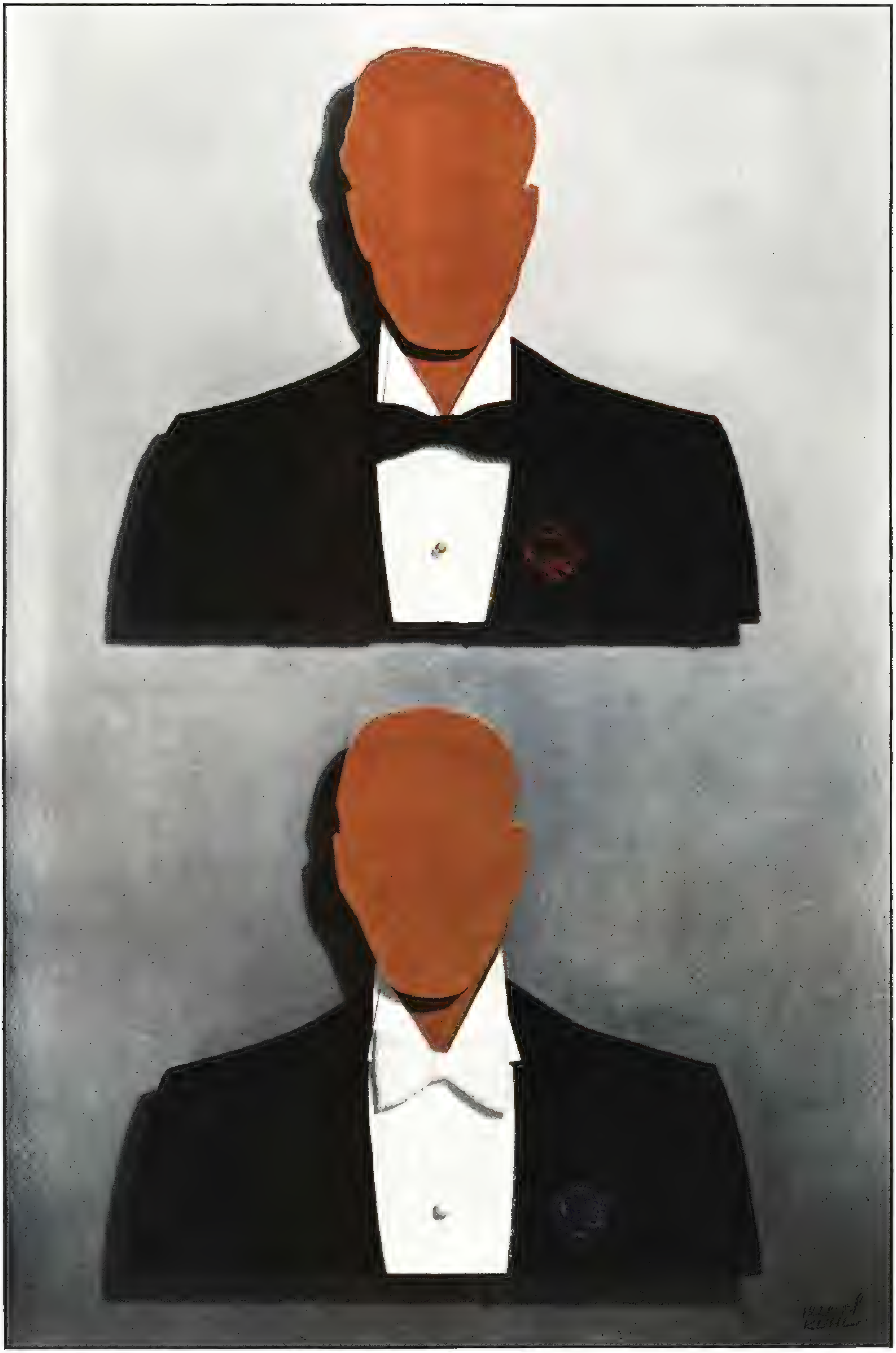
Smart young men-about-town are wearing this new model double breasted suit with lapels that roll to the bottom button.



The brown suede shoe is equally popular in town or countryside

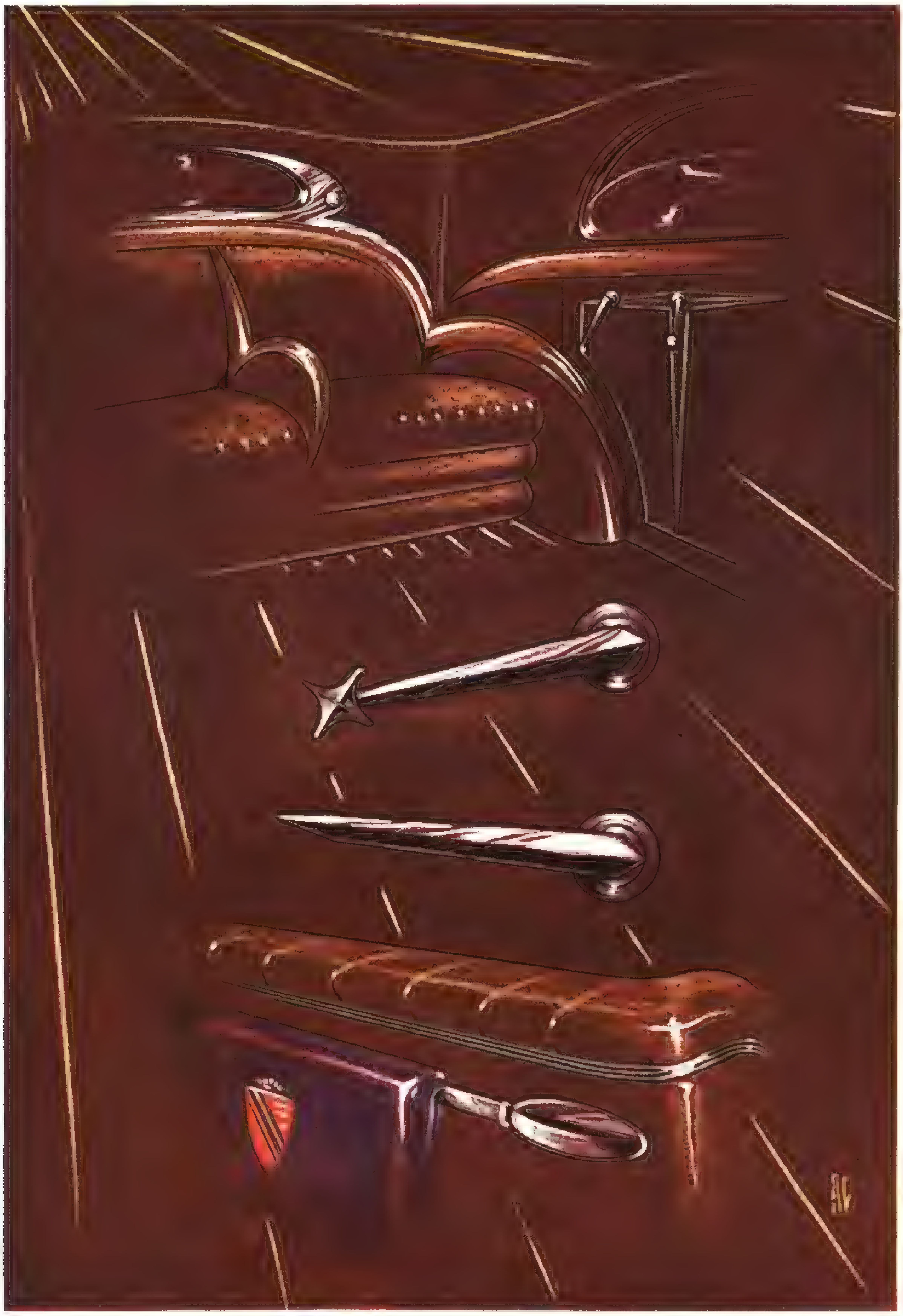


Black Homburg hat in evidence at the smart places in London.



DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

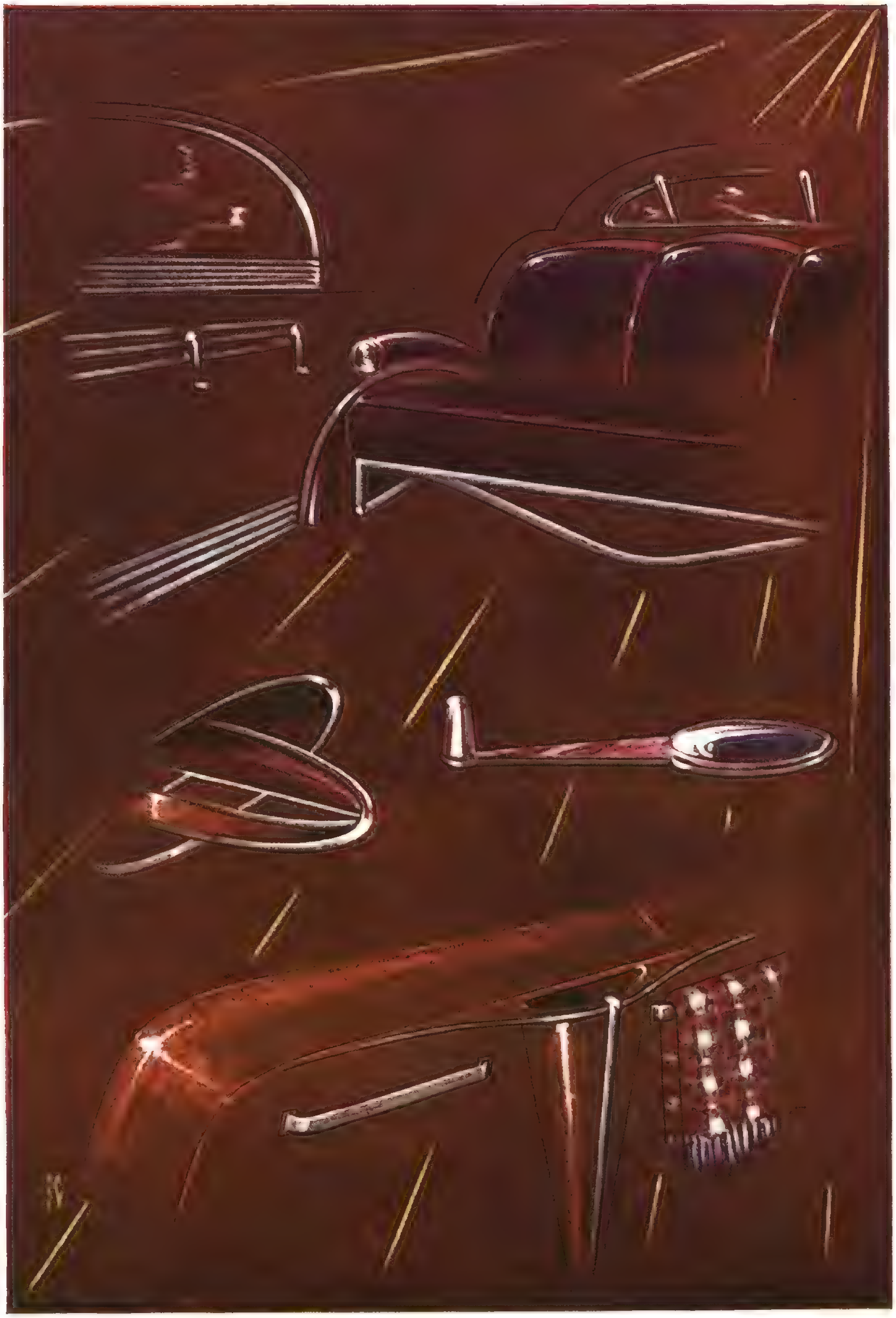
THE FABRIC PICTURE *for the* EVENING



STREAMLINES FOR THE INTERIOR

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

At the top of the page, a suggestion for an interior using as a decoration an upholstered roll encircling the seats and tapering into the shape of an arm-rest over the wheelhouse. Similar decoration in upholstery on the door as well. Satin finish metal effects around the rear window with inserted blue light. Center, new shapes in window regulator and remote control. Bottom, back of driver's seat, showing corrugated metal molding used as decorative outlining for the luxurious upholstery, and an oval ashtray blended with a flat modern robe rail. The colorful crest lends a bit of enlivenment.



STREAMLINES FOR THE INTERIOR

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

At the top of this page, a more modern interior treatment in keeping with the trend which requires air circulation and easier access to the space under the seats. Suggested materials, blue corduroy with red piping, chrome tubular skeletons and molding effects on the doors. Note the two streamline lights over the window. Left center, an oval ashtray suitable for either the instrument board or the rear sides, pivoted vertically and inconspicuous when closed. Center right, very flat window regulator handle which requires no washer. Bottom, back of driver's seat containing umbrella holder.

So You Want to Go Native?

Continued from page 70

ing of the blood that comes with northern springs, you'll miss also that odious weather when the sexes, fur-coated and red-nosed, pass unheeding on the street.

Food, whether you pick it or grow it, is of primary concern to all primitive people; instead of movies, books and business, you'll talk about the food supply just as every other savage does. At Olono food was endlessly interesting because within 300 yards of our houses we found the regular South Sea abundance of: pineapples, guavas, mangoes, *papaias* (melon-like fruit that grow on trees in the tropics), yams, limes, bananas, avocados (Hawaiians fatten pigs on them), pomegranates, breadfruit, coconuts—all growing riotously, scornful of cultivation or care. Breadfruit, by the way, *does* resemble our staff of life.

When picked at the right time (you'll have to learn that by experience) and boiled in a kerosene tin or roasted in a ground-oven to the exact "doneness," the round, volley-balls of food are creamy colored and taste like firm, unsweetened cake.

But although you can keep sinfully alive on fish and the fruit with which God strangely rewards indolence, you'd better take along a few familiar vegetable seeds. Dr. and Mrs. Ritter did that when they left civilization forever to go native in the Galapagos, and at Olono we found the variety our garden afforded a welcome pleasure. We did feel a little guilty about our garden though. It was almost an act of ingratitude towards God, who gave us so much free food, but in the curious manner of travelers insisting on the comforts of home, we wanted our old favorite vegetables now and then. My fellow hermit had already learned that with proper fertilizing almost anything could be made to grow at Olono, so soon we added to our year-round menu: carrots, beets, turnips, tomatoes, onions, eggplant, cucumbers, peanuts, cabbage, sweet potatoes, beans—and *taro*, the important starchy tuber from which *poi*, the Hawaiian staff of life, is made. If you are less insistent on the comforts of home than we were you can enjoy the perfectly balanced diet of fish, fruit, and *taro*. All the carbohydrates, proteins, calories and vitamins you'll need are in the three; everything except fat, which the natives get in avocados and by eating with instinctive relish the heads of all the fish they catch. The only oil a cold-blooded fish carries is in his head. But because we preferred our fats in more orthodox forms we raised peanuts, ate avocados, and earned enough money to buy canned milk at the village eighteen miles away. Also we bought rice, flour, sugar, and coffee.

When fish is your only meat you like fish. You've no business away from home if you don't. But actually I came to distinguish and enjoy as much difference between six or seven kinds of fish as I do now between pork, veal, and beef. Until you try it you won't know the profound satisfaction to be had from catching your meat instead of buying it. A fine fish on your plate, which you first saw gleaming in the ocean and then outwitted to catch because you were hungry, has infinitely more flavor than one purchased, cold and stiff, in a market. I learned, like the Hawaiians, to eat them raw as a kind of *hors d'oeuvre*, but I have since discovered that to be eaten raw a fish must be practically alive. Market fish won't do. You'll learn from the natives how to spear them, which is much easier than it looks, or to catch them with a bamboo and a hook baited with crab or lobster, or with a net, which is how we caught most of ours.

Our nets we made by joining about 60,000 one-inch loops of light linen cord together to form a flat circle twenty feet or more across. Around this circle we pinched fifteen pounds of lead weights which we poured in a mold my fellow hermit had carved out of an old whet-stone. The idea is first to sight a school of fish in the surf, then to creep up and throw the net in such a way that it opens out and plops down over them, as if you were catching a dog under a blanket. It's rather less simple than it sounds because fish are exceedingly wary, and because there is always the chance of a hungry wave squashing your head against a rock like a melon; but it is exciting, and the frantic tugging of a school of half-pound fish in your net equals any hunting thrill I know.

If you are content to go completely native and live utterly independent of civilization, which you probably won't be, you'll be scornful of earning money. Others now doing it are not. Nordoff and Hall receive checks from publishers; the Ritters also write; McLaren raised coconuts; we fished. In the summer (and in the winter too) we fished, and when we caught more fish in an afternoon than we could eat we kept them alive in a stout box which we sank into a little lagoon along the shore. It had to be more substantial than our "minnow boxes" back here because the waves were continually pounding at it. Then, when we needed money, we dipped out the excess fish to ride donkey-back with them two miles up the trail to the dinky sugar cane railroad that ran into our village. Also we pried shellfish off of rocks to sell. The instinct to trade is an old one, and I suspect that on every inhabited island in the Pacific you can find a man who will trade you something for a fresh fish. Because more than half the population of the Territory of Hawaii is fish-loving Japanese, and because the Hawaiians would rather eat sea food than steak, we always got an amazing amount of money for our produce—25 to 35 cents per pound for fish, and eight cents for shellfish, with the shell! In one month, by working three hours on six days, we made $30.47, enough to keep us magnificently for 12 weeks.

Of course conditions and tastes vary, but here's how two men can live on a South Sea island, and how much it will cost them. Ten cents per day was as much as we ever spent on food. Kerosene for our lamps and small stove we bought for $1.65 per five-gallon tin, the tin later to become an indispensable household utensil. Guitar strings cost 75 cents per set, pants a dollar, Bull Durham tobacco $1.05 per carton . . . . two men can go native handsomely on $10 per month for both.

"Then you must have saved a lot of money!" you exclaim. Not in Hawaii nor on any other island. The idea of accumulating money for the cold day or for retirement is incomprehensible to a South Sea islander. There it is never cold, and retirement begins at birth. Even dogs, in Hawaii, don't bother to bury bones; there'll be another bone tomorrow. We spent our time just as you will, leisurely cooking our three meals daily, reading, reclining with guitars in home-made deck chairs on our veranda overlooking the sea, or sleeping. Occasionally, quite occasionally, I did some writing. I perceived, rather brightly I thought, that a man could not write well about a place until after he had left it. Better perspective then.

I suppose, though, that a special kind of temperament is necessary before you can go native satisfactorily any place. Actually I have nearly as much leisure now as I did at Olono; here I eat food already prepared for me, my bed is made, my room cleaned regularly, and my clothes are washed by a laundry. For a year I really enjoyed doing all that myself, but I suspect that a great many people who want to go native have only a corrupt desire to be primitive, and are better off wanting to go than they would be if they actually went. This is a practical account of how it's done. Maybe you only want to go. Perhaps, however, you're really going some day, so read on.

At Olono I made my own liquor—*okolehao*, pronounced o-ko-lay-how. It is Hawaii's famed national drink which won a gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. The Hawaiians, I believe, knew always that if they cooked the heavy white roots of the *ti* or dracaena plant (common throughout the tropics) until they turned brown and sugary, and then put them in a gourd calabash with water to ferment for seven days, a drink resulted which if taken like water produced a far more pleasant result. This drink they called *ui ui*. Then, about a hundred years ago, along came some sailors who taught them how to distill their crude wine into liquor. With a black, bulging iron pot and an old gun barrel they rigged up a still that soon produced an excellent brand of clear firewater, which the impressionable, uninhibited Hawaiians sampled and promptly named. When a thing looks like a thing in Hawaii, that is what it is called. The word for iron is *hao;* the human posterior is called *okolé*. The delighted natives around the smoking still observed the shape of the black, bulging pot, touched it to discover that it was iron, and so the word *okolehao* was born.

I distilled my own "oke" through an eight-foot length of bamboo which I reamed out and covered with wet bags to serve as a condenser. I understand that if it is allowed to age in a charred keg no finer brandy than *okolehao* can be found anywhere, and I often wished that my still had a greater capacity in order that I might age some. I could never

Continued on page 104

So You Want to Go Native?

Continued from page 103

get that much ahead. Its meager output, however, did not prevent the Hawaiians in our district from telling each other assuredly that one of the queer white men down at Olono made "number one good oke," which he bootlegged at enormous profit.

As for companionship, male and female, again conditions and tastes vary. Melville in Typee had his Fayaway, that gorgeous brown creature who one day when they were canoeing together, "with a wild exclamation of delight . . . disengaged from her person the ample robe of tappa which was knotted over her shoulder (for the purpose of shielding her from the sun), and spreading it out like a sail, stood erect with upraised arms in the head of the canoe . . . a prettier mast than Fayaway made was never shipped aboard of any craft." James Norman Hall, on the other hand, assures us in his *Faery Lands of the South Seas* that " . . . it is still a popular misconception that the women who inhabit them (South Sea islands)—no one seems interested in the men—are even to this day half-savage, unself-conscious creatures who display their charms to the general gaze with naive indifference." Probably nothing is more unsafe than a generalization about Polynesian women, so I shan't make any. But I suspect that my experience is typical. I found that the idea of love without the immediately-following idea of marriage was at least as rare below the tropic of Cancer as it is above it.

Our "landlord," to whom we paid no rent, had four daughters, each of whom he was eager to marry off to a man of his approval before the warm sun, the bright moon, and some young Hawaiian conspired to take the choice out of his hands. And we, because of our white skins, that unaccountable virtue every white man possesses in the tropics, were highly approved as eligible husbands. The daughters came highly recommended, of course. We learned that they could cook, wash clothes, cultivate *taro*, raise families; we saw, although post-missionary Hawaiians wear as many clothes as anybody, that they were plump, brown, strong, and very gay; we knew that already one of them had presented her father with a mysterious grandson, an irregular but by no means uncommon occurrence in such a climate. It was she who mystified me one day by telling me that she had never before seen a naked man. We had taken off our clothes to go fishing one bright morning when she approached along the shore, and then retreated.

Her father was as desperate over his unmarried daughters as it is possible for a Hawaiian ever to be, while we, because he was not only our friend but also a policeman who carried a gun, were circumspectly celibate. Celibacy, it seemed, were the better part of masculinity. In this spartan resolve we were aided, strangely enough, by nature herself, who had provided us with lime juice, that notorious sedative which on lonely sugar plantations in Hawaii is given to the young field foremen to keep them thinking of producing nothing but sugar. Lime juice, indeed, is just the opposite of what Byron called "the amatory foods: eggs, oysters, and such." Perhaps one of the early missionaries saw to it that we had a lime instead of an apple tree in our celibate Eden.

Nature, however, in her great inconsistency, worked also to frustrate the missionary by declaring limes a seasonal fruit. Occasionally, when there were no limes, I came gloriously near staying in Hawaii. As it happens, I left, one day, when a check from a magazine began burning a hole in my pocket.

Now, as I recall some of those nights I spent watching the path of the moon over the slowly heaving Pacific, with a brown-armed Hawaiian girl strumming a ukulele beside me, I marvel that I did not stay. Perhaps you, like my fellow hermit and Mr. Eli Jennings, will.

A Red of Deepest Dye

Continued from page 83

believing world that he had been the victim of a monstrous joke.

He put on his hat and sped to the club without delay.

"Hm-mm," said Mr. Aldrich, when Colonel Bagby had laid the case before him. "I'll see what I can do. But I don't know I don't know. That was a pretty strong speech, Bagby." The Colonel jumped in his chair.

"But dammit, man," he said, "I didn't make it." Mr. Aldrich pursed his lips.

"It *sounded* like you," he persisted.

"I know it sounded like me," roared the Colonel. "It sounded like me to me me "

"This is no time for practicing scales, Bagby," said Mr. Aldrich sternly.

"I'm *not* practicing scales, man! I've been the victim of a damnable libel and you sit there and talk about scales." He took out a handkerchief and mopped his face.

"I see you carry a red handkerchief," said Mr. Aldrich. "Hm-mm—"

"I've always carried a red handkerchief," said the Colonel.

"I dare*say*," replied Mr. Aldrich. He placed the tips of his fingers together and regarded the Colonel sternly.

"Just what is it you want me to do, Bagby?"

"You were sitting there in the same room with me," said Bagby. "Weren't you?"

"Hm—mm," said Mr. Aldrich, looking down his nose. "All the same it's a funny thing." Colonel Bagby wrung his hands in despair.

"I *know* it's a funny thing, man. A damned funny thing—ha ha ha!—I could laugh myself sick over it. But do something, man! As it stands now I'm ruined if you don't. No gentleman will have me in his house till this thing's cleared up."

"I should think not," said Mr. Aldrich and then, at the Colonel's angry gesture, rose hastily from his chair.

"I'll see what I can do, Bagby, but I can't promise anything. I'll have to call a meeting. And I think," he added, "I think it might be better if you stayed away until we come to some decision." Colonel Bagby nodded weakly and left the club without further argument.

It was his last appearance at the Senior Die-Hards. What went on at that meeting he never knew, but presently he was informed first that his resignation would be acceptable and then, on his refusing, that he would be damned well read out if he *didn't* resign. Finally in utter despair he wrote the brief note that severed his last connection with all that lay nearest his heart. He was broken at last.

Then rather surprisingly the Liberals began to pester him. First by mail they began to invite him to their various meetings; then committees began to call on him; his name was mentioned frequently from radical platforms and never failed to evoke a cheer. They blandly assumed that he was one of them and he could do nothing to rid them of that notion. At first he insulted them roundly on every occasion. He even toyed weakly with the idea of meeting them at his door with a horse-whip, but somehow the old fire was gone. Presently he found himself listening to their blandishments. Before he knew it they were in his house, drinking his Scotch and talking nineteen to the dozen. Finally even he began to consider himself one of them.

"It would appear," he told himself one day in his bedroom, "that by some mysterious chain of events I have changed my political convictions. I *feel* the same. In all outward respects I *am* the same. But something has happened. For whereas formerly I belonged to the Conservative element of society I am now a Red.

"Of the deepest dye," he added musingly and then because the phrase pleased him repeated, "I am a Red of the deepest dye."

He studied himself for a time in the mirror. Presently he went downstairs to the library, poured himself a stiff drink of Scotch, and sank back into a large leather chair. On the table at his elbow lay a pile of letters which on inspection proved to be announcements of various Liberal demonstrations to be held during the month. He opened these and read them carefully one by one, finally discarding all but a large handbill, which he folded and put away in his pocket.

Then he sat for a long hour staring vacantly at the fireplace and sipping his Scotch.

When the Scotch was finished he rose, looked at his watch, and rang for his man.

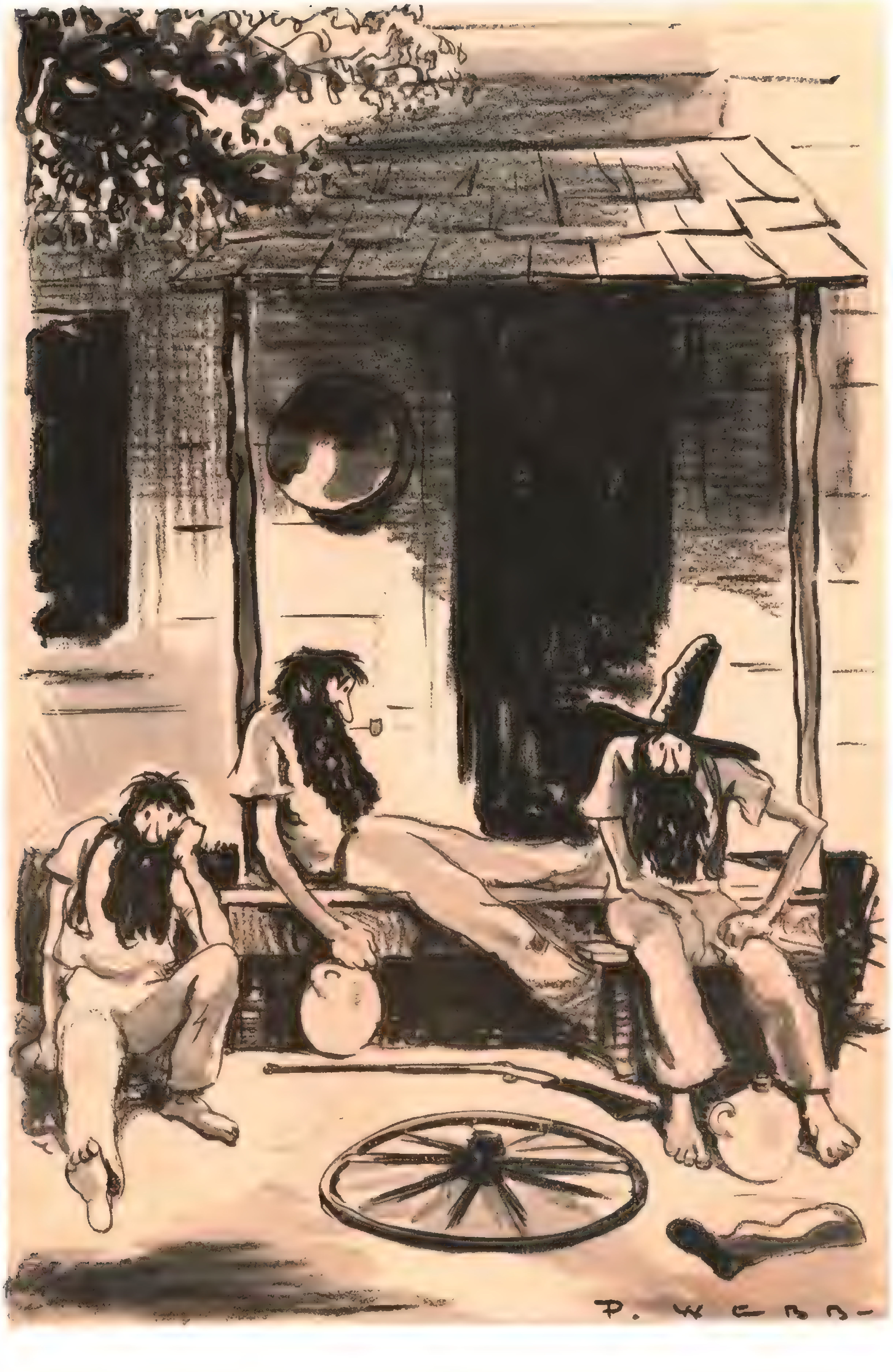
"Just the hat and gloves, Hopkin," he said. "I shall leave the stick behind today."

"Yes, sir," said Hopkin. "And shall I expect you home to dinner, sir?"

Colonel Baskerville Bagby drew on his gloves and crossed over to the door.

"You may expect me when you see me, Hopkin," he said. "I am attending a mass-meeting in Union Square this afternoon—something to do with War."

"We are opposed to it," he added, and stepped out into the street.



"Wonder if Maw's had her baby yet—I'm gettin' mighty hongry"

The Ancestor's Return

Continued from page 79

ing the sign of the cross on her person. "It was Oliver Seventree who came to this house today! He came back from the grave, and you are accursed with his spirit! You are no longer Arnold Seventree, and you murdered your wife in this place, on this very day, nearly two hundred years ago!"

He started towards her, as if to quell her outburst, but she ran, still screaming, to the door, and thence out of the house into the dark night, into the spate and thunder of the storm. He pursued her, but she escaped him outside, and in one of the spinneys he found his wife lying on the earth. In her head was a deep wound which, although at the back, had evidently been caused by a fall against a tree-stump. He carried her back to the house, out of that cataract of wind and rain, and laid her in the library. She was dead.

When the maid returned that night, she found Arnold Seventree on the floor near the body of his wife, and he was dying from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. Commendably she kept her head in the ghastly situation, and tried to give assistance, but he soon died, muttering again and again: "I killed her! It was my fault! I killed her!"

At the inquest, from the evidence of Miss Carey, who described in detail Mr. Seventree's emphatic change of manner and his attitude towards his wife, and from the evidence of the maid, the nature of the wound and the discovery of a short, heavy stick covered with blood, it was concluded that Mr. Seventree had murdered his wife.

There was much discussion about the verdict, many believing that, while he might have been directly responsible for her death, he had not killed her intentionally. But no one could explain his complete change of manner, almost amounting to a difference in personality, which Miss Carey had so carefully recounted, and this remained the most mysterious point in the affair.

Nothing further was heard of the tall man. As for the gentleman who, at the subsequent sale of effects, bought Mr. Seventree's overcoat, he had no use for the booklet which he found in the inside pocket. Its title was: "How To Assert Your Personality." Beneath this was printed: "Lesson III in the Coppabottom Correspondence Course of Character Training."

Alone With Emyl

Continued from page 73

them fixed. "Now it's coming on again!" flashed through my mind. And I sat looking at the same line of my manuscript, the words of which had lost their meaning, become alien. I kept my eyes on them in order not to look at Emyl.

Presently, however, I became aware that he was looking at me. No longer able to keep my eyes away, I raised them and met his. There was in his eyes again that disturbed and disturbing stare. "Emyl," I called him.

He turned his face toward the dark corner and mumbled,"I told you, Mike, he'll come to it. They all do. But you needn't worry, Mike, I'll see that nothing happens to him."

"Happens what?" I asked, swallowing.

He did not answer. A little later he reached for his pipe and, filling it, spilled tobacco.

"Emyl," I called him again.

"Huh?" he asked absently.

"Let's turn in. It's getting late."

"All right," he agreed.

We made ready for bed, and went to our bunks. He soon fell asleep but I lay a long time listening to the rampaging gale and to the distressing sounds at the top of the chimney.

I thought of the stories I had heard of what had happened during these Alaskan winters. I thought of Emyl's great strength even under ordinary conditions. Again and again I counted the weeks left till the possible arrival of the first steamer. There were at least ten. Then I thought of the mail steamer about due to pass some eighty miles northeast on its way to the Bering Sea. If there were only means of letting them know!

It was another blast of the wind that awoke me next morning. As I opened my eyes, I saw Emyl puttering about the shack. A faint light was streaming in through the frost-coated window, and the fire in the stove was burning brightly. And I heard Emyl mumbling. I remained quiet,listening.

"But I beat him to it, Mike," he was saying. "He'll never find 'em." He was silent for a few seconds, then went on: "Did you ever hear, Mike, that in Siam when they tie a stone to a burro's tail, he can't bray?"

So unexpected was the question and so ridiculous the expression of Emyl's tone that I burst out laughing.

Emyl quickly turned on me. "Up for all day?" he asked gaily.

"I hope so," I replied and, throwing off the blankets, started to dress, keeping my eyes on him. He was setting the table now, placing near each plate and cup a spoon but no knife nor fork. I glanced at the wall where our two guns and the hunting knives had been hanging. They were no longer there. I went to the shelf and found our razor blades gone, too. As I turned around, I caught Emyl's glance. As our eyes met, he lowered his, continuing to set the table without saying anything. Nor would he reply to my few half-hearted remarks, nor would he tell me why he had hidden the things.

We ate our breakfast in silence. Both the coffee and the hot cakes had a queer taste. After breakfast I cleared the table and washed the dishes alone while Emyl sat at the little stool at the foot of my bunk watching my every move.

Then, just to see what he would do, I started to put on my top clothes. He rose and reached out for his.

"I'd much rather go by myself this morning," I ventured.

"No, you can't!" he snapped and in one bound he was between me and the door, slowly pulling on his jacket, and staring at me sidewise.

I stood for a while not knowing what to do, not knowing what to think.

"I guess I'll stay in," I finally said. "It's too dirty to go out anyway."

He replied nothing, just stood there near the door, watching me take off my top clothes, occupy my usual place at the table, and open my typewriter. Then he, also, took off his top clothes, placed himself on the opposite side of the table, and sat looking at me. I started my typing but all I could do was to struggle through a single sentence. Besides it was too dark in the shack. The ice-incrusted window let through very little light.

"Why don't you work?" Emyl asked.

"I don't feel like it," I answered.

"All right, take it easy," he said. "I'll be getting lunch."

"Isn't it too early?" I asked. "We've just had breakfast."

He did not answer. Keeping a steady eye on me, he left the table and moved between the provision shelves and the stove, taking up and laying down things, dropping them on the floor and letting them stay there. He opened a can of salmon, dumped it into a dish, poured on top some water, and stood over it shaking salt and pepper for at least a minute, after which he added a handful of dried vegetables and a little later a handful of what I thought to be baking powder.

"What are you making, Emyl?" I asked, trying to talk unconcernedly.

"Chowder," he replied curtly and picked up another can.

Our supplies were not too plentiful. The sight of him wasting them pushed me to action.

"Emyl," I said, rising from my seat, "I wouldn't put in anything else."

Again he did not answer. Looking at me sidewise, he continued slowly to empty the can.

I stepped up closer to him. "Let me have that can!" I said as firmly as I could.

Still looking at me sidewise, he turned the can bottom up, and stretched his hand to get still another.

"That's enough!" I said, coming up still closer to him, and trying to take the new can away. But he threw me off as if I were a chip and he a whirling flywheel. I stumbled over the stool and landed on the edge of the table which, under my impact, slid back till it stopped by the wall.

"Didn't I tell you, Mike, that I had to watch him carefully," Emyl mumbled, stirring the mess in the dish.

Squalls of sleet and rain, onslaughts of icy wind, spells of calm with dancing fog, and the roar of the ocean; more squalls of snow, rain, and fine hail, more howling wind!

Our small window became nothing but a faint spot of light. All I could now see of Emyl was an outline, and yet he was sitting only an arm's length from me. I got up to light the lamp. But he, too, was already on his feet.

"What's up?" he asked quickly.

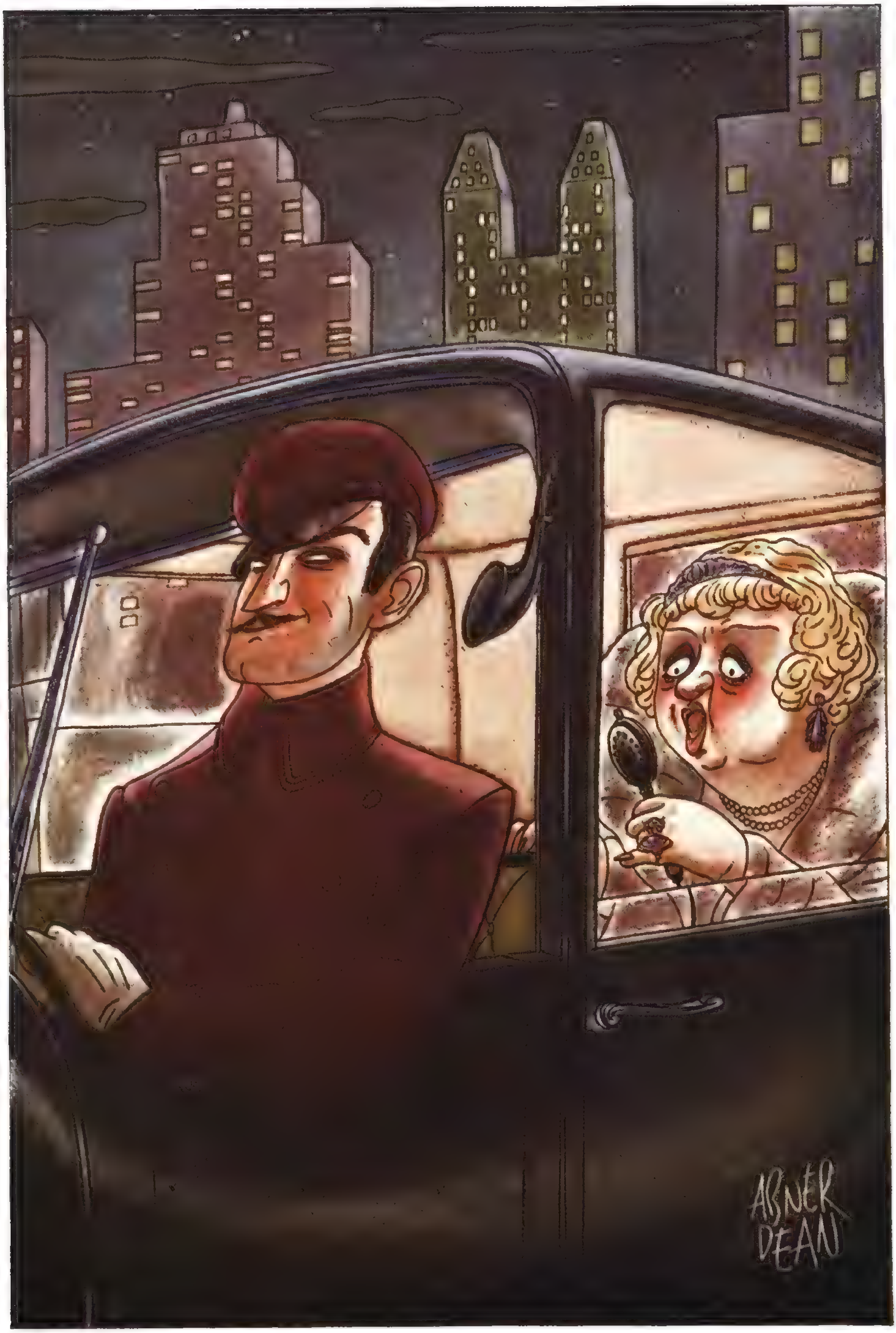
"Nothing," I said. "I'm going to get light."

He resumed his seat. I lit the lamp and retook my seat also.

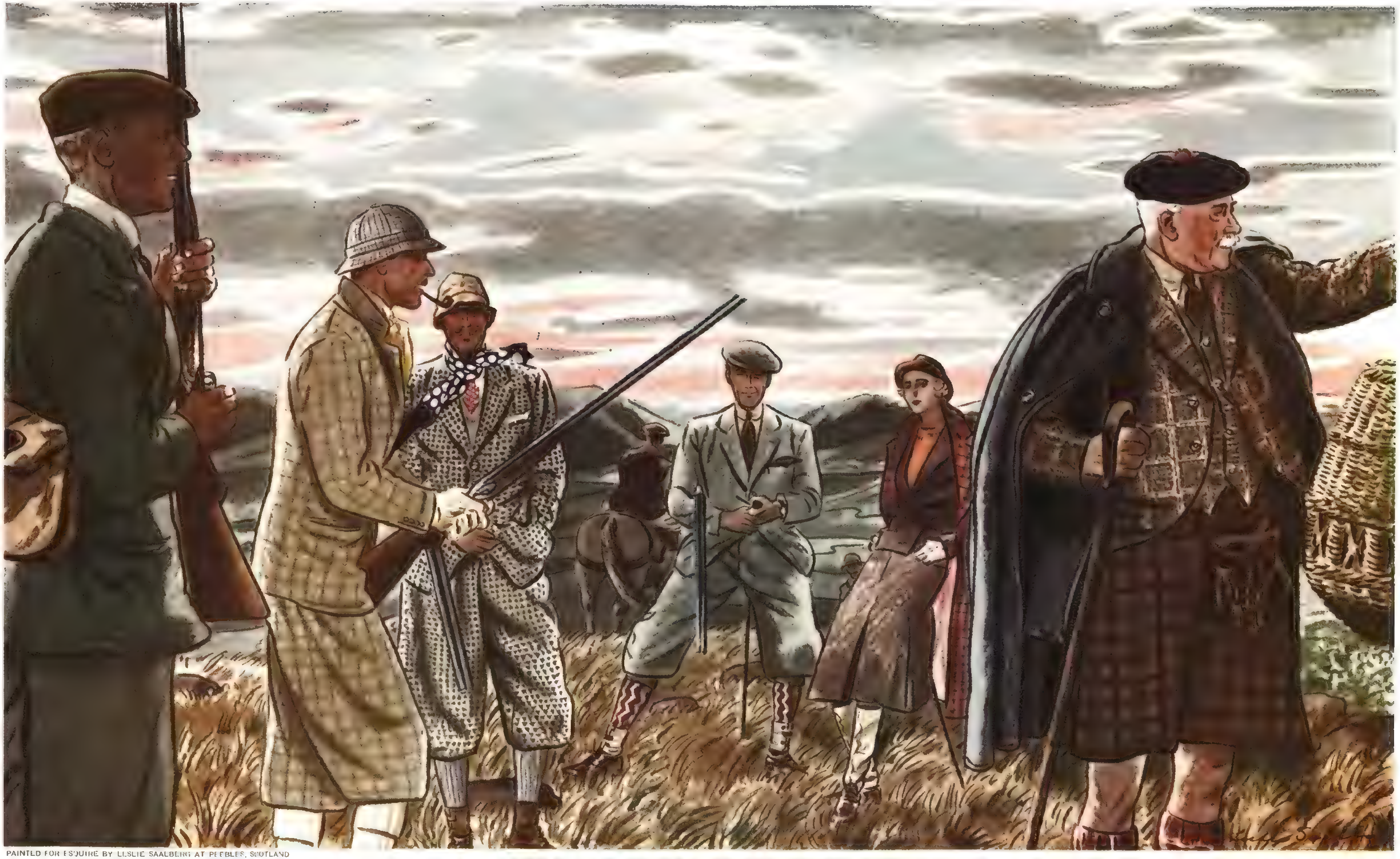
"Why don't you write?" he asked. "You must finish your book, you know. It'll make you famous and rich. You haven't done anything today."

"There's plenty of time," I told him.

Continued on page 109



"Francois—I must ask you to stop calling me 'Toots' in public!"



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBERG AT PEEBLES, SCOTLAND

SHOOTING ON THE MOORS (SCOTLAND)

SPORTSMEN from all over the world go to Scotland for the shooting season at the end of each summer. The grouse shooting begins on August 12th (the Glorious Twelfth was the thirteenth this year, as the twelfth fell on a Sunday), partridge begins on September 1st and pheasant on October 1st. In this fashion drawing, which really deserves to be classified as a modern sporting print rather than as a mere fashion drawing, Mr. Saalberg conveys with equal accuracy the atmosphere of the moors and the correct type of shooting dress. Note that knickers are always worn (except by those landowners who affect kilts) because of the height of the grass and the heather, which is always wet and would ruin a pair of trousers in a day. In a real siege of wet weather, short rubberized jackets are worn over the tweed shooting jackets, also an extra pair of outer trousers, made of the same waterproofed material and cut off at the calf. Heavy overcoats are never worn, being supplanted by heavy cashmere or Shetland sweaters.

Alone With Emyl

Continued from page 106

"But it's better for you to work," he went on coaxingly.

I opened a book and sat looking into it.

Again something happened to the outside part of the chimney. The screeching which had stopped some time during the night broke loose anew.

"I'll go and fix it," I declared.

"No, you won't!" Emyl shouted. And by the tone of his voice I knew it was useless.

Thus we remained till evening when I prepared a simple meal, very simple, indeed, because even the can opener had disappeared and Emyl would not let me have it. He ate and drank greedily, never taking his eyes off me, and jumping to his feet every time I rose to get something.

After supper I made a move once more to go out and stop those dreadful sounds in the chimney. But he stopped me again. I proposed that we go to bed.

"You go first!" he commanded.

I crawled under the blankets on top of which I spread my heavy jacket. Then he went to his bunk.

"Blow out the light, Emyl," I asked. He did so.

This encouraged me somewhat. I thought that, perhaps, I might find a way of handling him. But my new hope did not last. Again I was soon thinking of the things I knew had happened to people shut up in the North.

I was forcing myself not to think of it, forcing myself to think of how to disarm Emyl. I might lure him into one of the ovens of the cannery and slam the door behind him. Or I might throw a rope over him while he was asleep and bind him. Or I might make a lasso. There was a rope under the bench at the window. I better get that rope, at once, I decided.

My hope returned. I lay quietly and, holding my breath, listened. He was snoring. I could hear it in spite of the tumult outside. Cautiously I lifted the blankets, got out of the bunk and, shivering from cold and nervousness, moved gingerly toward the bench.

Hardly had I gone half way when he was at my back, his fingers crushing my neck, dragging me to my bunk. "Can't do it, Henry," he muttered, "can't do it."

My second attempt to get the rope a few hours later ended the same way. And so did the third.

I lay now with no thoughts of further efforts, lay, listening to the gale and to the maddening sounds in the chimney.

Another day and a night passed, and still another day came, the situation remaining the same except that we had run out of fire-wood, coal-oil and water, and Emyl would neither allow me to go to our outside store-room nor would he go there himself, nor would he let me have the ax, to chop up the log which he had brought two days before. We now sat in the cold and darkness with no warm food, and with no drinks of any kind.

About noon, as the clouds had thinned momentarily, and a glimmer of light diffused through the shack, I caught a glimpse of Emyl's face. It had become strangely thin, it seemed to have grown smaller and his eyes to have enlarged tremendously. I touched my own face. It bristled with a week's growth of hair. I was sure that my eyes were bloodshot. They smarted. My throat was parched.

Another night came, we went to bed without taking off our clothes. My senses were dulled. I even no longer suffered from cold and thirst. I lay without thoughts, no longer knowing whether it was still night or another day had already broken.

So benumbed, indeed, had I become, that when I heard a long, low whistle emerging from the swish of the wind and water, I did not stir. The significance of that whistle did not register on my mind. It was only when the whistle blew again and again, that I suddenly realized what it meant.

"A steamer! A steamer, Emyl!" I shouted, tearing out of the bunk, rushing around in the dark to find my jacket and fur cap, and bumping into Emyl who was on his feet already.

My jacket and cap on, I darted toward the door only to be grabbed by Emyl and dragged back to my bunk.

"Emyl," I shouted, "there's a steamer! A steamer! Can't you understand? Other people! Let's go, Emyl! Let me go! Oh let me go, please!" I supplicated him.

"No, you can't go, Henry. I must watch you," he said dully.

He threw me down on the bunk and placed himself on the bench between me and the door, his figure a silhouette against the light spot of our window pane.

I sat on the edge of the bunk out of breath. The steamer blew its whistle no more. Would they send men ashore? Would they come here looking for us? What steamer was it? Would it stay here long? Perhaps it was already gone! Why didn't they whistle again?

With my foot I could feel the stool at the end of my bunk. I could easily snatch it. And almost at the same time that the thought came to me I did snatch it and had it over Emyl's head. But instantaneous as my action was, he intercepted the blow, wrested the stool from me, forcing me back to the bunk. This time I resisted with a strength which I had never shown before, not only resisted him but steadily gained ground and pushed him toward the door. Still fighting fiercely, we came close to it and seizing the right moment, I threw off the hook and hit the door with my foot. But it would not open. It was sealed with ice!

We fought, growling, biting, striking each other any place we could reach, bumping each other and ourselves against the wall and the door. My trick worked! The door gave way! We rolled out into the gray daylight and spilled on the slippery ice.

Another moment and with shouts of joy and fear I was racing toward the harbor and the steamer which lay there white with ice up to the tips of its masts. From the steamer a boat was ploughing its way toward the shore. And between the shore and me was a score of men and women.

I ran toward them as fast as the ice and the gale allowed me, Emyl following at my heels and yelling, "Hold him! Hold him! He wants to kill himself!"

I was yelling also. "Don't believe him. It's he who is crazy! Ask Mike if you don't believe me!"

Seeing and hearing us, some women cried out in fear. A group surrounded me, another group surrounded Emyl. They brought us to the steamer and locked us in separate rooms.

Beware off the Dogg!

Continued from page 69

falls in love with something he falls in love properly."

"H'm! Well, we've a bit of time yet," said Father thoughtfully, and made Hopple-popple bark.

Father took his brown paper and the string. "Now watch! Hopple-popple's going to bye-bye!"

The child watched attentively; then, as the dog vanished inside the paper, it began to cry. "Hopple-popple!" it said testily. Everyone remonstrated, the child cried louder. Father said:

"I needn't really carry it wrapped up. He can hold it for that little bit."

The child took Hopple-popple in its arms, it smiled, it smiled, bless my soul, just like Thomas after all! . . .

The train slowed down, the train stopped. "Now then, give Hopple-popple to Uncle!"

The child held the dog tight.

"Naughty! Will you leave—"

"Now then, sir, come along, please!"

"— — go of that dog!"

"Give me the bow-wow please, please! I've a little boy at home—"

"Now, sir, will you please step quickly!"

Chaos and confusion. The child cried bitterly, the guard fumed, a hand — the mother's—jerked at the clinging fingers of the child, the wailing grew louder, and Father stood outside with the Hopple-popple, thinking confusedly: "When he falls in love with a thing he falls in love properly." The train jerked. Father wrenched open the door, threw in the dog. The train moved faster, mother and child at the window, the child holding Hopple-popple . . .

Slowly the man walked home through the dark pine-trees. He was in no hurry. By the time he reached home they would just be putting his boy to bed, and he would beg: "Hopple-popple!" The man was not sorry, nor did he upbraid himself. He was only sad. All was not well with the world. Somewhere something was wrong . . . Give to one and make another cry—?

Father unlocked the house door. Upstairs the boy crowed. Slowly and silently he mounted the stairs, silently hung up his coat, put on slippers—and opened the door.

There sat his small son at the table with his bread-and-milk, and beside him stood Hopple-popple. Hopple-popple, with an enormous label about his neck. On the label were many official stamps, but there was also a legend: "Zbaszyn (Bentschen), Beware off the dogg!"

"Beware off the dogg!" said Father slowly. Funny: the world was suddenly right again.

The Dear Departed

A shameless epitaph-collector discovers that the old fights continue under the solemn yew

by HOMER CROY

• HUMOR •

ALWAYS on the watch for strange and unusual epitaphs, my epitaph-collecting heart beat a little faster when I came upon a news-dispatch from Fort Worth, Texas, giving the words which would be set into the stone above the grave of Bonnie Parker who was killed with Clyde Barrow, the bandit. Bonnie, you may recall, was the lady bandit who smoked cigars and wrote poetry, the latter very bad.

Here are the lines so that a careless world may remember sweet Bonnie Parker:

BONNIE PARKER
As the flowers are made sweeter
by sunshine and the dew,
So this world is made brighter by
the lives of folks like you.

With all due respect for the grieving relatives, I must say that my life was made brighter; and it has, over a period of years, been made brighter by other epitaphs, for it may as well be known now as any time that epitaph-collecting is my hobby.

How I became interested in epitaph-collecting I hardly know, but as I remember it, someone in the dim and distant past quoted a cemetery couplet, and I was struck by it. Someone else told me of an epitaph which he had seen, and I was struck by this, too. I noted them down, the bug had bitten me, and before I knew it I was a shameless epitaph-collector. The more I collected, the more I marveled; and the more I marveled, the more I collected. It does that to one.

I used to think that tombstones were used to mark the last resting places of persons who had shuffled off this mortal coil, but I now know that they are used by husbands and wives to punish each other, and to belittle and taunt. The old fight goes on under the solemn yew just as it did in the privacy of the home. False friends and grasping relatives are denounced; neighbors are shown up for gossips and keyhole listeners; beliefs and superstitions are jeered at; worms are dared, men advertise their inventions and patent medicines, and I have the records of one wife who was not so completely bowed down by grief at the passing of her husband but that she was able subtly to advertise for another.

Amazing human nature goes on in death just as it went on in life: pathos, bathos, humor, boasting, supplication, terrible puns, acrostics, poignant touches that cut to the heart—all that constitutes the human comedy.

At first blush you would naturally think that gravestones would be all more or less alike—names, dates, a word of eulogy. But not at all, no more than are human beings. I have found tombstones without names, without dates, and instead of eulogy bitter denunciation. And instead of being erected by friends, they seem to have been put up by earnest enemies. And there the vilification shouts to the world; why somebody doesn't tear them down I don't know; why some friend doesn't heave them into the mill-creek is beyond me. But there they are, most amazing and incomprehensible.

Unconscious humor lies in some of them; on other stones obituary writers have become shockingly flippant. The passing of the dear departed seems to have filled their biographers with immense good humor, and they made a holiday of their work. Some of the epitaphs are ridiculous, some absurd, some pathetic, some unbelievable, but there they stand and no two ways about it.

An amazing one is in the Old Men's Hospital, Norwich, England, and this is how it reads:

In memory of Mrs. Phoebe Crewe
who died May 28, 1817, aged 77 years.
Who, during forty years practise
as a midwife in this city, brought
into the world 9,730 children.

The record is so extraordinary that I figured it up, finding to my astonishment, if the record is true, that Mrs. Crewe brought into the world 243 children a year, which shows what must have been going on at Norwich.

Not so far away from fruitful Norwich, in Godalming, Surrey, stands the monument to an enterprising Nathaniel Godbold, who did not let death interfere with business, for this is the way it reads:

Sacred to the memory of
Nathaniel Godbold, Esq.,
Inventor & Proprietor of that
excellent medicine
THE VEGETABLE BALSAM
renowned for the cure of Consumption
and Asthma.
Died Dec. 17, 1799.
Died of fevers and Asthma.

I am sorry to report that I have no information as to how business held up.

An epitaph which I heard about but could not believe until I saw it with my own eyes is in St. Mary's Church, Sculcoates, Hull, England. It is to Mrs. Jane Delamoth, who died January 10, 1761—*and is all in shorthand*, even the lady's name.

Here, in my collection, is as amazing a one as I have ever come upon. It contains no element of unconscious humor, but it is fascinating (at least to me). It stands in a Brighton, England, churchyard:

In memory of Phoebe Hessel, who was born at Stephney, in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th Regiment of foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy where she received a bayonet wound in the arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV. She died at Brighton, where she had so long resided, December 12th, 1821, aged 108 years.

I took the pains to investigate the story behind the inscription and found this was the situation: the girl had fallen in love with a young soldier, a private in a regiment called Kirk's Lambs, which was ordered to the East Indies. The girl enlisted, too, and went with him without anyone suspecting. She took great pride in having told no man, woman or child while she was in the army; but she put it in her own way: "I dug a hole in the ground, which would hold about a gallon, whispered my secret there and then filled the hole up."

She seems to have filled the hole carefully, for her secret remained with her until the war was over, when she married her romantic lover, and rewarded his patience with eight bouncing children.

Not as remarkable, but certainly worth recording, is this eloquent stone which stands in our own Litchfield, Connecticut:

Here lies the body of Mrs. Mary, wife of Deacon John Buel, Esq. She died Nov. 4th, 1768, aged 90—having had 13 children, 101 Grand-Children, 147 Great-Grand-Children, and 49 Great-Great-Grand-Children; total: 410.
May she rest in peace.

Continued on page 113

The Dear Departed

Continued from page 110

This bit of refreshing frankness from a tombstone in St. Michael's churchyard, Macclesfield, England:

MARY BROOMFIELD
died Nov. 19, 1755, aged 80.
The chief concern of her life for the last twenty years was to order and provide for her funeral. Her greatest pleasure was to think and talk about it. She lived many years on a pension of nine-pence a week, and yet she saved five pounds, which, at her own request, was laid out on her funeral.

The following was sent me by a fellow-enthusiast, but where it is located (except in England) my records do not show; however, I am confident that it is authentic. But after one has collected epitaphs for a time, he will pause before saying that any bizarre inscription is not genuine. Here it is:

Here lies a child, whose death has set us right,
In the old story of our guardian knight,
For who dare say the champion smells o' the forge,
Since we are all assured there's a St. George
Who ne'er was vanquished, nor o'ercome;
For he is still alive by a SYNECDOCHE.

When I received this I recalled vaguely that I had once encountered a synecdoche. It had been in the tall grass of a college rhetoric room, but I had completely forgotten its habitat. I looked it up again to find that it is a figure of speech in which a part is used to represent a whole, as in: "A fleet of ten sail." And over the grave of a child!

This marks the grave of a lady in Pewsey, Wilts., England:

Here lies the body of
Lady O'Looney
Great niece of Burke,
commonly called the Sublime.
She was
Blond, Passionate, and deeply Religious,
also painted in water colors.

I have often thought how greatly her death must have been lamented in Pewsey.

Among the oddly worded ones I wish to add this from Dover, New Hampshire:

Repository of
Joseph Hartwell, inanimated
April 7, 1867, aged 68.

And this from Newburyport, Mass.:

A resurrection to immortality is here expected for what was mortal of the Reverend Mr. John Richardson, once fellow of Harvard College, afterwards teacher to the church of Newbury.
Put off April 7, 1676.

And this from Vault Number 75, in the Marble Cemetery, on Second Avenue, near Second Street, New York City. It is only a name, but it is startling when one comes upon it in a cemetery. It is PRESERVED FISH. Mr. Fish, I learned, was a whaler from New Bedford.

In the Aspin Hill Cemetery for Pets in Maryland is the record of what must have been a remarkable dog, for it reads:

Major
Born a dog
Died a gentleman.

In the City Cemetery, Ithaca, New York, is a plot that contains the husband, and the bodies of three wives. The stones commemorating the passing of the first two wives are very small and inconsequential, but the stone for the third and last wife is quite a success—very grand indeed. At the base this is chiseled:

"This monument ordered by myself."

Burlington, Michigan, has an epitaph not so startling now as it was when a photograph of it was sent to me two or three years ago, for this is the way it read:

Willard Hyatt
1854—1934

The explanation my correspondent sent in was that Mr. Hyatt said that his grandfather had lived to be eighty years old, that his father had lived to be the same age, and that he himself wasn't feeling good. In December I shall write my correspondent.

Sometimes the juxtaposition of names, as discovered by an earnest epitapher, is surprising. For instance, FROST and SNOW having adjoining tombstones in Nassau, New York; and on a tombstone in Garretsville, Ohio, appears: PAYNE-JOY.

At Cross Kirk, Normanvine, Shetland, I am informed, is the following:

Donald Robertson, Born January 1, 1785, died June 4, 1848, aged 63 years. He was a peaceful, quiet man, and a sincere Christian. His death was very much regretted, which was caused by the crass stupidity of Laurence Tulloch, of Clotherton, who sold him nitre instead of Epsom salts, by which he died in three hours.

Anyway, Laurence Tulloch must have known how the relatives thought about it.

The simplicity and honest statement of the following has always appealed to me. It is in a cemetery near Silver Lake, Washington County, New York. It was raised by a mourning husband to a most remarkable wife:

Elizabeth McFadden,
Wife of David P. Reid,
Died Feb. 28, 1859,
In her 47th year.
She never done a thing to displease her husband.

Almost as remarkable is the case of a bereaved husband in Berkshire County, Mass., who had this chiseled on a tombstone:

The best wife I ever had.

There is no record of what the other wives thought of it; perhaps it is just as well.

Mothers-in-law come in for a good word, too. Witness this from St. Mary's Cemetery, Hamilton, Ohio:

One of the best mother-in-laws God ever made.

This was raised by a husband in the Pritchett Cemetery, Boulder, Illinois, who got right down to cases:

ALICE
First and last wife of Thomas Phillips.
Talked to death by friends.

A stone in Hollis, New Hampshire, tells all too briefly the remarkable transplanting of a local lad named Jacob:

Our little Jacob
Has been taken away from this Earthly
Garden to bloom
in a superior Flower-pot above.

In a very old cemetery in Bayfield, Wisc.:

Basil, child of Joseph Davis and
Fleuvis Davis.
Died August 4th, 1864, aged 4 years,
4 months and 18 days.
Struck by thunder.

I have read this many times, and thought of the story behind it; what kind of people the parents were—how the child died—but have never found any person who knows.

From Girard, Pa., where almost anything can happen:

In memory of Ellen Shannon
aged 26.
Fatally burned
1870
By the explosion of a lamp filled with
Danforth's non-explosive fluid.

In Woolwich Churchyard, England, is this inscription to an unfortunate major:

Sacred to the memory of Major Brush, Royal Artillery, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol by his orderly, April 14, 1831.
Well done, good and faithful servant.

A stone near Appomattox Court House, Va., records the unusual situation of a man who was massacred twice. In the course of this bloody set-to he received a wound which is certainly worth recording:

Robert C. Wright, was born June 26th, 1772, same dying July 2nd, 1815, by the bloodthirsty hand of John Sweeney, Sr., who massacred him first with a knife, then with a Loudon gun which discharged a ball that penetrated his heart giving him the immortal wound.

A gravestone in Princess Anne County, Virginia, tells the brief and unfortunate story of a man who should have known better:

Here lies the body of Henry Moore,
Who got in the way of a 44.

A very practical tombstone in Stoke Newington, England:

In memory of Elizabeth Picket, spinster,
who died December 11, 1781.
Aged 23 years.
This much lamented young person expired in consequence of her clothes taking fire the preceding evening.
Reader, if you should ever witness such an affecting scene, recollect this: the only method to extinguish the flame is to stifle it by an immediate covering.
Not a sparrow falls on the ground without our Heavenly Father knowing it.

In Seven Oaks, Kent, England, a stone records with tabloid brevity just what happened to unfortunate citizens in that quaint old town:

Grim Death took me without warning,
I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.

This from Aberdeen, Scotland, puts it squarely up to God:

Here lies I, Martin Elmrod;
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
As I would have on thine if I were God,
And thou wer't Martin Elmrod.

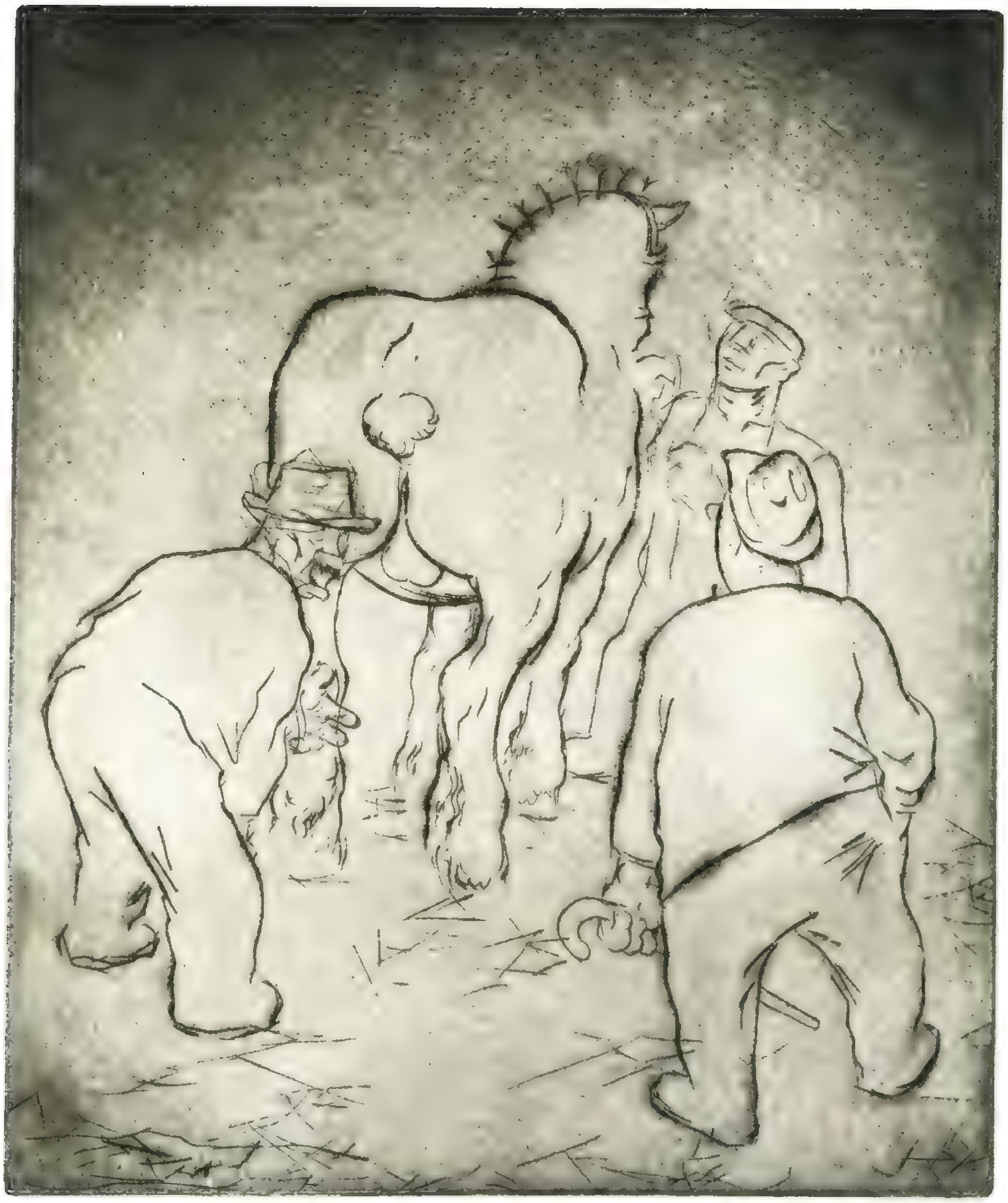
I move this to the head of the class as the most remarkable epitaph I have ever encountered. It hails from Chester, England, and is engraved in such a way as to look like Monks' Latin, with English words scattered teasingly through it. But it's not Latin, at all. It laments the passing of a woman who ran a pottery shop, and closes with the suggestion that she may some time set up shop again. Can you read it?

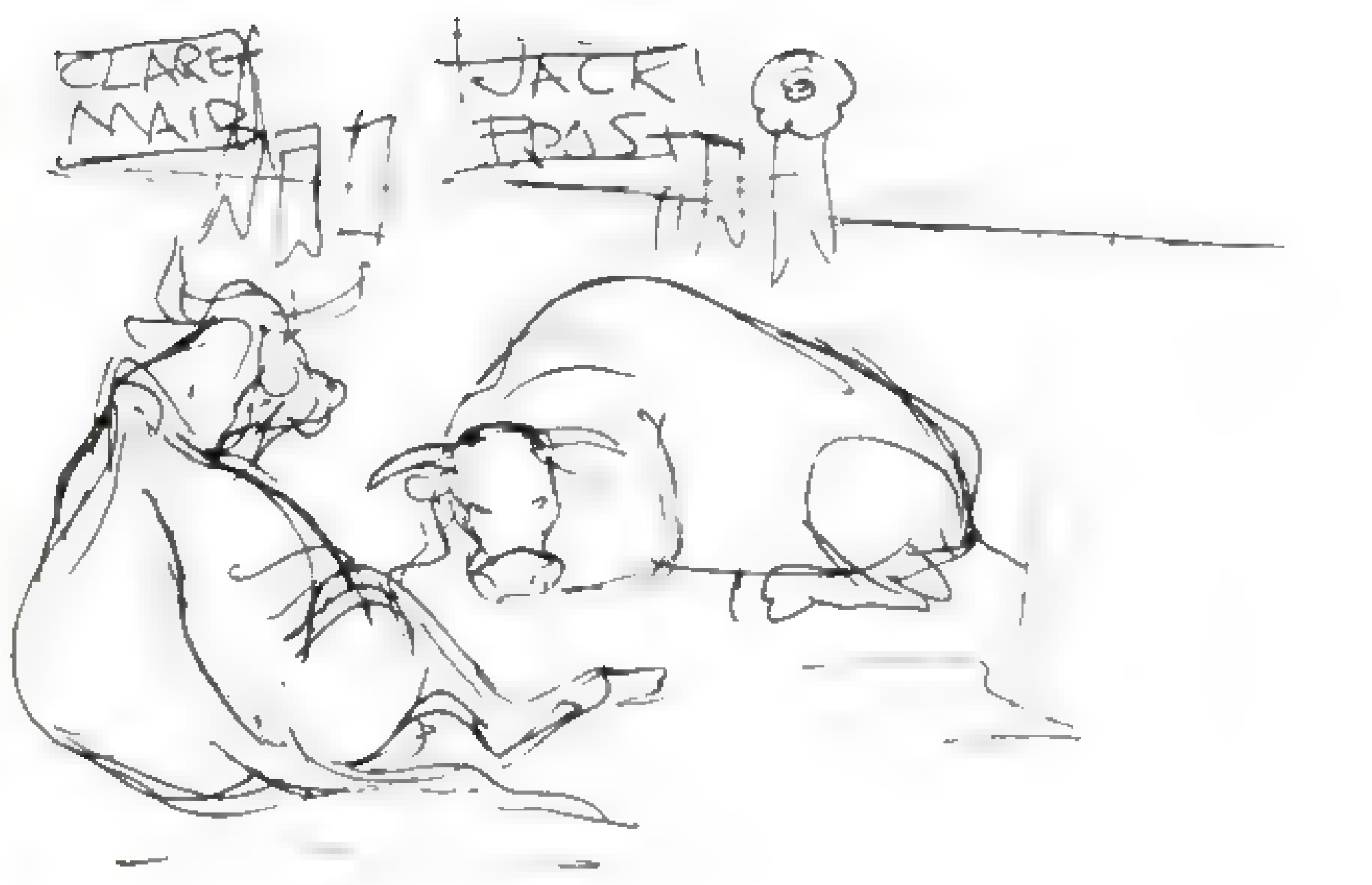
Bene AT. HT: HIS: S. T.
Oneli Eska THARI Neg Rayc
Hang'd F. R. O! mab. V. Syli Fetol
lf. Ele ss cl
ayb. ye AR Than Dcl—Ays Hego
Therp. Elfa N D
No. ws he 'stur
N'd toe art
HH. ersel Fy Ewee . . . pin gfr.
I . . . En d.s.l. Et mea D
VI.
Seab ATE yo VRG Rie. Fan
DD
Ryy O! V . . . Rey esf. or WH
ATA
Vai . . . L Saflo O! Doft Ears. W.
Hok No: Wsb. Vt. Ina RUNO
Fy Ears
In. So . . . Metall: Pit . . . C.
Hero . . . R . . . broa DP
Ans. He . . . I N. H.
Ers Hopma Y. B.
E. Aga . . . in.

The first line is:

Beneath this stone lies Katharine Gray—

now finish it.



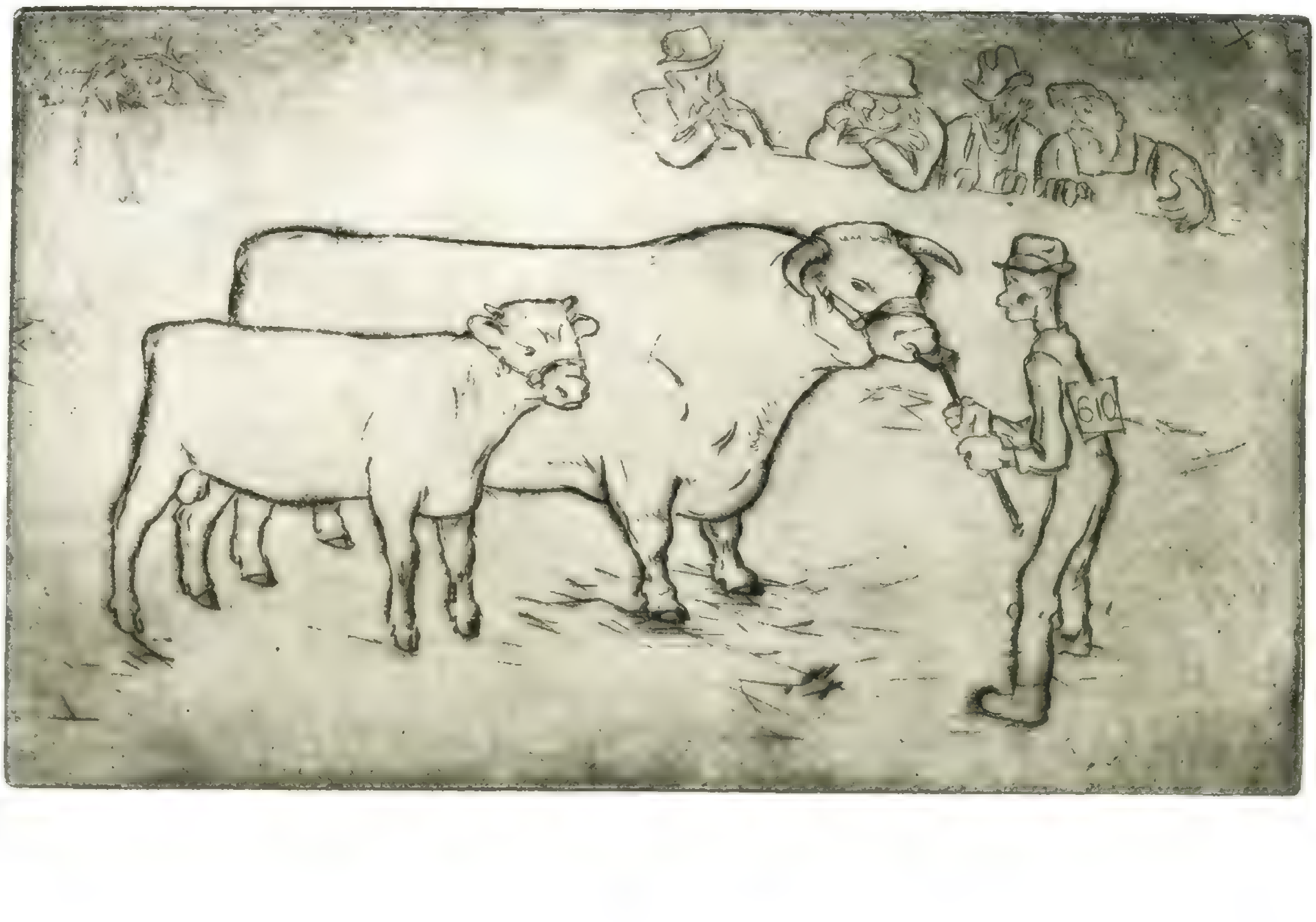


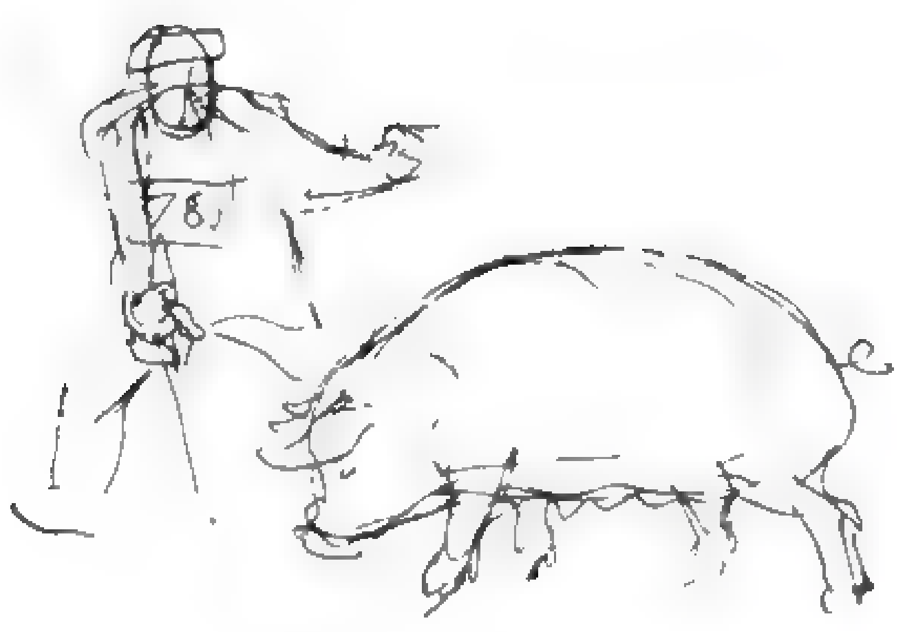
STATE FAIR

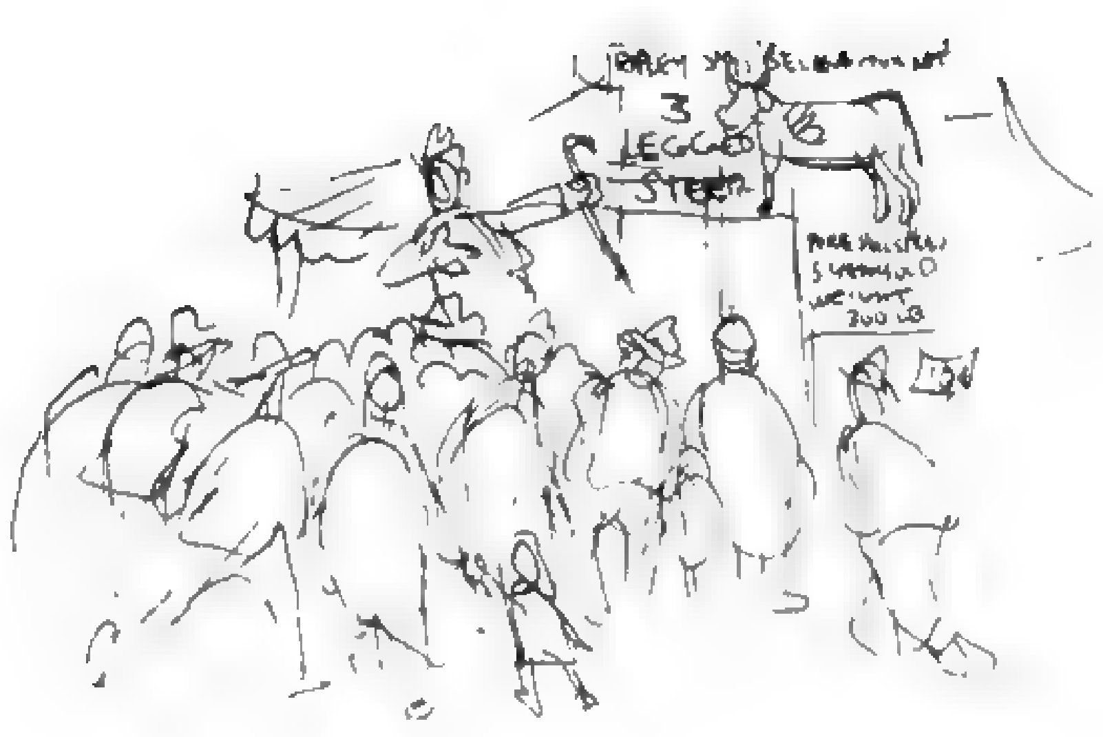
DRYPOINTS AND DRAWINGS

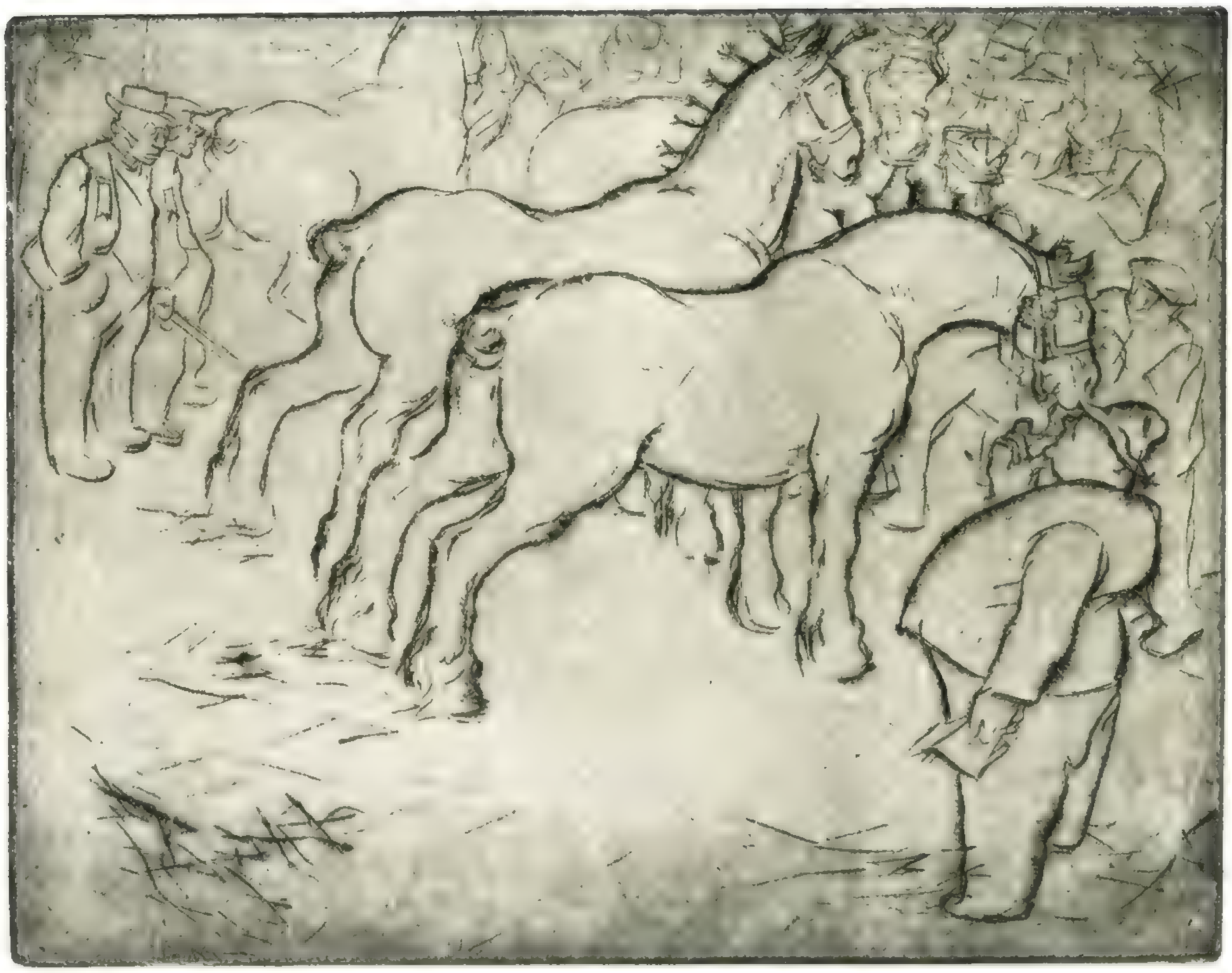
by JOHN GROTH

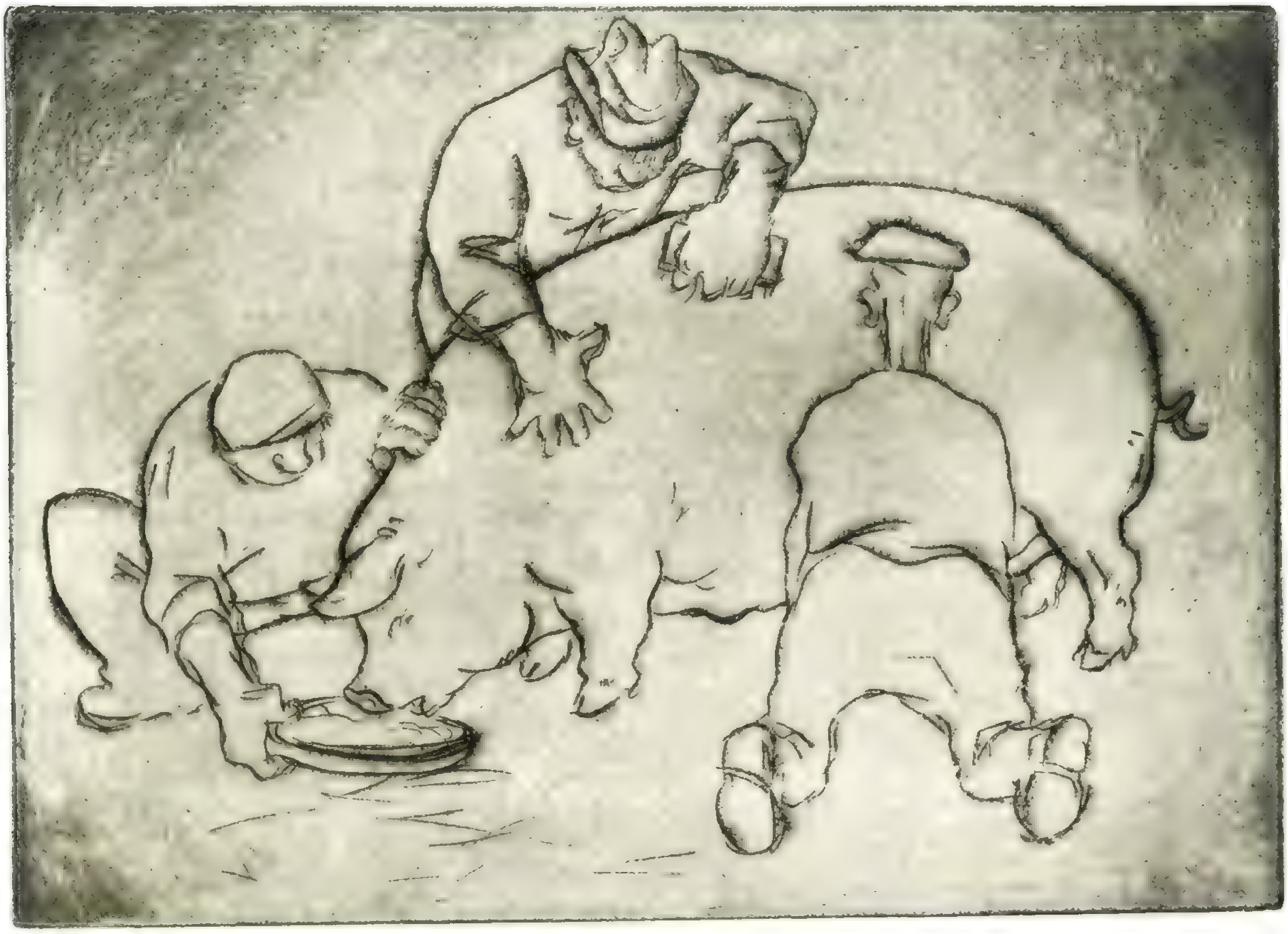
All roads lead to the state capital and all are crowded with trucks carrying cows, horses, pigs and what not, with their feed, blankets, brushes and combs. The grand champions may be blue-ribboned one day and butchered the next, or they may go on to a royal life of transient but sanctioned amours. Day brings crowds to the judging pavilions, where the competition is by no means confined to stock but extends to babies and embroideries, carpentry and canning, paintings and pies, health and hobbies, with prizes for everything from mincemeat to sculpture. Night packs the carnival and the girl shows—"all direct from A Century of Progress—see the Classics of '34—Classics and *are* they classy!" You can camp on the grounds and get your meals from the women's church societies—all you can eat for fifty cents. If you're snooty you'll probably attend only the society horse show, and the more fool you, for missing the sights and sounds and smells of the rest.

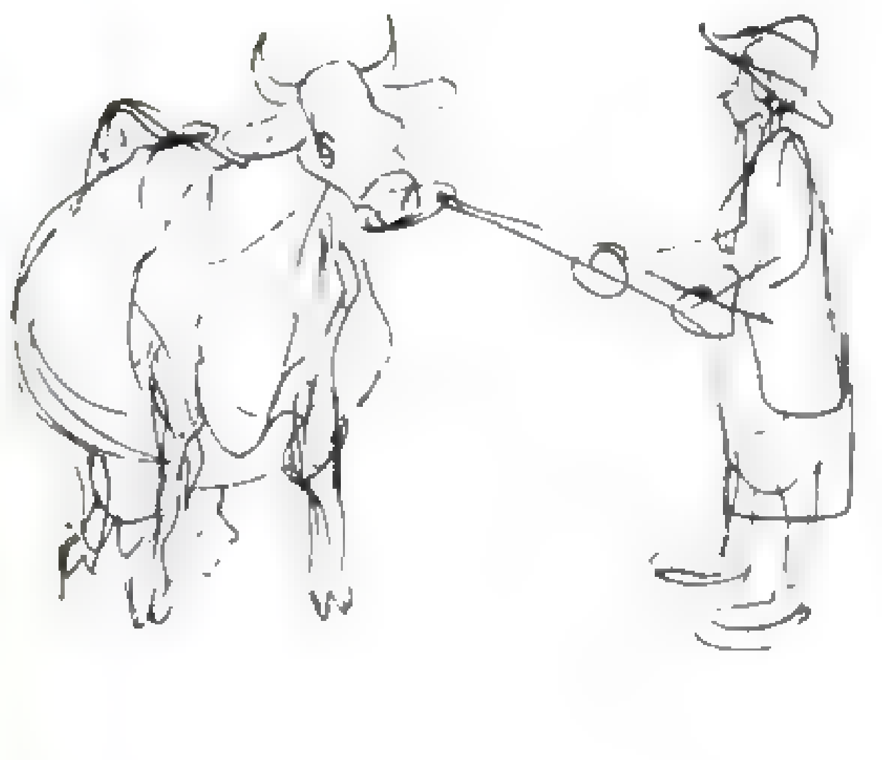


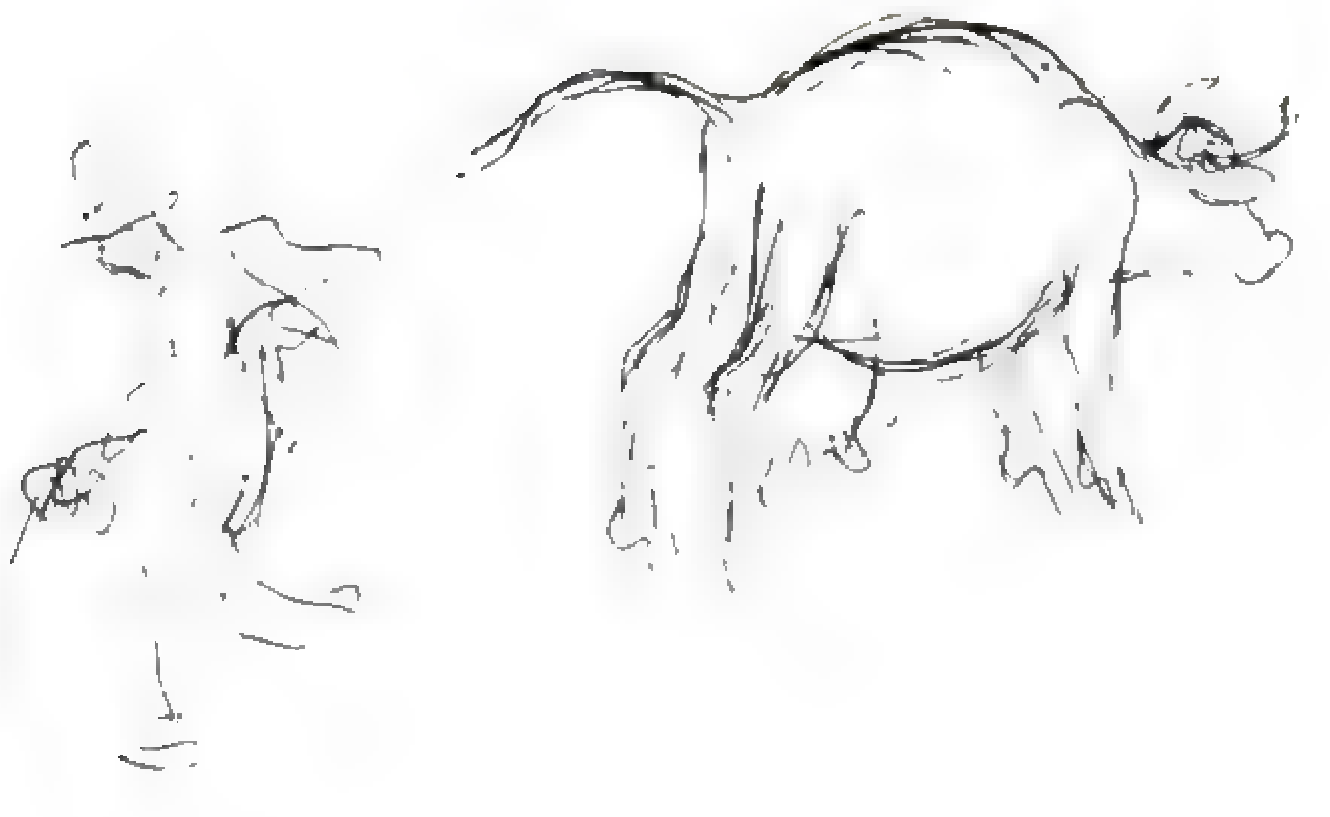


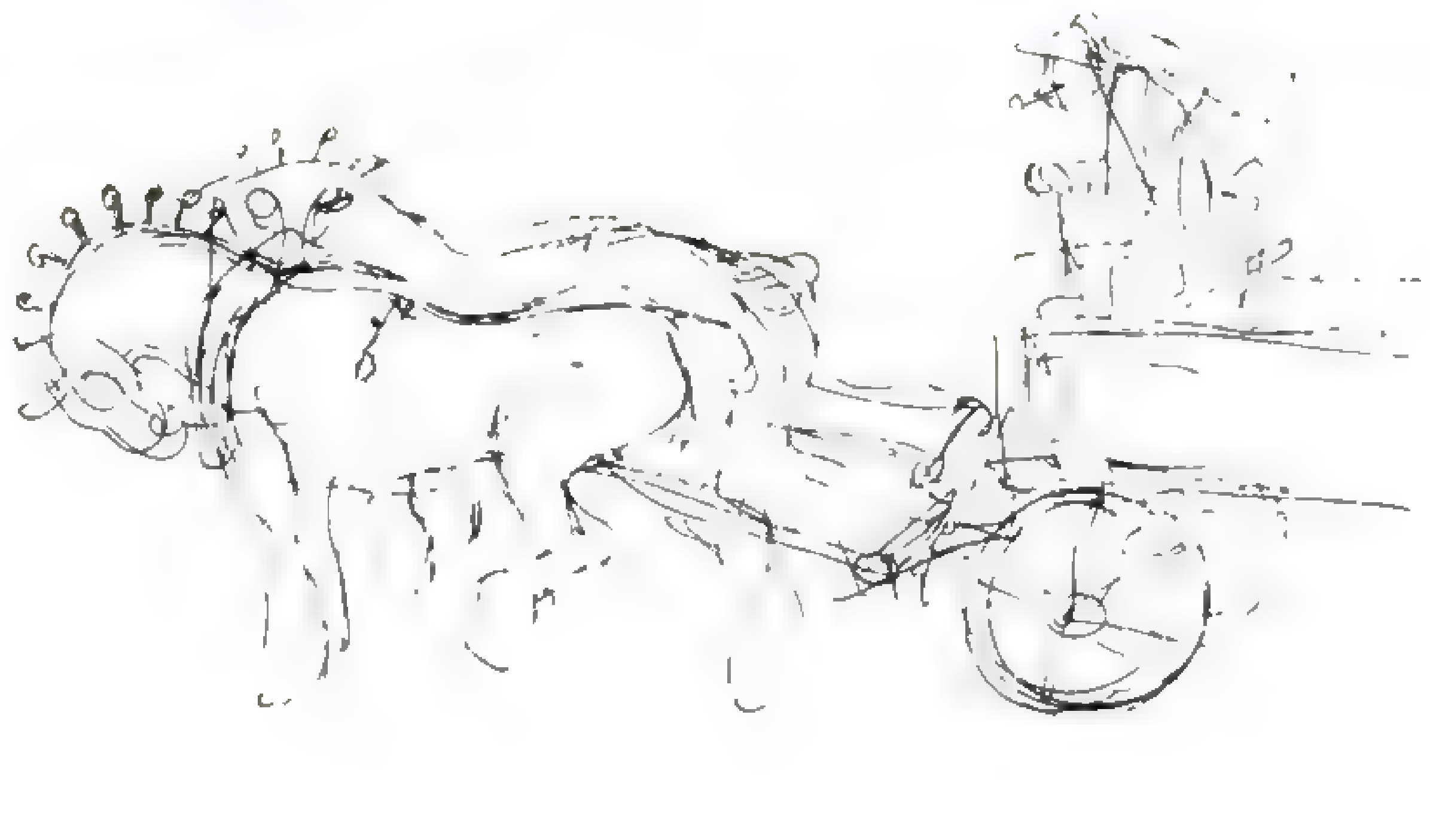

3
LEGGED
STEER
WEIGHT
300 LB











The Girl at Thorp's

Continued from page 80

was to drive to Bedeck, where I would get a boat going back through the lakes to Mulgrave, from there by train to Truro, where I could catch the limited for Montreal. I had some business which would keep me a few hours, perhaps overnight, continuing to New York in the morning.

It might have been more direct and with less changing to drive to Sydney, from there by train back to Halifax and make the same limited, but I had looked forward to the all day boat trip down the lakes, one of the most beautiful to be had in the Provinces. Also Truro being a junction point on the main line, I would lose no time going out this way.

The boat was late in arriving at Bedeck. It usually is, I fancy, but as there would be several hours wait over at Mulgrave for my train it did not matter. The little boat reached Mulgrave late in the evening, after dark at this time of year, and my train would not come along until midnight, so I had a rather long wait with nothing to do but hang around a deserted railroad station, no pleasing prospect. When it arrived I was fortunate in getting a lower and went to bed at once.

At Truro the next morning reservations were awaiting me in response to my wire from Bedeck.

A cup of coffee and some toast had been my breakfast, so after getting on the train I went in for lunch at the first opportunity. The car steward showed me to a small table with an empty chair opposite. During the next few minutes the car filled rapidly. I had just finished my bouillon when a young woman was shown to the table. I rose and bowed to her as she seated herself, then continued with my lunch.

When I looked up a second or two later I saw her eyes fixed upon my chop, which I had just begun to eat; it was grilled with some bacon and I found it excellent. I thought perhaps she was thinking it might suit her own taste. Now the subject of food might serve as well as any other to start conversation with a charming young woman that a kind fate had put before me, so I began by saying:

"If you are interested, the chop is really very good; I would say you cannot do better."

"It does look good. I think perhaps I will," she replied.

From that opening I carried on, we talked of this and that, quite usual table talk such as people use under these circumstances.

All the while I was casually looking her over. She spoke well in a not unpleasant voice; clothes fitted her well, they were quiet and chosen with taste, dark brown sports type with something of orange tone for vest or under jacket; a soft felt hat with flopped down brim completed the picture and it all had the mark of good taste. She was possibly twenty-five, not more certainly, perhaps less, her features were good. I do not think you would say she was pretty, pleasing surely and she had the loveliest eyes, quite the very best thing about her were the eyes, she had the trick of smiling with her eyes. Large and of the deepest blue, real Irish eyes they were and very good to see. Altogether I decided she must be a person of refinement and one who might prove a very interesting companion on the journey if it could be worked out. I would see what could be done about it.

I managed it so that we should finish lunch about the same time, we paid our individual checks and rose from the table together.

"May I offer you a cigarette?" I asked. "And could we go back to the club car to smoke?"

"Why, yes, I think I should like that," she replied. So we made our way back to the rear of the train for comfortable chairs. As she walked on ahead of me I noted she was somewhat taller than I had thought. I am by no means a tall man, five feet nine to be exact, and I saw she was but slightly below me in height, a matter of a couple of inches perhaps, must be long in the legs I thought. I noticed too that they were very good-looking legs and very trim, nice-looking ankles. I did not like her shoes though, not quite right with the rest of the costume, it seemed to me; they were made up of different kinds of leather with little perforations all over and tied with broad ribbon and were high in the heel.

We found chairs, got comfortably fixed and lighted our cigarettes. There was a long dreary train ride ahead and I had hated the thought of this part of the trip home; now here was a diversion which might help a lot, much better than reading and besides I had no book with me; the car library is usually a total loss and the radio grows to be a terrible bore.

These thoughts were running through my head in the second or two as we moved our chairs around facing the windows. I was just turning to say something or other when she asked me whether I had boarded the train at Halifax.

"No, I got on at Truro," I replied. "I have had an all night trip, in fact even longer than that. I came down through the Bras d'Or Lakes the day before."

She seemed interested at hearing me say that. "Why, that's curious, isn't it? I've been up in that part of the country too. I came out another way though. I came by way of Sydney and Halifax to make this train. I thought that the most direct way."

"Yes, that's right it is and probably quicker too, but you see I wanted to come down through the lakes. Ever since I have been coming up here they have been telling me I should go out by the lake route. This time I made up my mind I would. I'm glad I did too, it was a gorgeous trip all the way, marvelous. I enjoyed every minute of it."

"You speak as though you came up here pretty often," she questioned, "what brings you so much to this out-of-the-way part of the world?"

"Oh," I answered, "I belong to the fisherman tribe, they go all over you know; when we find a good stream we stay for awhile but when it grows popular why then we have to move on again."

"So you are a fisherman, are you? Salmon, I suppose, in this country. Where do you find that good stream you are talking about, or is that too inquisitive?"

"No," I replied. "I don't mind telling you, it's no private water and not too much fished as yet. I've been on the Margaree, been going there four or five years now. I like the country and I like the people."

"The Margaree! Why, that's just where I've been. I'm a fisherman too. Isn't it remarkable we should meet on a train like this? What I mean is, we've both come from way up there, sort of end of the world almost and we start home different ways and get on the same train at different stations and then I come and sit down at your table and we get to talking and all these days we've been almost next door to each other, on the same stream anyhow. Oh, I do think it the strangest thing. Don't you?"

As a matter of fact there was even more that she didn't know, if I was right in my surmise. It had come to me like a shot while she had been talking. It was almost a certainty she was the girl I had seen that day from the bridge. Not at all likely there would be more than one woman fishing on the Margaree, so I answered:

"Yes, it is strange, as you say. Now tell me this: Were you by any chance fishing last Sunday morning, just above that old steel bridge by Thorp's?"

"Sunday morning, let me think," she mused. "Why yes I was, that was my last time out. I wanted to try out a Jock Scot but I had no luck at all."

"Well, what do you know about that?" I returned. "Besides all the other strange and remarkable things you have mentioned there is this one more. We are really quite old acquaintances. I was the man on the bridge."

She looked at me in amazement and then we both burst out laughing.

"My dear girl," I continued, "that dining car steward was my good angel all right. I don't know how but somehow he did know you belonged at my table. I'll put him in my prayers tonight and, what he will probably appreciate much more, I'll not forget him at dinner tonight."

After this I am sure neither of us felt we were mere chance acquaintances of little more than an hour. We sat on there talking of one thing and another for a good part of the afternoon. I tried to find out as much about her as I could without being overly inquisitive. By now I was sure that not only was she an interesting companion for a day's journey but also if possible I was not going to say a conventional goodbye when we reached Montreal in the morning.

She told very little of herself or her affairs. I gathered from her talk she had travelled about a good deal, seemed to know a number of cities, had no very extensive knowledge of books, went in little for sports except the fishing of which she was extremely fond and always did alone. I was curious to know whether she was married or single, divorced or perhaps a widow. I did not think she was a business girl. Men did not appear to be much in her life, at least she didn't mention them. I could not recall any reference to her people and there was a strange mixture in her sometimes, there was evidence of refinement and education and then sometimes would come something quite different, a word or expression might be quite coarse and unrefined. It was surprising.

Later on in the afternoon she excused herself with some word about repacking a bag

Continued on page 119

WHEN YOU FEEL "ALL IN"—

CRAWFORD BURTON, gentleman rider, twice winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup, dean of the strenuous sport of steeplechase riding . . . a Camel smoker. Everyone is subject to strain. Hence the importance to people in every walk of life of what Mr. Burton says below about Camels.

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

MRS. CHARLES DALY, housewife, says: "Camels pick up my energy . . . and have a mild, delicate flavor that a woman likes."

REX BEACH, famous sportsman, says: "When I've gotten a big game fish landed I light a Camel, and feel as good as new."

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS ENJOYABLE WAY OF HEIGHTENING ENERGY?

As this magazine goes to press, reports pour in from all parts of the country . . . showing that thousands of smokers are turning to Camels . . . and that they *do* "get a lift with a Camel."

Crawford Burton says: "Whether I'm tired from riding or from the pressure and tension of a crowded business day, I feel refreshed and restored just as soon as I get a chance to smoke a Camel. So I'm a pretty incessant smoker, not only because Camels give me a 'lift' in energy, but because they *taste so good!* And never yet have Camels upset my nerves."

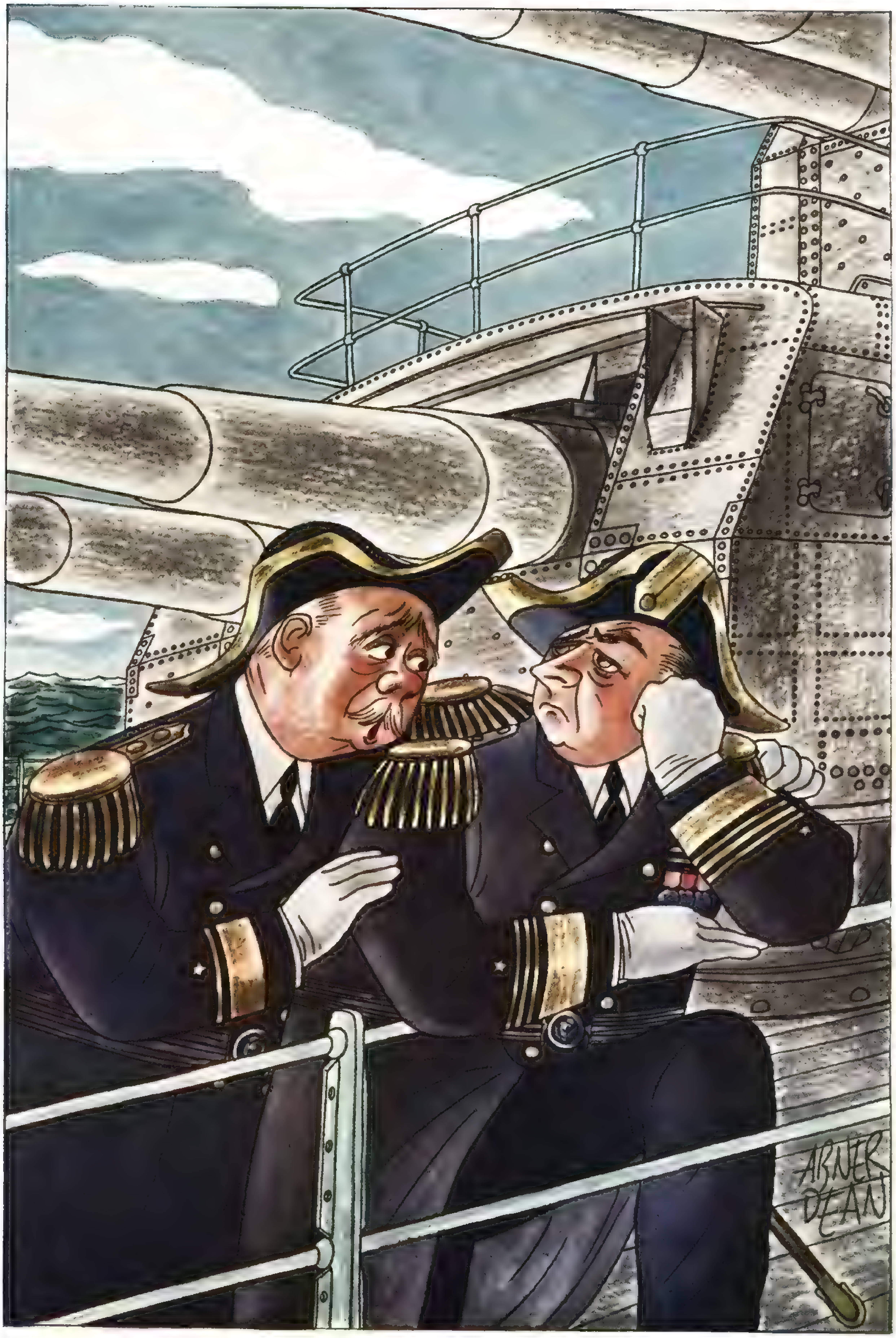
You have heard the experience of others. Science tells us that Camel's "energizing effect" has been fully confirmed. You can smoke as many Camels as you like. For Camels are made from finer and MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. They never taste flat...never get on your nerves.

ALL TOBACCO MEN KNOW:

"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—*Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."*

Camel's costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY



"But we gotta dock at San Pedro—I have a date with 'Baby'!"

The Girl at Thorp's

Continued from page 116

but not before I had arranged to see her at dinner.

We dined late that night. An hour or two afterward in the club car I found her well versed in various sporting topics of the day; spoke in the "right language" and needed no detailed explanations, she was *on* to practically everything. Had a masculine attitude generally and yet she was very feminine, I think I was always quite conscious of the woman of her. We had not touched upon any "sexy" stuff in conversation, nevertheless sex was always very present in her; one could not be near her long without feeling that.

Just before going off to bed we stepped out on to the observation platform for a little air. It was a splendid night, stars blinking away up there in the heavens, the air cool and sweet, here and there a glimpse of the river. We were quite alone out there and it seemed intimate and cozy. She leaned a little toward me, I thought, and for a second our bodies touched and her hand rested on my arm. It was a "chumpy" thing to do. I took her quickly in my arms, drew her head down on to my shoulder and kissed her hard, full on the lips.

She was absolutely quiet, no protest, no surprise or exclamation, nothing whatever; just nothing. Certainly no response. I might as well have been kissing a mummy. I was surprised, for I had kissed with passion and desire just as I had felt at the moment and she was never the kind of girl to take it like that, she did not impress me as being the cold type. She might resent it, she might welcome it, but in either case I would bet my life she would be absolutely and fully *alive*.

She turned toward the door without a word to me, I made no protest and we walked in silence through the train. When we reached her section I said good night and continued on to my own car ahead. As I undressed and crawled into the berth I had a distinct feeling that I had rather made a mess of things. I was certainly no hero.

Next morning I breakfasted alone, later in the morning stopping at her seat with the idea of squaring myself if I could. I thought it likely, after all I had not done anything so very terrible, she had no right to have such tempting lips and lovely eyes if she didn't expect to be kissed.

The incident was to be ignored, I found; that was plain from the first, she was in very good humor. Last night was *out*. I thought to myself, I just used the wrong system, that was all. The idea was probably all right. I approached it the wrong way, that was the trouble. Sedative for my vanity.

I was now more sure than ever that this adventure should not come to an end at Montreal. Some way must be found to carry on. This girl was evidently not interested in a kiss in the dark, I should have to evolve something which would interest her. Eyes like hers that promised so much could not possibly have been made all for nothing.

We were nearing the end of the journey now and I had no definite plan or idea. I only knew I was going to make the try somehow.

Perhaps I might suggest her staying over and going on to New York with me the following day. I wondered would that work out. Well, why not? It seemed a wonderful idea to me, why would it not appeal to her also? She was no child, she could decide for herself and despite the lack of response to the kiss, I had a feeling I was not unattractive to her. The whole business of last night did not mean very much really, nerves get a bit ragged on a long trip like this. A good hotel, tub, change into other clothes, a good dinner and comfortable quarters; that should make all the difference in the world. Yes, I would suggest it.

We were by now almost to the terminal, luggage had been carried to the vestibule by the porter and passengers were preparing to leave so time was short. I turned to her and said:

"Here we are at last. Do you plan stopping over in Montreal or are you going through? I am afraid you will have difficulty in getting away today unless you have already made reservations. Now, I have a suggestion, it is this: Stay over. We can dine together, perhaps see a show or anything you like; let's make a party of it. We two have had such a good time I just hate to let you go so soon. Now what do you say?"

She looked at me straight in the eyes for a second and answered:

"No, I have made no reservations as yet." Nothing more and yet she had not failed to understand me, of that I felt sure. I waited a little to give her time but she added nothing.

"Well, then," I persisted, "what do you think of my plan? We must not ignore the blessed fate that brought us together. I very much want you to stay and I'll land you safe and sound in New York."

The train was in the terminal by now, passengers were crowding into the aisles and we had to move along with the others, so there was no chance for anything more at the moment. Still I had an idea it was as good as settled.

At the curb our porters had a taxi waiting, here she held out her hand to me and said, "Thank you a lot for a pleasant journey. It's been nice to know you. Goodbye."

This was not at all what I was expecting, it rather knocked me off my balance. True she had not said *yes* but she had not said *no*. Perhaps I was expected to be more persistent. Very well, my girl, I thought; you shall have it your own way. I handed her into the waiting taxi, insisting I would see her safely to her destination, with the idea of playing up to her whim as we drove along.

It was not to be so simple as all that, however. Instead of going to the far side she sat quickly in the seat next the open door, put forth her hand again and said, "Thank you for everything. Don't spoil it. Goodbye; you've been very kind."

What could I do? Nothing but just what I did do. Have the porter take my luggage off, raise my hat to her and watch her drive away, standing there by the curb feeling very much the fool and then turning in time to find the porter grinning at me. I cursed him and told him to find me another taxi.

Reaching my hotel I took a much needed tub, dressed and went for a walk. A good lunch later on put me in better spirits. I tried to argue that possibly I would not have found her as attractive in town as she had proved on the train, perhaps all was for the best. I could not make it very convincing though.

During the afternoon I attended to the business which had brought me here, spent rather a stupid evening and next morning went on to New York.

Back from my holiday I found things piled up at the office and was kept busy for several days with little or no time for anything else. Once in awhile I would think of beautiful dark blue eyes and all that might have been, but most of all I think my thoughts went back to that strangely unflattering dismissal at the station in Montreal. It was all over now, no good having any regrets at this late day, forget it. Suffering pride I suppose it was, I had thought I was a very devil of a fellow and had taken it on the chin.

One evening several weeks later, walking along Fifty-seventh street after dining uptown with some friends, I reached that neighborhood of the lighted shop windows and picture galleries which occupy several blocks. Particularly was I interested in some of the pictures and had stopped to admire a Venetian of very splendid color when I was conscious of a slight touch on my arm. I paid no attention at first, then it happened again unmistakably this time and I turned to see who was nudging me so persistently.

At my side stood a young woman looking in the window. I saw at once she had all the appearance of a distinct type often to be seen in this neighborhood; they are unmistakably to be recognized, a certain hang of the clothes, kind of walk, an air of going nowhere in particular, in fact the whole atmosphere is indicative of the type and seldom to be mistaken and although this girl was simply standing by me I placed her at once as one of our ladies of the evening.

She went on looking in the window but knew I had turned to observe her, I am sure. I was not at all surprised when I heard her say:

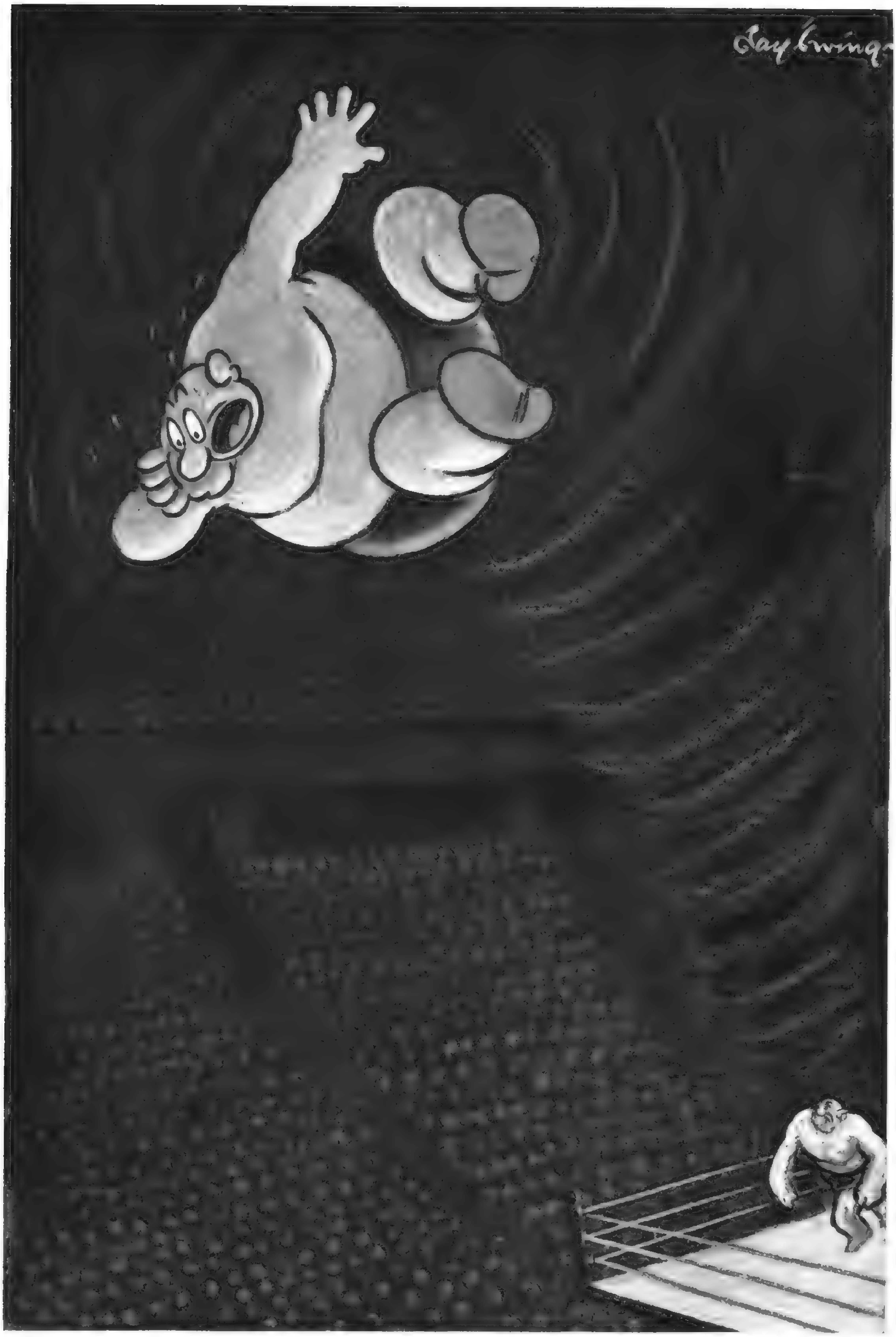
"Hello, are you out for a walk?"

Something about the sound of the voice was familiar to me. Where had I heard that voice before? I looked closely at her face and at that instant she turned toward me and I got a good look at her. There was an immediate recognition by both; I stood speechless, not a word would come out. On her part she was as dumb as I, she dropped her eyes and in a second turned and walked away from me.

Good God! How was such a thing possible? This was my fishing girl, the girl of the Montreal train, the same one I had found such an interesting companion, the girl of such uncompromising morals. Oh there must be some mistake somewhere. I must have been wrong. It wasn't the same. I would hurry after her to make sure there had been a mistake.

Of course that was all just sheer nonsense. I was sure enough, perfectly sure. There had been no mistake, I had recognized her beyond all doubt and she had also recognized me.

So I didn't follow her. I couldn't somehow and there wasn't anything for me to say. I realized that when I thought the thing over. So instead I started off in the opposite direction, turned the next corner and went in at the first place to get something to drink.



"Hey! You wit' th' blue shirt—duck!"

The Battle Royal

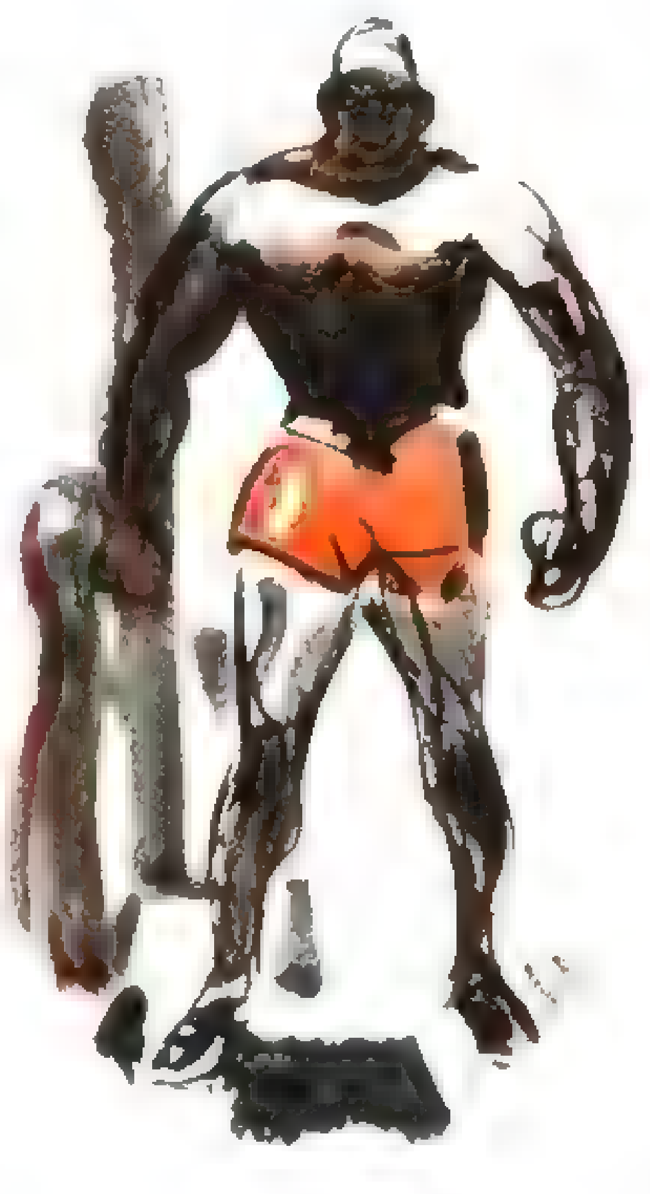
Here's one you may as well skip if you're squeamish about tales in which brutality is involved

by LEWIS HERMAN

▪ FICTION ▪

Sam had met Charley Simms at Fat's Chili Parlor on 47th street. Charley was a sport. Charley was a pimp. Charley sold "happy dust." Charley Simms was the man to see on the South Side when there was a "battle royal" to be put on at a stag affair or a lodge meeting or at the Fight Stadium for the North Side stiffs.

Sam was munching a hamburger at Fat's place. His last nickel had gone to the purchase of it. He looked out of Fat's flyspecked window with a faraway glaze in his eyes. His jaws moved rhythmically up and down on the hamburger.



Charley took one look at Sam's powerful frame. He saw the heavy back muscles bunched under the shoulder blades. He saw the cloth of Sam's coat sleeves drawn taut over the muscles. He approached him without hesitation.

"Wotcha doin' t'night, big boy?"

Sam turned to see the flashily attired Charley Simms at his side. He knew him for what he was. Everyone knew Charley Simms and his rackets and shied away from him and his dubious business propositions. Somehow or other he fixed it so that the other guy held the dirty end of the stick. His middle name was trouble. But Sam wasn't disturbed. His nature wasn't the kind that was easily stirred. Thoughts stir. Sam's kind was slow to thought and slow to action. Instead of resenting Charley's intrusion, Sam grinned from ear to ear and drawled out slowly, "Nawthin'!"

Charley looked down at the hamburger in Sam's hand. This boy'd be havin' coffee if'n he had the dough, he thought. "Howdja like t' mek yo'sehf a piece o' change?"

Sam gulped down the wad of sandwich he had bitten before answering. Then he said, "What doin'?"

"Strickly legit, big boy, strickly legit!"

"What doin'?"

"Oh! . . . the boys is gonna have a li'l fight down at the Stadium on Belmont Avenoo . . . Nort' Side . . . I been pickin' me up some o' my frien's so's dey can make deyselves a piece o' change . . . "

"What I gotta do?"

Charley hesitated. "Oh! . . . jes' put de gloves on an' box aroun' some. . . "

"What I git?"

"Ten bucks an' a meal th'owed in . . . twenny if'n ya wins!"

Sam continued to chew on his hamburger. He realized that he had spent his last nickel. He owed his landlady three bucks for a week's rent. He'd been laid off from the Stockyards. And there wasn't any dough in sight. Except what Charley Simms was offering. But you gotta be careful of Charley. His middle name was trouble. But Sam squared his shoulders as he turned in his seat to Charley. He felt the muscles uncoil beneath his skin. Might get you a blackeye, he thought. Worth ten bucks. Mebbe twenty if you won. Twenty bucks! Room rent paid, Stutson hat, hot highyaller, gin an' flat! Stutson hat! Hot dawg!

"O. K. Charley!" he said.

Charley wrote the address on a tissue-paper napkin and handed it to Sam. "Dere's de place. Be dere seven o'clock. Got any fight togs?"

"Nawp!"

"Guess yo' kin fight in yo' shohts an' socks."

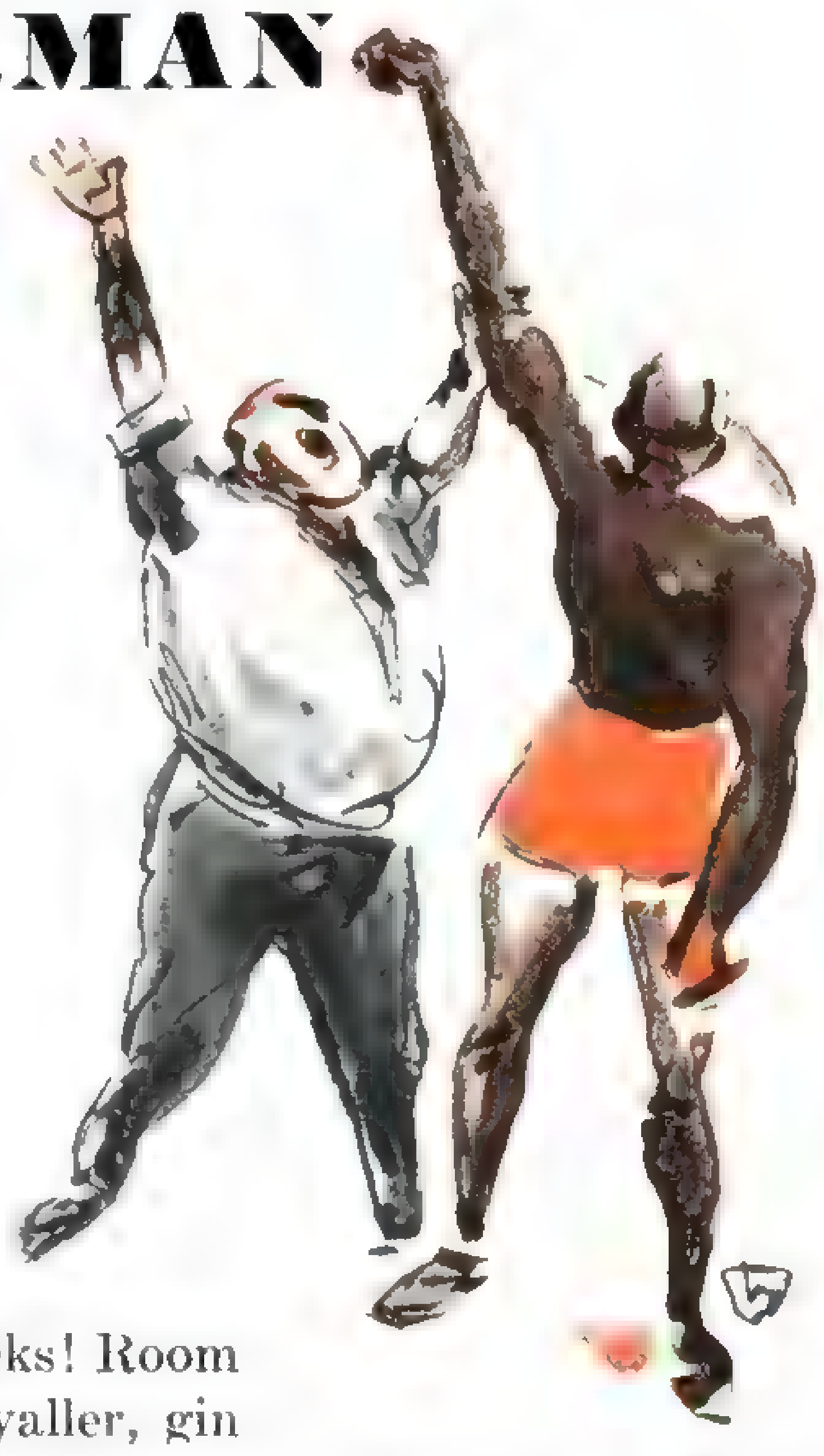
Sam looked down at the scribbled address. It was upside down. He couldn't read. But he didn't care to let Charley know that. Instead, he asked, "How 'bout cahfare?"

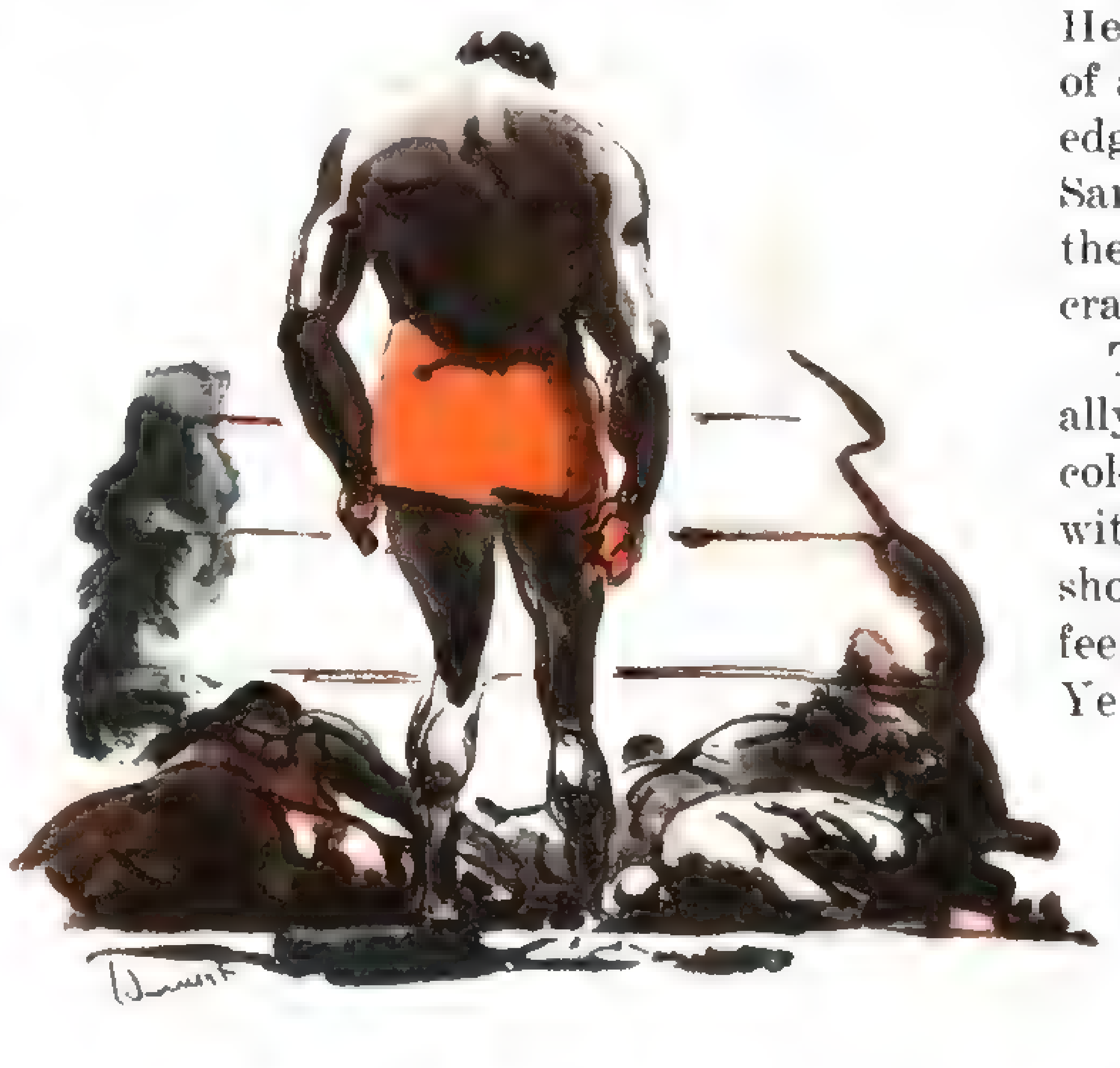
Charley gave him a twobit piece. "Keep de change, big boy, but gimme a good fight!" He started off. "I be seein' ya!"

"Yeh!" Sam said. He turned around to the counter when he saw that Charley had left and called for Fat. "Gimme a fry chicken san'wich, cawfee an' pie!" he yelled.

He had to walk fifteen miles that evening in order to get to the Fight Stadium on the North Side.

That was how he found himself in the dressing room of the Fight Stadium. He had just discovered that he was scheduled to fight in a battle royal. One of the other colored boys squeezed into the tiny cubicle had told him. Sam wasn't exactly afraid. Nothing scared him. He'd been able to take care of himself in the past. But it was only that he had never fought in a ring before. He'd been in dozens of street fights. As a creeper to some comely married wench's backdoor, he had been caught a number of times by an irate, cuckolded husband and had been forced to fight. But this was to be a battle royal. Hazily, he recalled some of the details of his job. You got into a ring with a lot of other fellows. Then you began hitting the next guy. The one who stood up to the end won the fight. Shucks! he thought. That was easy. He grinned. All y' had t'do was t' fake a knockdown. Hell! you'd be one of the first t'drop. You make yourself an easy ten bucks an' a feed. Let some other damnfool nigger get all slammed up for twenny bucks.





He sat on his box and watched the other negroes in all degrees of undress. Some were showing off in front of the others by shadow-boxing in their socks. Others were sitting around, like Sam, waiting for something to happen. Only one of them appeared to be happy about it. He was a big blueblack nigger. Six-foot-six of solid brawn and bone, he towered in his stockinged feet. His head scraped the ceiling as he naively flexed and unflexed the cordoned muscles of his arms and back. His white teeth stood out against his skin like snow crystals on black velvet. He knew himself to be the physical superior of any there. And he revelled in the knowledge. Some of the others eyed him fearfully. Sam yawned and listened to the hisses of the crowd upstairs filtering through the crack in the wooden partition.

The amateur bouts dragged on. Occasionally, Sam saw the handlers drag an inert colored boy past the door. Others, in tights, with flaming bathrobes flung around their shoulders, were able to walk by on their own feet. But their faces were all battered up. Yet the spectacle of their bloodied countenances didn't worry Sam. He knew what he was going to do. Ten bucks was ten bucks. He'd take a couple of socks any time and then lay down, for ten bucks. He was a wise nigger, this

Continued on page 138

Snowfall in Childhood

Continued from page 41

seemed to become brighter and more beautiful as we played. A mist appeared around her eyes and her smile became so close, as if it were moving swiftly toward me, that I began to tremble. I felt ashamed of being so tongue-tied and red-faced, but with a half-frightened blissful indifference to everything—even Anna—I kept on playing.

We hardly spoke. I grew too nervous to follow the game and I wanted to stop. But I thought if we stopped we could no longer sit this way with our knees touching. At moments when Anna withdrew her touch I trembled and waited as if I were hanging from somewhere. When finally her knees returned to their place against mine, I caught my breath and frowned at the cards as if I were completely taken up with them.

As the hour passed, my face began to feel swollen and lopsided and it seemed to me my features had grown ugly beyond words. I tried to distract Anna's attention from this phenomenon by twisting my mouth, screwing up my eyes and making popping noises with my cheeks as we played. But a new fear arrived to uncenter my attention. I became afraid now that Anna would notice her knees were touching mine and move them away. I began at once pretending a deeper excitement in the game, complaining against my bad luck and denouncing her for cheating. I was determined to keep her interested in the game at any cost, believing that her interest in what we were doing made her unaware of her knees touching mine.

Finally Anna said she was tired of the game. She pushed the cribbage board away. I waited, holding my breath, for her to realize where her knees were and to move them away. I tried not to look at her but I was so frightened of this happening that I found myself staring at her. She seemed to be paying no attention to me. She was leaning back in her chair and her eyes were half closed. Her face was unsmiling and I felt she was thinking of something. This startled me. My throat filled with questions but I was so afraid of breaking this hidden embrace of our knees under the lapboard that I said nothing.

The mist seemed to have spread from her eyes to her hair and over the rest of her face. Wherever I looked this same glow rested around her. I noticed then that her hand was lying on the lapboard. I thought desperately of touching it but there was something disillusioning in this thought. I watched her fingers begin to tap gently on the board as if she were playing the piano. There was something strange about her hand as if it did not belong to the way her knees were touching mine or to the mist that rose from her eyes.

The minutes passed in silence and then Anna's mother called her from downstairs.

"I guess they're going home," I said and Anna nodded. She pressed closer against me but in my confusion I couldn't figure out whether this was the accidental result of her starting to get out of her chair or on purpose.

"Why don't you ride out with us?" she said. She leaned over the lapboard toward me. "We've got the wagon sleigh and there's plenty of room."

Before I could answer she had stood up. My knees felt suddenly cold. I slid the lapboard to the floor, ashamed and sad. Anna, without looking back at me, had gone down the stairs. I kept myself from running after her. I was sure she was laughing at me and that she was saying to herself, "He's a big fool. He's a big fool."

The Joneses were ready to leave when I came into the parlor. Anna's mother smiled at me.

"Why don't you come and visit us over Sunday?" she said. "There's even more snow in Corliss than here."

"More snow than you can shake a stick at," said another member of the Jones family. They all laughed and while they were laughing my mother hustled me off for my wraps. I was to drive away with the Jones family in the sleigh drawn by the two strong horses that stood in front of our house.

I pulled on my leather boots, sweater, and overcoat while the goodbyes were being made. I kept trying to catch Anna's attention, but she was apparently unaware that I was in the room. This made me sad, and slowly my eagerness to go to Corliss left me. I wanted instead to go up to my room and slam the door forever on all the Joneses. Anna's gayety, the way she said goodbye over and over again and laughed and kissed all the members of my family as if nothing had happened to her, as if she hadn't sat with her eyes closed pressing against my knees in the hallway upstairs, made me almost ill. I felt abandoned and forgotten.

Finally I stood muffled and capped and scowling as my family offered some final instructions for my behavior. I heard nothing of what was said but turned over and over in my mind what I was going to do on the ride and after we got to Corliss. Chiefly I was going to ignore Anna, neither speak to her nor show her by a single look that I knew she was alive.

At this point Anna, having said goodbye to everybody several times, seized my arm unexpectedly and whispered against my ear.

"Come, hurry," she said. "We want to get a good place."

Without a word I rushed out of the house, slipping down the snow-caked steps and tumbling headlong into a snowdrift. I scrambled after Anna into the wagon sleigh. It was a low-sided farm wagon placed on wide, heavy wooden runners and piled with warm hay and horse blankets. There was room for only one on the seat. The rest of the Joneses, seven including me, would have to lie in the hay covered by the robes.

Anna was already in the wagon half-buried in the hay, a blanket over her. She gave me excited orders to brush the snow from my clothes, to cover myself well and not to get out and run alongside the horses when we were going up hill.

"It doesn't help any," she said. "They can pull just the same if you stay in here. And besides I don't want you to."

The rest of the Joneses came out and crowded into the wagon around us. Anna's father took his place on the driver's seat, assuring my mother, who had come out with a shawl over her head, that there was no danger because the State plow had cleared the road even to way beyond Corliss. I heard my mother ask where I was. Mrs. Jones answered that I was buried somewhere in the hay and Anna whispered close to me not to answer or say anything. I obeyed her.

The sleigh started off. I heard the horses thumping in the snow and the harness bells falling into a steady jingling. Lying on my back I looked into the night. Stars filled the sky and a white glare hung over the house tops. The street was silent. I could no longer see the snow-covered houses with their lighted windows. My nose filled with the fresh smell of snow and the barn smells of hay and horse blankets. I lay listening to the different sounds—the harness bells and the snow crunching under the runners.

The stillness of this winter's night was as intense as the storm that had raged for three days. I felt that all the wind and snow there was had blown themselves out forever and that the night as far as the highest star had been emptied by the storm. This emptiness as I lay looking into it was like being hypnotized. It was something to run out into, to fly up into, as the snowfall had been. I began to want to see further and the star-filled sky that had seemed so vast a few minutes ago now didn't seem vast enough.

I had almost forgotten about Anna when I felt a now familiar warmth press against me. She had moved closer as if joggled by the sleigh. I held my breath waiting for her to order me to move away and give her room, but she was silent.

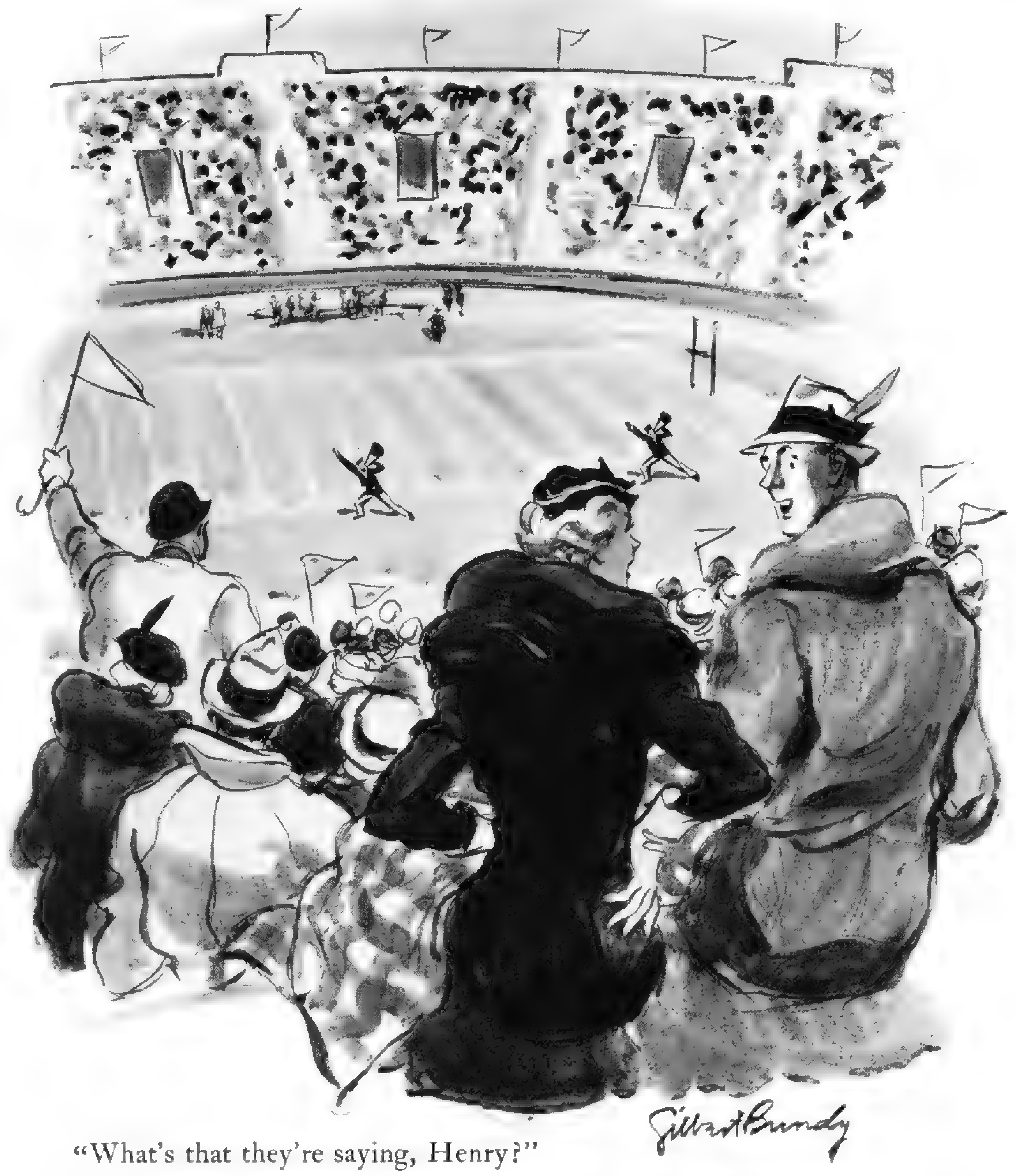
My hand at my side touched her fingers. Now I forgot the sky and the great sprinkle of stars that seemed like a thin, far-away snowfall that had stopped moving. The night, the glare of snow, the jingling harness bells died away; only my fingers were alive.

When I had looked at her hand tapping gently on the lapboard, it had seemed strange and the thought of touching it somehow disillusioning. But now under the horse blankets, hidden in the hay, this hand seemed more breathing and mysterious and familiar than anything about her. I lay unable to move closer to it, our fingertips barely touching. I grew dizzy wishing to reach her hand but I felt as powerless to move toward it as to fly.

The minutes passed. Two of the Joneses started singing. The thump of the horses, the jingling of the sleighbells, and the crunching of the snow under the runners seemed part of this soft singing. I too wished to sing, to stand up suddenly in this sweeping-along sleigh and bellow at the silent night.

Then the fingers for which I had been wishing until I was dizzy, seemed to start walking under the horse blankets, seemed to be running toward me in the warm hay. They came as far as my hand, closed around it, and I felt the throb of their tips against my palm. The night turned into a dream. I opened my eyes to the wide sprinkle of stars and a mist seemed to have come over them. The snow-covered hills over which we were gliding sparkled behind a mist and suddenly the night into which I was looking lost its hours. It stretched away without time as if it were not something that was passing like our sleigh over the snow, but a star-filled winter's night that would never change and never move.

Lying beside Anna, her hand in mine, with the sleigh now flying in a whirl of snow down the white hill, I thought this night would never end.



Gilbert Bundy

"What's that they're saying, Henry?"

"They're saying, 'The average age of GOLDEN WEDDING RYE is 4 years old . . . and it's ALL whiskey.' But that won't interest you."

"Want to bet on *that*, too, Henry?"

GOLDEN WEDDING
RYE
Whiskey A Blend
ALL STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Jos. S. Finch & Co. INC.

Don't Guess—Demand

GOLDEN WEDDING RYE

AVERAGE AGE **4 YEARS OLD**

Golden Wedding also obtainable in BOURBON

For really fine gin . . . try Silver Wedding Gin

A Schenley PRODUCT MADE IN U. S. A. . . . LOOK FOR THE MARK OF MERIT

Copyright, 1934, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc.

"He Who Rides a Tiger—"

An American newspaperman's idea of what has been going on in the minds of the Japanese warlords

by JACK MORROW

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"He who rides a tiger cannot dismount" is an old Japanese proverb.

When I went to Japan from Siberia in December of 1919, two forces were battling for the perilous distinction of riding the tiger. The military, under the leadership of that stern imperialist, Prince Yamagata, had ridden the striped cat unchallenged since the days of 1868 when a combination of Satsuma and Choshu clans wrested power from the Tokugawa shoguns and restored the 16-year-old Emperor Meiji not only to the nominal but to the actual rule of all Japan. The first to question the sway of the warlords were the products of Japan's wartime prosperity, the "narikins" (newly rich), derisively so-called by the militarists.

Absorbed in their study of wartime problems and obsessed with the idea of securing a permanent foothold on continental China, the militarists paid little attention to Japan's economic transformation from 1914 to 1918.

In that short space Nippon swung from a purely agricultural to an industrial nation, seizing the rich Oriental market temporarily abandoned by England, the United States and European powers. The saber rattlers realized only that Japan had suddenly become rich, that there was more gold in the national treasury for military and naval expansion, that a group of very keen Japanese businessmen were responsible for the turn in the tide of fortune.

The imperialistic military had their first shock following the exposé of the Twenty-One Demands on China, when the business leaders insisted that chauvinistic Okuma, then premier, step out of office because he was ruining the rich cotton goods, dye and general trade with China. Popular sentiment backed the commercial ring and Okuma resigned in 1916 allegedly because of ill health. He was succeeded by another militarist, Terauchi, out-and-out tool of the Satsuma-Choshu combine dominated by Yamagata. Terauchi tried the same tactics on China in 1918 and once again capitalism demonstrated its might by forcing the militarist ministry out of office and securing the appointment of Hara as premier. Hara was the first "commoner" in the history of the nation to hold that office.

It was then that the saber-rattling staffs of the navy and army realized a new force had entered the political life of the country, that an opponent had secretly climbed on the back of the tiger, and while riding the beast was attempting to throw the military party into the pathway of its destructive claws and teeth.

"Narikins!" cried the military in contempt. "Spoiled creatures of wealth, riding in their pink and white upholstered automobiles, attempting to usurp the places of the samurai. They have cornered the rice market in speculation, they are exploiting the people of the nation, they are holding in contempt the honored uniforms of our glorious army and navy. And for what? That they may buy more automobiles, build houses like those of the rich men in western nations, spend larger sums on their gay parties in the tea houses of Tokyo, Osaka, Yokohama and Kobe, hire more geisha girls to sing and dance at their bacchanalian feasts!"

The business group replied in this fashion: "In 1914 Japan was groaning under the debts contracted in the Chinese and Russian wars, waged to satisfy the warlords. What did these victories bring Japan? Misery, high taxes, hatred of our neighbors. Why is Japan despised in China and Russia today? Because our army and navy are occupying Shantung and Siberia, because of the infamous Twenty-One Demands made on Peking by Okuma and their repetition in 1918 by Terauchi. What, on the other hand, have we done for Japan in the short space of four or five years? We have turned Japan from a debtor to a creditor nation. We have taken the great cotton goods market of China and India away from the British. We are selling America vast quantities of raw silk. We have captured the dye industry formerly held by the Germans, the match industry controlled by the Dutch. We have built up a great mercantile marine; our ships are to be found in all the principal ports of the world. The 'narikins' by peaceful methods have made Japan one of the great powers of the world. Here at home we have increased the income of every worker in Japan, raised the standard of living."

For a time it looked as though the "narikins" would unbalance the warrior and throw him into the pathway of the tiger. Indeed I was in Japan but a short time until one prominent officer of the general staff told me that young men were beginning to look upon military careers with contempt; applications for admission to the Imperial Military Academy fell off and no longer did "heads of the best families in Japan consider army officers as desirable matches for their daughters."

The saber rattler-narikin feud begot a third movement in Japan on the part of the masses. There was enough truth in the "pink and white upholstered limousines, bacchanalian feasts, ill will of China and Russia, burdens of taxation" and the like to set the proletariat of the nation thinking. Soon there was a movement for universal manhood suffrage, a greater voice in government by the masses. The privilege of voting for members of the Diet and for officers of the municipalities, was very restricted at the time. I witnessed parades of thousands upon thousands of workers and students in my first days in Japan. I attended meetings where speakers were arrested by the police for utterance of what was regarded as "dangerous thought." I saw police officers stripped of their clothing by the masses and I was in the gallery of the lower house of the Diet in early 1920 when that body was dissolved by Imperial Edict in the midst of the manhood suffrage debate.

I cannot easily forget that afternoon in Japan.

From all parts of Tokyo the thousands were marching on the Diet buildings. For blocks on blocks the ways were closed to traffic by gendarmes and an army of blue-coated, saber-carrying police. In the military barracks about the city and within easy marching distance of the Diet buildings regular army troops were "standing to."

Being a foreigner and a newspaperman I managed to get a seat in the gallery of the Diet with an interpreter. The Kenseikai Party (now merged with others into the Menseito), led by Viscount Kato, was supporting the manhood suffrage bill. The Seiyukai, the party of Hara, was opposed. The Seiyukai held power by virtue of a coalition with the Kokumin and independents. The debate within the chamber waxed warm. Outside the crowds were pressing the police. Then came a recess to straighten out a rather personal wrangle which threatened to develop into a general brawl on the floor of the house.

When the members reassembled and while the clerk was calling the roll, a messenger in uniform marched down the aisle and presented a document to the speaker. Instantly all members were on their feet; absolute silence prevailed. The hundreds of legislators listened to the Imperial decree that the session was ended. Not a word was spoken as desks were closed and men of the Diet filed out of the chamber.

I left the building and watched the effect of the news upon the mobs gathered outside the guarded areas. Men turned and wended their way homeward, men who a few minutes before had stood ready to battle the police to death if necessary.

If you could have stood with me in the Diet chamber that afternoon early in 1920, witnessed how a few simple words from the Emperor halted a bitter debate; if you could have seen the fighting mobs, the determined soldiers and police, steal off obediently into the gathering twilight, you would understand the power of the ruler of present-day Japan and know that whichever side His Majesty backs is the side that is going to "ride the tiger."

Before the Seiyukai tested its power in a general election, the "narikins" went to smash on the economic rocks. The great industrial bubble of war days burst. Factories closed, commercial houses collapsed overnight, banks crashed, thousands were thrown out of work. With one great heave and push, Yamagata and his military clan flung the narikins from the back of the tiger, and to this day the saber-rattlers have ridden alone undaunted and unchallenged along a pathway of ruthless imperialism.

Frankly, the military regime in Japan regarded the Wilson administration as a joke. The hands of Great Britain were tied by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the dawn of 1921 saw Japan, in fact and word, the arbiter of the Far East, with a certain regard for the diplomatic conventions of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

The Harding administration took office, likewise took notice of the trend of affairs in the Orient. Europe had long since realized that the center of affairs international was shifting from Paris to Tokyo, and as a consequence, we find diplomats of the caliber of the British Elliot, the French Claudel, the Belgian Bassompierre located in Tokyo in 1920-21. The Harding administration sent Charles Beecher Warren, Detroit lawyer, to the Tokyo post.

The Hara government had been returned to power by an overwhelming majority and there was a frantic effort to bolster up the economic structure. Shipping lines, the silk industry, certain cotton mills, the match industry, were subsidized. At the finance post was Takahashi and in the bank of Japan was Inouye. There was an embargo on the export of gold. The value of the yen was maintained on the international mart, weak banks were merged with strong ones, the government wisely prevented speculation on the rice market, kept the masses satisfied. The army and navy, however, refused to do any retrenching and had their way. Astounding indeed were the naval building plans, which, carried out, would give Japan in the space of one decade the strongest navy in the world.

The United States fortunately was blest with excellent army and navy attaches in Tokyo, and in the position of first secretary to the embassy had a man of outstanding diplomatic ability. Captain Edward Watson, now retired, was naval attache; Colonel Charles Burnett was military attache; and in the post of secretary was Edward Bell, since deceased.

There appeared in the Philadelphia Public Ledger a series of articles written by Jerry Babb, now Associated Press correspondent in Tokyo. First published in the Japan Advertiser in Tokyo, the articles laid before the world in cold figures the comparative strength of the British, American and Japanese navies at that time and showed what the relative strength would be after a few years of naval building by the three powers concerned.

The Occidental world sat up and took notice. The question universally asked was: Is Japan preparing for war; are the words of Admiral Beatty going to come true; is the next war to be fought in the Pacific?

The situation confronting the world less than three years after the historic armistice of November 11, 1918, was this: Japan was engaged in a mad naval race. Japan was maintaining her hold on the Shantung peninsula; her troops still occupied Siberia. Japan was continuing her unholy alliance with Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Manchuria, as a precaution against any possible union in China. Japan still hung the Twenty-One Demands over China, the demands first enunciated by Okuma in 1915 and repeated by Terauchi in 1918, which would virtually deprive China of the last vestige of sovereignty as well as nullify the "Open Door" as laid down by Hay of the United States and agreed to by all the powers.

From Washington came an invitation to Tokyo asking Japan to participate in a nine-power conference. The militarists of Japan did not like the idea, but they were not yet in the position to defy the Occident. They "saved face" by securing as the head of the Japanese delegation Admiral Kato.

The business men of Japan also got together and decided to send a delegation—not only to the United States but around the world on a good will tour. I well remember the departure of the two delegations from Yokohama, the one official, the other commercial. At the head of the Japanese section of the Kokusai News Agency then managed by J. R. Kennedy, keen Occidental analyst of Oriental psychology—was a man named Henry Satoh. Satoh was a Japanese of the Japanese, extremely proud of his samurai descent; he had grown up with the post-Perry Japan, knew its strength and its weakness. As he watched the animated scene preparatory to the departure of the delegates, Satoh said: "It is the story of Portsmouth over again! Two delegations—one with authority, the other with words. The result will be greater misunderstanding of the Japanese by western civilizations."

In the light of what I have seen and heard, I would be inclined to amend Satoh's remarks by saying: two delegations—one with authority, both with words. For it is my candid opinion that Japan went into the Washington conference with its fingers crossed, especially regarding the territorial integrity of China. I base that opinion on the fact that Japan had Henry Pu-Yi, now Emperor of Manchukuo, in training for his present job before the Washington pact was ever signed. I do not mean that Admiral Kato and other delegates to the Washington conference knew that plan; but Prince Yamagata, Prince Saionji and the saber rattlers of the general staff of the army and navy did. The delegates in Washington were pretty much in the same position as the Japanese ambassadors to Washington, London and Paris when confronted with the story of the Twenty-One Demands in 1915. For it will be remembered that the draft of the demands sent to Peking contained 1,013 words; that sent to the Japanese ambassadors in the United States, England and France contained but 326 words.

Lapsing into the vernacular of General Hugh Johnson of NRA fame, we might sum up the results of the Washington conference by saying that the Occidental powers proceeded to "crack down" upon Japan. The naval race was halted and a Five-Five-Three ratio agreed on between the United States, Great Britain and Japan. Incidentally, it might be of interest to the average American to know that on February 1 of this year, Admiral Osumi, Japanese naval minister, told members of the Japanese Imperial Diet that by the end of 1936 Japan will have 140 naval treaty vessels while the United States will have 100.

However, a nine-power treaty was signed by Japan regarding the territorial integrity of China and the policy of the Open Door once again affirmed by the parties to the conference. A four-power pact was also negotiated to supplant the old Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

All this was accomplished despite the fact that, on the very eve of the conference opening, Premier Hara was stabbed to death in Japan. The assassin confessed that Japanese press attacks were responsible for his action, and it is well known that the newspapers leading in the attack were subsidized by the army and navy of Japan. Less than a year ago the young railroad employe, who plunged his short sword into the breast of Hara, was released from prison and the event was fittingly celebrated by the so-called patriotic terrorists who in a short space of years have assassinated Hara, Dr. Dan, Inouye and Premier Inukai.

The Washington conference was followed by a wave of anti-Americanism in Japan. Captain Edward Watson, naval attache, was openly accused of spying, of overstepping diplomatic privileges. A poorly framed attempt was made to involve Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Burnett in a map-buying plot. Burnett, however, was too clever. He invited the map seller—a Japanese army officer—to come to his office with the maps. Burnett then telephoned the police and the map seller was arrested while negotiating with the American officer.

Personally, as an American newspaperman, I tried to follow the outcome of that map case, but never could I get any definite information regarding the punishment meted out to the culprit.

Former Ambassador Hanihara was one of my close friends when he was Vice Foreign Minister under Uchida. Shortly before he left Tokyo for Washington in 1922 I was with him at the Tokyo club. "Hanihara-san, why do the Japanese distrust the United States?" I asked him. "We are not going around seizing territory; we have always played a fair game with Japan!"

"You want it straight?" he inquired.

"Shoot!" I answered.

"You interfere too damn much!" was his reply. "You are the big brother in Mexico, the uncle in South America. You back the Chinese and you insist on our getting out of Shantung, Siberia, and every other place. The Japanese cannot understand why you should take such stands without an ulterior motive. In a word, your diplomacy plays right into the hands of the military of Japan."

"What do you think of war between the United States and Japan?" I asked.

"You would not want it," he said, "and neither would I. Let us not even talk about it."

Hanihara, the friend, had ceased to speak; Hanihara, the diplomat, had stepped into the picture. His opinion about the imminence of war was for Hanihara alone, sincere friend of the United States and the American people though he was.

Despite the reluctance of Hanihara to discuss the possibility of war, there were those in Japan—Japanese and foreign diplomats alike—who were firmly convinced that Japan was preparing to battle the United States for supremacy in the Pacific.

"Japan never forgets; Japan pays in kind," they said.

The case against the United States could be summed up as follows:

(1) The United States had forced the Japanese to accept the terms of the Russian-Japanese pact in 1905, minus indemnity.

(2) California has grossly insulted Japan in its school legislation in 1906.

(3) Theodore Roosevelt had indirectly threatened Japan in 1908 by sending his powerful fleet into the Pacific.

(4) President Taft had ignored Japan in the negotiation of the Hukuang Loan and slapped at her national honor when he said the United States would always oppose any infringement of China's independent political power.

(5) The United States had "unnecessarily" interfered in Japan's affairs by exposing Premier Okuma's Twenty-One Demands on China in 1915 and again in 1918 when Terauchi attempted to enforce them.

(6) The United States was too insistent upon Japan's getting out of Siberia.

(7) The United States had interfered in Shantung.

(8) The United States has blocked Japan's naval building program.

(9) The United States had compelled England to abrogate the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Military and naval experts, diplomats, newspapermen, figured Japan would close the book against the United States by 1935 and fight the American navy in the Pacific: pay in kind for the diplomatic affronts, the blocking of the imperialistic designs of Japanese military in the Far East, and get rid of another troublesome neighbor in the same fashion as Japan had employed against Russia and Germany.

Nature, however, had an ace up the sleeve: the earthquake of September 1, 1923. It was the most fearful known catastrophe ever visited upon any portion of the human race.

The Japanese saber rattlers had to revise their plans, delay the day.

Welcome to a Lunatic

Continued from page 63

just two years ago this month. That's right. Just two years ago."

"Oh!" said Mr. Pearson. "Er—sit down, won't you?"

"Sure, said Mr. Kibbee, pulling a chair up close to Mr. Pearson. "I came up to you after the meeting and shook hands with you and introduced myself. Remember?"

"Yes—certainly," lied Mr. Pearson.

"Yes sir," Mr. Kibbee reminisced, "that was one fine meeting! And speaking of fine, remember the way we had to fine you three times before you finally became one of the boys?"

"Fine me?" asked Mr. Pearson, knitting his brows.

"Sure. You remember our little rule out there—twenty-five cents fine any time anybody calls anybody else by their second name!"

"Oh yes—yes," said Mr. Pearson, forcing a smile which faded out almost immediately. He cleared his throat. "Er—what's on your mind, Mr. Kibbee?"

"Not a thing," said Mr. Kibbee, "not a thing! Say, what was that joke you told us about one salesman asking another how he found business and the other came back with, 'By going out and looking for it!' Say, I want to tell you that little story made a hit out in Des Moines."

"Yes," said Mr. Pearson with another pale smile, "yes." He cleared his throat again and looked at his visitor suspiciously. "Er—is there anything in particular you came to see me about, Mr. Kibbee?"

"Nope," said Mr. Kibbee, "just dropped in, that's all—like you asked us to. Any time any of us come to New York, you said, we must drop in to see you. Say! that made a hit with us out there. That's the real western spirit!"

"The man's an idiot," said Mr. Pearson to himself.

Mr. Kibbee chatted on amiably a while, then got up to go.

"Well," he said, "it sure was nice seeing you again, John, and having this little talk. You know, people told me before I came east, not to expect much from people here, folks are so cold here, they said. But I don't find it so at all. Everybody's real neighborly just like back home and glad to see a man."

He held out his hand.

"Let me get this straight, Mr. Kibbee," said Mr. Pearson after shaking his hand. "You came to see me today for no particular reason but—but just to see me. Is that right?"

"Sure!" replied Mr. Kibbee heartily. "Ain't that reason enough? And any time you come out to Des Moines again, don't forget old Frank Kibbee. He'll always be tickled to death to see you!"

Mr. Kibbee shook hands again and went out. Mr. Pearson stared after him thoughtfully for a few minutes.

Then he buzzed for Miss Young. Mr. Pearson looked at her for a minute with that same, fixed, bull-like stare that all the employees dreaded so, only this time Miss Young had the queer feeling that he didn't see her.

"Well," she thought, "here's where I get the works." She coughed nervously into the silence. Mr. Pearson cleared his throat.

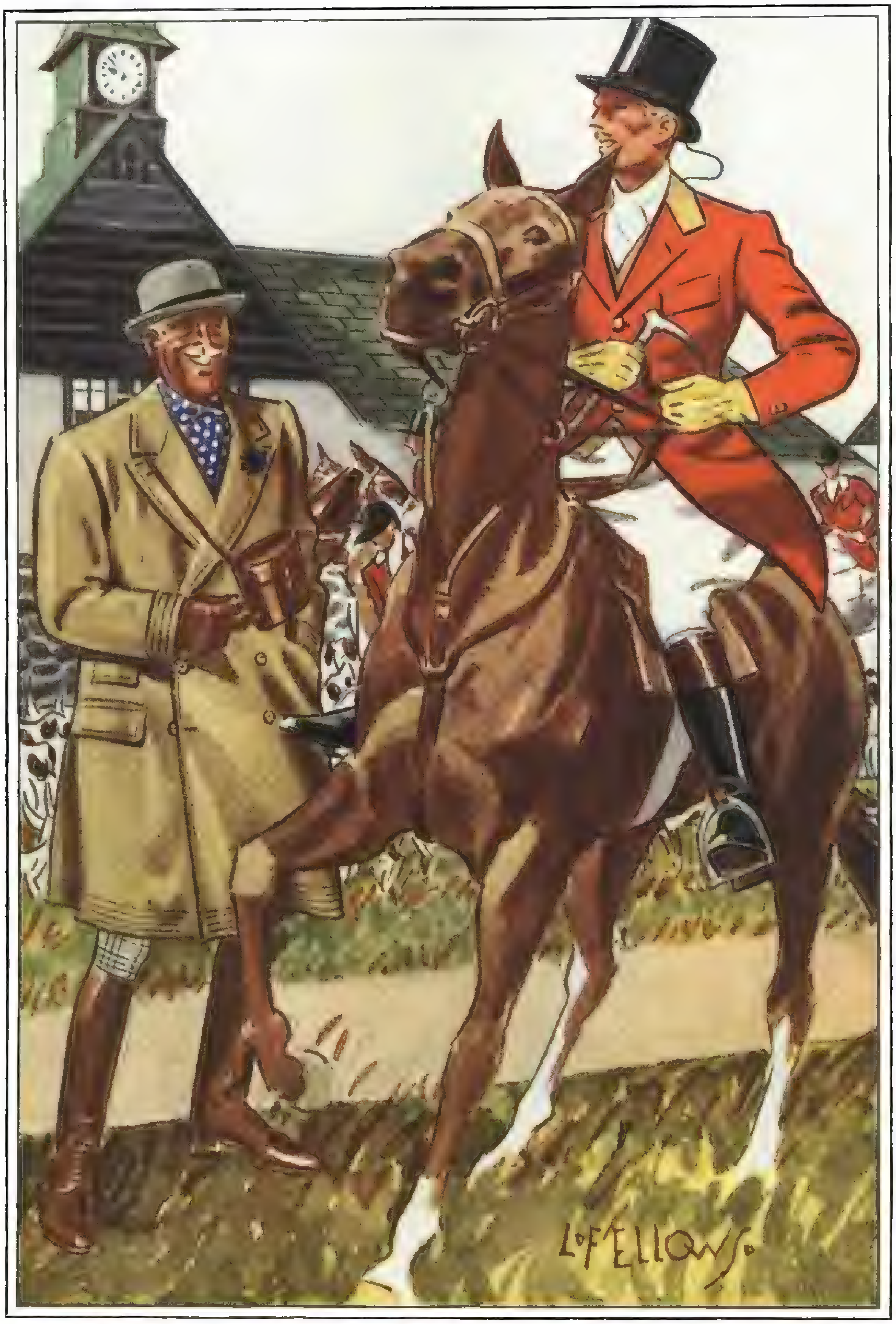
"Miss Young," he said slowly, "any time Mr. Kibbee comes, show him right in."

The milk of human kindness flowed through Miss Young as she went back to her desk. The milk of human kindness—unsuspected until now—flowed also, she realized, through Mr. Pearson—thanks to Mr. Kibbee!

The outer door opened and a self-assured, suave-looking gentleman carrying a brief case stepped briskly in. He walked right to Pearson's office, nodding familiarly to Miss Young as he passed her desk. Miss Young, looking at him through the mists of benignity left by Mr. Kibbee, returned his nod—but although she remembered his face and he seemed to be all right, she couldn't place him exactly. That Buffalo branch manager . . . ? No . . .

In a minute, a terrible racket issued from Mr. Pearson's office—desk-pounding, chair-scraping and Mr. Pearson's purple bellow. Miss Young experienced a sickening sensation in the pit of the stomach. Pearson's door was flung open and his voice declaimed, "Good *day*, sir!"

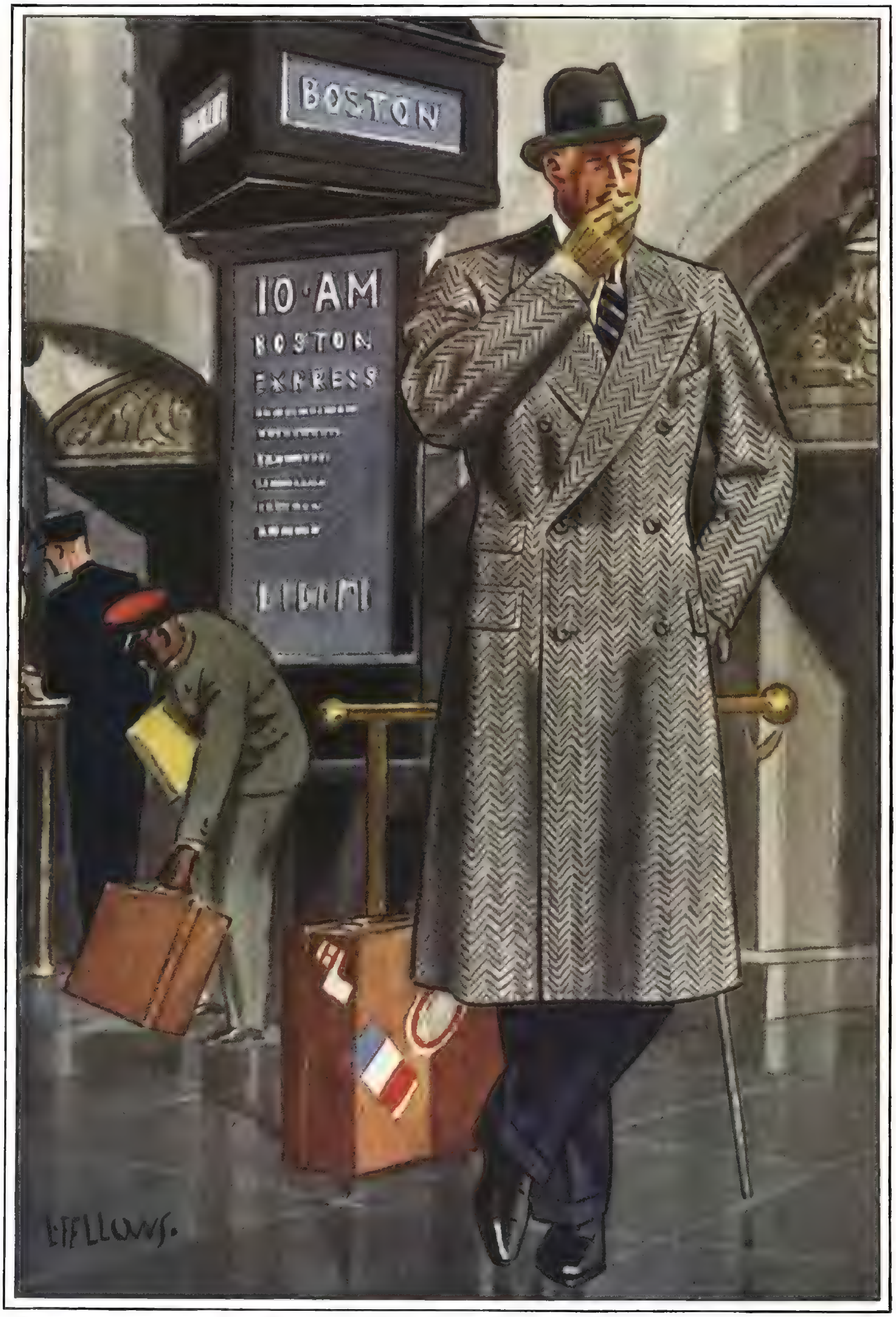
The gentleman with the brief case glided swiftly out—but not before Miss Young got another look at his face and realized—just as Mr. Pearson's violent buzz summoned her with a note of doom—that the mausoleum salesman had got by her again—and that people like Mr. Kibbee should never be allowed to leave Des Moines.



A PORTRAIT OF A HAPPY HUNTING HORSE

PLEASE pardon the digression, but of the three grins on this page we think that of the horse is much the best. The hunt member is wearing a "pink" in the favorite three-button cutaway model, a yellow post-boy waistcoat, a Cruice riding stock of hand-woven white silk, fastened with a heavy gold safety pin, breeches of heavy Bedford cord, regulation hunting boots of black calf with brown tops, yellow buckskin gloves and hunting silk hat with guard. He wears a heavy silk and wool hunting shirt, carries a regulation whip with brown thong and has heavy patterned spurs with a rather long dull rowel. The bystander wears a short double-breasted covert topcoat with rows of stitching on the skirt and cuffs, a blue foulard muffler with white polka dots, grey Glen Urquhart tweed breeches, brown calf field boots, dark red capeskin gloves and a grey rough finish riding bowler. His boutonnière is a blue cornflower.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



FIRST IN LINE AMONG BUSINESS TOPCOATS

The double-breasted herringbone tweed topcoat with an outside cash or ticket pocket is the season's best bet for all-around usefulness. The black and white herringbone pattern goes well with almost any color for the hat and suiting (it's especially good with a dark suit and a Derby) and the durable nature of tweed makes it suitable for hard wear. A perfect coat, for example, for the commuter or the traveling salesman. The cut of the front permits the closing of either two or all of the buttons. Note that the shoulders are not extreme, that there is a definite waistline and a rather pronounced flare to the skirt. The recommended fittings which are shown here consist of a blue worsted suit with grouped stripes, white soft shirt with white starched collar, blue and grey striped Spitalsfield tie, green rough felt Homburg hat with stitched edge, yellow chamois gloves and blucher black calf shoes. Note no breast pocket handkerchief.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Comment on the current drama
expressed in a sneer, a rave,
a groan and assorted ouches

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

GLIMPSE LIST

MUSTS!

"Dodsworth," Sinclair Lewis' novel improved by Sidney Howard's fine adaptation. Walter Huston grand.

D'Oyly Carte Company in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. London troupe shows exactly why these are great works.

"Life Begins at 8:40." The Shuberts follow up last year's "Follies" with another as good. Bert ("Ingagi") Lahr, Ray Bolger, Luella Gear funny. Tinkling tunes, tasteful decor. Murray Anderson production.

"Sailor, Beware!" No stale-mate here, despite Queen's Gambit.

"She Loves Me Not." Princeton Tiger's tail gets amusingly twisted. Funniest show in town.

"Tobacco Road." Brilliant tragi-comedy of life among Southern dirt-eaters. James Barton worthy successor in Henry Hull role.

WALK (DO NOT RUN) TO

"Too Many Boats." Too many scenes, too many soldiers. When Owen Davis surpasses himself, he's swell. This is a typical Owen Davis play—catch on?

"Tight Britches." Not altogether satisfying Mountaineer tragedy, with some light moments. Compared with "Tobacco Road" rates about 50%.

SKIP IT!

"Saluta." A Milton Berleycue. Ouch!

* * *

THE 1934 season opened with a—— Sorry. The next word is not "bang," except as it refers to the trap-door of Oblivion's catch-basin, flung up in preparation for receiving that first offering. The sound made by "Keep Moving" was explosive, but could only be adequately described by one of the short, rude words which Ernest Hemingway urged upon us ambitious hacks. This correspondent lacks valor; he refuses to court for the dubious satisfaction of having walloped with a *mot juste* an unimportant, unedifying collection of juvenile exuvia, clotted with unsavory jests and midgets. Pussy-footing is preferable. Let us pass "Keep Moving" with the melancholy solecism: "The 1934 season opened with a burp."

To make amends for this social error, the season immediately came forward with a fast, first-rate revue, "Life Begins at 8:40," rejoicing mobs of customers. Here, amid the not unfamiliar staging and production of John Murray Anderson, beautifully set and costumed, pretty girls danced satisfactorily to bright enough tunes by Harold Arlen, principals put over witty lyrics by Ira Gershwin and Yip Harburg, and caused much laughter in sundry sketches.

Choice moments in this show are plentiful. Louella Gear's dry method hits on its own, especially in such a rousing song as "My Paramount-Publix-Roxy Rose," and serves faithfully for playing straight for the male comics. Of these, Bert Lahr captures new (and from me, his first) laurels; strikingly resembling the illustrations of Bill the Lizard in "Alice in Wonderland," his amiable, hearty insanity (now that he has abandoned the bellowed "Ing-yah! Ing-yah!" which formerly appeared to be his sole stock in trade, substituting a variety of characterizations) is hugely effective. He is riotous as a stuffy British drawing-room hero, and one of the floral angles of a "Design for Living," as a concert-artiste yawping one of those tripey ballads of the "Trees" genus, entitled "Things," and as a deflated investor in "A Day at the Broker's."

Equally engaging is Ray Bolger, whose appearance, method and hoof-technique startlingly reincarnate the lamented Jack Donahue. He clicks in every department, notably dancing and pantomime—the latter uproariously received in a travesty on the Baer-Carnera fight, and in a knowing skit called "The Window Dresser Goes to Bed."

Other blessings include a mirthfully ornery dance team, billed as "Ofelia and Pimento," who galvanize all too briefly one of the somnolent numbers; "Quartet Erotica," in which Rabelais, De Maupassant, Boccaccio and Balzac moan that "The dirt we used to dish up would not now offend a bishop!"; and a lecture on snores, delivered by one hitherto unknown Robert Wildhack who, a determined though wistful bore, evoked surprised screeches of appreciation. It is true that the show contains some dull episodes, particularly whenever Frances Williams delivers smug dissonances or the Weidman dancers mope through pedantic parades; but these strange interludes are good for cat-naps, reviving the slightly exhausted mind for appreciation of the other features.

A halt to the general gaiety occurred a night or two later, when a morose melange, hight "Saluta," was dragged up, against the advice of witnesses, from its tryout where a thorough flop was indicated, and succeeded in surpassing the indications. If the producer can hang on long enough, he may be able to establish some sort of record loss. There must have been something about the show that I liked, but I can't remember what it was, unless it was the walk out. Certainly it was not the omnipresent, frantic Milton Berle. That unsquelchable unfunnyman has long boasted that he purloins most of his material. I suggest that the only valid chance he has of definitely scoring would be to make one final theft—steal home, and stay there.

Joy was just around the corner, however, and emerged two days later in the form of the D'Oyly Carte troupe, performing their Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire. In his own department, Professor Spaeth has promised to let you in on the musical profundities of these offerings; but from the mere theatrical standpoint, I feel bold enough to record my own experience in regard to this company.

I had always found American productions of the Savoy operettas—except for the splendid efforts of Winthrop Ames—sleazy and wheezy; in my estimation they had taken on the aspect of so many musical Mickey Finns. But one evening four years ago in London, Richard Collett, the genial entrepreneur, lured me to his theatre for "Yeomen of the Guard," one I had managed to escape. The suavity, the finesse, the melodious gusto of that performance astounded me. Still skeptical, I crept next night to "Ruddigore"; result, further delight. I was hooked. I attended every one of the famous shows, even such lesser concoctions as "The Sorcerer" and "Cox and Box." At last I was convinced that these tuneful whimsies deserved the eminence they had held during so many decades. Sung and acted by English performers to whom the tongue was native, not affected, the ancient charades took on a spontaneity, a zest which was magic. I became a Savoy addict.

Continued on page 168

The Listening Post

All about the D'Oyly Carte people and the importance of Gilbert and Sullivan

by SIGMUND SPAETH

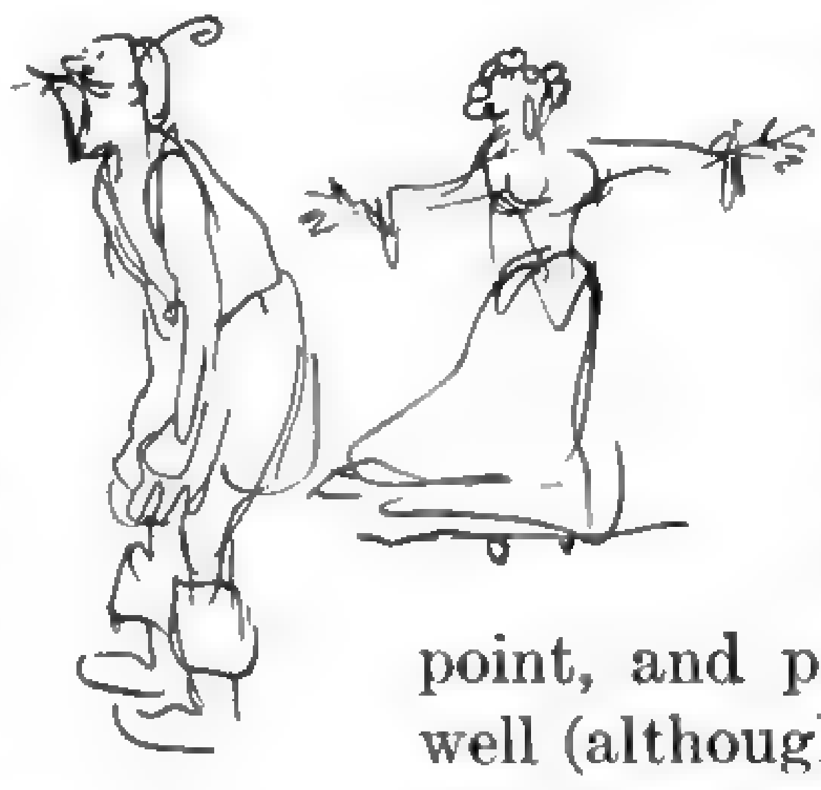
• MUSIC •

You don't have to pretend to like Gilbert and Sullivan any more. For with the temporary transfer of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company from London to New York we have received final and convincing proof that the work of these collaborators is actually the most lovable stuff ever written for the musical stage.

It would be absurd to say that America never knew Gilbert and Sullivan until the Savoyards came over to show us how it should be done. There have been excellent performances here under the direction of Winthrop Ames, the Aborns and the Society of American Singers, not to speak of the countless amateur and semi-professional presentations all over the country, among which those of the Savoy Opera Company in Philadelphia have stood out for years.

But with fairness to all, and malice toward none, it must be admitted that America had never before seen quite such Gilbert and Sullivan as Mr. D'Oyly Carte's troupers have now brought us. The difference lies not in any individual singers but in that much abused word, "ensemble." There have been soloists in American productions of the Savoy operas fully equal to their English relatives in the same parts, perhaps even superior from the standpoint of song. The real distinction of the torch-bearers from London is in the fact that nobody stops to think who the soloists are and that everybody succumbs delightedly to a wonderfully balanced performance, in which principals, chorus and orchestra share equally, with splendid direction on the stage and in the pit.

Just as Toscanini can afford to conduct symphonic music exactly as it is written, with no conscious showmanship whatever, so the Savoyards need do no more than sing and play their lines as their creators intended them to be sung and played, and as their original interpreters did it, under the leadership of the first D'Oyly Carte, whose son now carries on the tradition. There is no pointing, no mugging, no overacting, no modernizing, and no excessive encoring. It is all perfectly honest, perfectly legitimate and practically flawless.



If there is any star in this D'Oyly Carte Company, it is the red-haired Mr. Isidore Godfrey, who conducts the orchestra. He has given American audiences an unforgettable reminder that the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan are music rather than drama. Using a band of average New York union men, with only a short time for rehearsal, Mr. Godfrey actually succeeded in making the music sound as it had never sounded before. This was partly due to the original orchestrations, whose details are almost unknown in this country of pirated editions. One heard lovely effects of wood-wind, in particular, that one would never suspect from a piano score or the average instrumentation.

All the overtures received amazingly artistic treatment under the baton of Mr. Godfrey, and the audiences expressed their recognition of this fact by prolonged applause. In the difficult accompaniments to rapid-fire patter, as well as in the quiet bits of tonal beauty where quality was all-important, the orchestra did a beautiful job, for which its leader must be given chief credit.

Hearing Sir Arthur Sullivan's music played thus, one realizes, perhaps with a start of surprise, that he is, after all, England's greatest composer. It may be just as well that he was prevented from carrying out his ambition to write grand operas (his attempt at setting "Ivanhoe" was a sad disappointment), but it would be ridiculous to deny Sullivan his place at the top merely because he wrote mostly light music.

Operettas like "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" and "The Gondoliers" are far more significant musically than much of the melodramatic piffle that is taken seriously on account of its tragic background.

Why should murder and rape and arson be more important musically than comedy and satire and a gay recognition of the mutual attractiveness of the sexes?

Another conviction that has grown upon this writer since the arrival of the Savoyards is that the best of the Gilbert and Sullivan works is not "The Mikado" or "Pinafore" but "The Gondoliers," certainly from the musical standpoint, and possibly from the dramatic as well (although such a decision can be left to our Stage-Door Johnny Weaver). This is written with the full knowledge that the astute Robert Garland referred to "The Gondoliers" as "second-rate Gilbert and Sullivan." Perhaps it is merely that he is more familiar with the others, and it must be confessed that with the big patter and melody team familiarity breeds the very opposite of contempt.

In any case, the D'Oyly Carters chose "The Gondoliers" for their New York debut, so they must have had confidence in its qualities; and when each audience in succession cheered itself hoarse at the end of the performance, that confidence was fully justified. If this fantastic comedy really turned out to be the swan of the entire brood, it would be logical enough, for it was written when both Gilbert and Sullivan were at the height of their powers, with the experience of several spectacular successes behind them, and a command of their individual technique that was completely dependable.

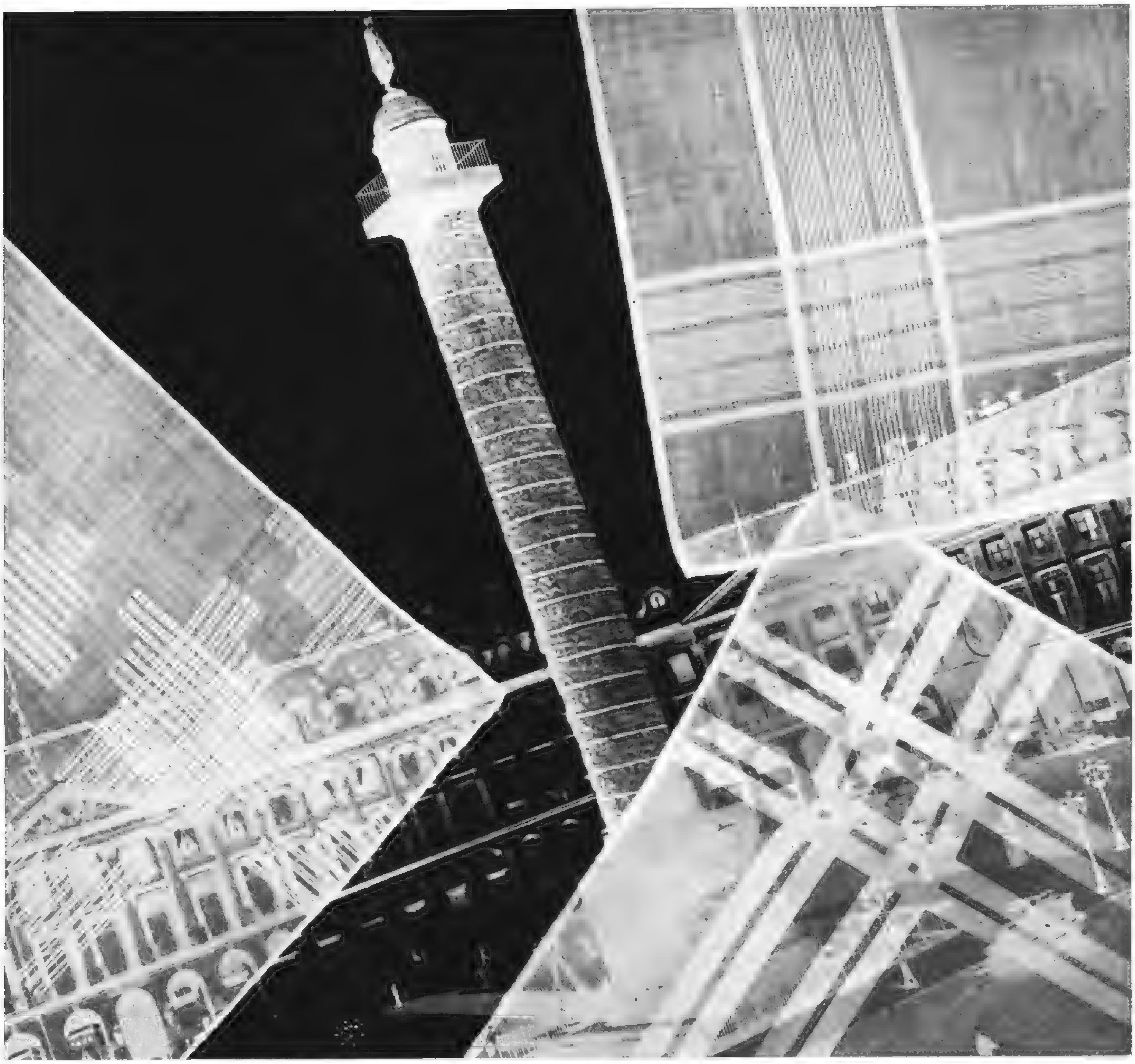
If the horizon of their collaboration had already become clouded, and if Sullivan was growing a little tired of setting so much patter to necessarily similar tunes, with limited opportunities to exercise his real melodic genius, there is no trace of boredom or misunderstanding in the book and score that represented their climax of combined achievement.

The moment the ladies of the chorus began their opening flower song, one could tell that this was to be an extraordinary occasion, the perfect interpretation of a great work of art. This chorus did not merely sing well; it acted too, and its acting, while stylized and conventional, gave the impression of being just right for the music and the words that it interpreted. From the very outset there were little touches of stage direction and musical subtlety that contributed an effect of almost unique charm.

This immediate impression of perfect rightness and authenticity grew as the performance progressed, with the principals, like the chorus, taking everything in their stride, never obtruding themselves or emphasizing any line or phrase for a cheap laugh, but making every word clear-cut, and giving the music its full due besides. It was a pleasure to find that we Americans still understand the English language, and it must be admitted that Gilbert's words are funniest when uttered with what we are pleased to call an English accent.

There is hardly a weak or mediocre number in "The Gondoliers." Its humor is contagious, its satire universal, and its plot sufficiently clever. But it can well afford to stand upon its music alone. Sullivan was in the habit of writing at least one beautiful slow melody in each of his operettas, and the loveliest of them all is probably the duet "Oh, leave me not to pine," in "The Pirates of Penzance." But "The Gondoliers" contains several such numbers, and

Continued on page 182



Handkerchiefs that admit a French influence

The French are *good* at weaving handkerchiefs.

So good that Arrow willingly runs the risk of being called "imitators." For when you look at—and feel of—these new Arrow Handkerchiefs you'll say: "Just as they are in France."

They're soft and beautifully sheer . . . with linen cross threads, an old French custom. And every one is masculine in size.

The handkerchief on the left is $1 . . . upper right $1, lower right 50c. At your Arrow dealer's. ©Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

· ARROW HANDKERCHIEFS ·

The Candid Cameraman

If you don't like the way we pick 'em, let our blacklist be your entertainment guide

by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

TAKE THE GIRL FRIEND TO SEE

The Count of Monte Cristo. Faithful rendering of the Dumas tale. The hero, played by the new star, Robert Donat, is just a trifle too prettily handsome for my taste; the girls adore him. Swell opening scenes of a ship in storm. The cast is fair, acting on a forced level. Best scene, a pistol duel, quick, silent, and perfectly composed. There are several other spots in which the pictorial arrangement is exciting.

Chained. First half of the picture has some joyous shipboard scenes. Women will love the swell assortment of clothes Joan Crawford wears. Male appeal in Clark Gable's gun handling, and a South American ranch. Tight emotional scene in a house of assignation. One of those upper-class pictures, everybody bursting with good form.

The Richest Girl in the World. Miriam Hopkins very clever in a brightly polished version of the rich-girl-in-search-of-love story.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Desirable. Love problems of the daughter of a theatrical star. Negligible, except for the acting of Jean Muir. This girl has been coming up fast. She has an extremely likable face, and doesn't keep it frozen to its beautiful angles. There are spots in this where she does real things with worn-out story book situations.

Cleopatra. De Mille embalms Egypt. The much-praised barge scene, with double lanes of negroes pulling on great oars to the striking of a gong, is the most stunning moment in the film. The acting is uniformly dull. Colbert quite decorative. The most revelatory thing I can say about the whole picture is that I discovered myself spending most of the time studying Cleo's collection of brassieres. Couldn't quite decide.

One Night of Love. Grace Moore sings most of this one. The usual story about the student singer and her great professor who exerts a benevolent Svengali influence. Fine, if you like Grace Moore's singing. Otherwise quite dull.

GO ALONG (with misgivings)

The Age of Innocence. John Boles and Irene Dunne in a sentimental and moralistic version of the Edith Wharton tale. I found it heavy and largely boresome. But it is earnest. Funny how this guy Boles gets away with the two-timing roles. He's always the guy who marries the wrong wife, lovely girl though she is, and manages to remain righteous fiddling around out of bounds.

There's Always Tomorrow. Ursula Parrott's wisdom. The "business woman" who squelches her love for a married man in order to restore him to the arms of a neglectful wife who prefers throwing parties for her grown-up children to attending the Follies with hubby. Into the mouth of Binnie Barnes are put some of the longest, stiffest, and dumbest moralizing speeches ever inflicted on a charming lady actress. She deserves stardom for having lived through them.

JUNK

Have a Heart. A new low for M. G. M. Good cast: Stuart Erwin, James Dunn, and the new ingenue with the small-town-sweetheart face, Jean Parker. But what a story! Everything from the pet dog who catches the crook to the crippled girl who is cured by the miracle of love.

* * *

It seems that a number of readers dislike me, in no uncertain terms. Why their distaste for my opinions on the cinema should involve a furious disapprobation of my person, I don't know. I guess I must have offended some folks. I don't enjoy having people sore at me; especially strangers. So I am going to explain why this column is written the way it is written.

First, it is the aim of this department to furnish a guide to motion picture entertainment for the men who read Esquire. Second, to present adult male judgments in regard to scenario, direction, acting, photography, and the various other elements of photoplay. Third, to detect and note trends that occur in the motion picture field; to comment upon any special social values that may appear in certain pictures, or groups of pictures.

Now, all I have to go by is the photoplays themselves; sometimes the books or plays from which they are drawn. The only measuring-stick I use as far as the entertainment factor is concerned, is the extent to which I enjoyed the picture. For instance, in the case of the current operatic movie, "One Night of Love," I am sorely tempted to doubt my own judgment, in the face of the universal raves which have greeted the photoplay. Maybe I don't like it because I don't like most opera. Anyway, that picture bored me. I'll list its good points too, but feel it only honest to admit I was bored.

It seems to me that the highest virtue any column of this sort can have is consistency. After a few trials, the reader knows whether he likes what the critic likes. Maybe you'll find that you go for the ones I pan. Very simple. All you have to do is look at my blacklist, and make that your entertainment guide.

Naturally, I would be a bad critic for this magazine if our readers tended to have taste reverse to my own. I am frequently accused of being hard to please, offensively highbrow.

I don't feel hard-to-please. I like movies and go to them with what amounts to Pollyanna hope. If I were reviewing for a daily newspaper I would recommend some of the photoplays I don't recommend for Esquire. I am writing for an audience that demands intelligent entertainment in magazines; it is to be expected that they will be no less impatient with the trite, the inexpert, the tedious, the false, and the meretricious in motion pictures.

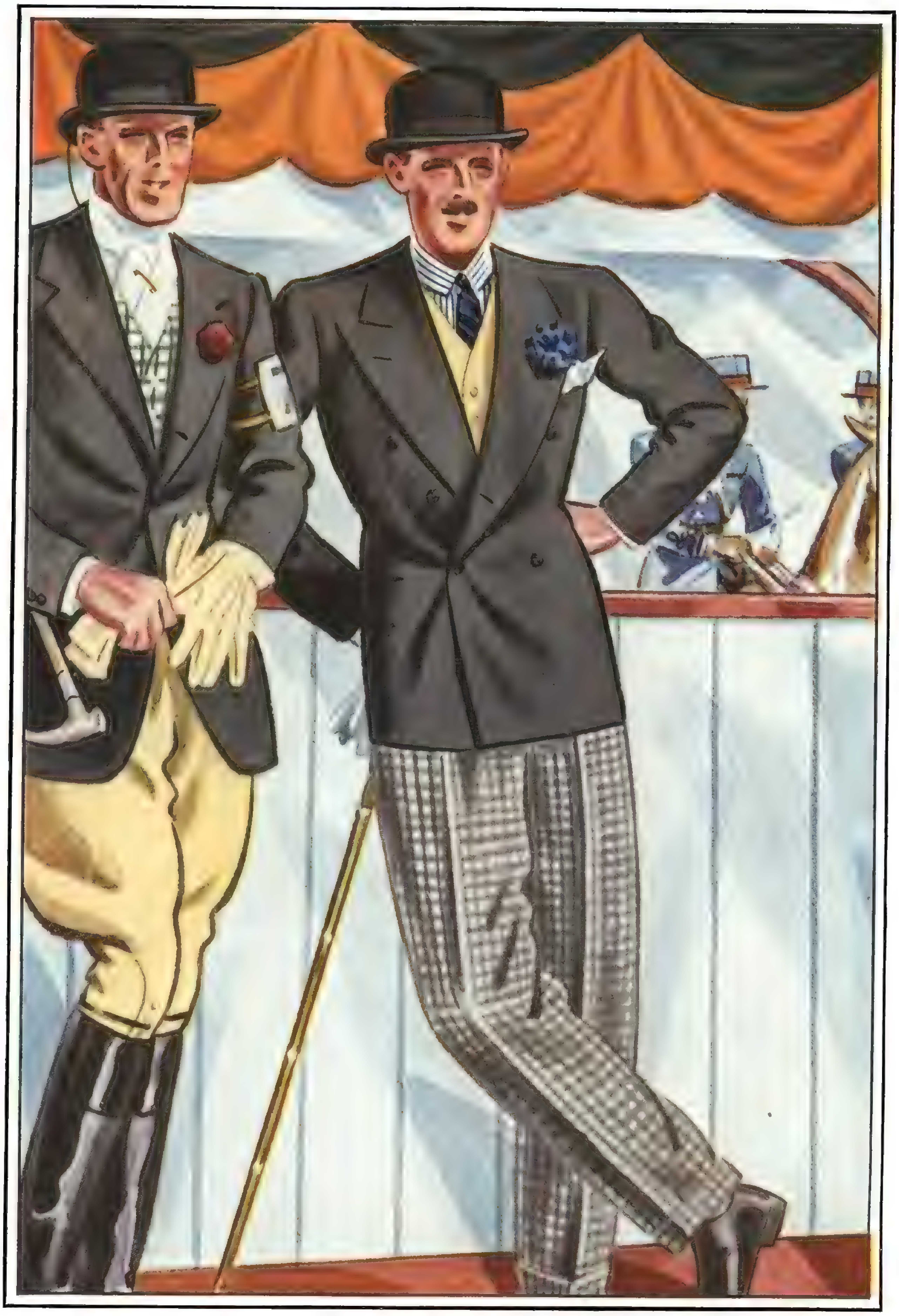
One of the chief uses of a department of this sort is in warning the reader as to bad entertainment. Motion picture publicity and advertising is so uniformly ecstatic, newspaper reviews are so generally and necessarily non-committal, that the average intelligent person often finds himself lured to a theatre where, in place of entertainment, he finds tedium.

I think most men select about one picture a month for attendance. They may go to the pictures as often as once a week. Usually they just "go along," with the family, the girl, or the gang. But about once a month the cinema serves a man as some place special to go. There is a picture which is worth seeing, worth taking someone to see. That's about the only classification I find sensible. It may not be the most artistic picture that I recommend, or the funniest, or the tenderest. It's the picture which, I think, has the most general appeal for our readers.

There are, of course, the occasional pictures that appeal in almost equal measure to every type of audience. "Treasure Island" was such a completely commendable picture; "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is such another; "The Count of Monte Cristo" is another of the same type, if not of the same excellence. But usually I am speaking of a photoplay in terms of this magazine.

Continued on page 163

ARDED
MEDALS
PERTH
50 Gold and Prize Medals
BY APPOINTMENT
hite Label
A BLEND OF
T SCOTCH WHISKY
EIGHT YEARS OLD
BLENDED BY
Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
SCOTLAND
S.W.1.
BLENDED, AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Dewar's



AFTERNOON SESSION AT THE HORSE SHOW

With the realization of the horse owner's highest ambition, that of exhibiting in the international show at Madison Square Garden, there is an implied obligation to show up properly dressed for the big event. In the evenings full dress is required. During the afternoon sessions both formal and semi-formal day dress are worn. Sketched on the left is the type of dress worn by exhibitors in hunting classes who are not entitled to wear the hunting pink. It may also be worn for indoor jumping classes. It consists of a black three-button riding sacque, yellow breeches, black calf boots with patent leather tops, tattersall waistcoat, white stock, yellow buckskin gloves, hunting crop and bowler. The other outfit consists of a black Saxony jacket worn rolled to the lowest button, Shepherd check trousers, pale yellow flannel waistcoat, blue and white soft shirt with matching stiff collar, striped black tie, white chamois gloves and bamboo stick.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

A selection of eleven musts in the season's reading, plus a guide to the better books

by BURTON RASCOE

BOOKS

The well-read Esquire's fall book-buying will include or should:

Lightship by Archie Binns—Reviewed in this department in the September issue. Confirmation of this estimate of a first-rate novel has now been expressed by every reviewer who has reviewed it, including old sea dogs like Captain David W. Bone and Lincoln Colcord.

The Quest of Corvo by A. J. A. Symons—A new kind of biography, combining the excitement of a good detective story and some of the unearthly horror of "The House of Souls" by Arthur Machen. Even those who have no taste for the eccentric and perverted genius of Frederick Rolfe, author of the novel, "Hadrian VII," will be fascinated by this revelation of a fantastic life.

Diamond Jim by Parker Morrell—This is a robust and amusing story of a noble old sport of the Gay Nineties, James Buchanan Brady, the gargantuan gourmand, first nighter, gambler and financial buccaneer, who prided himself on being a sucker with his money and whose childish delight in the sparkling rocks brought upon him the sobriquet, "Diamond Jim." Among other things it is related of him that when he sat down to dinner he sat just four inches away from the edge of the table and that not until his swelling belly touched the tablecloth did he call it a meal.

City Editor by Stanley Walker—Very entertaining inside stuff about notorieties and celebrities and about the news breaks that have crossed the desk of the best-liked of newsmen and most efficient encourager of good journalism in New York.

Forty-two Years in the White House by the late Irwin H. (Ike) Hoover—Ike was Chief Usher at the White House from Benjamin Harrison's administration to Franklin D. Roosevelt's and he stood in no awe of any of the White House incumbents or their families. He had a sharp eye for traits of character, little revealing things differing vastly from the front a president finds it necessary to put up for the public. Hence his notes carefully jotted down in his diary about Coolidge's petty tantrums, the awful T. R. Roosevelt kids, the Ohio gang of poker-playing thieves, and the wives of the presidents will cause many a historian to revise the official estimates of the public characters from Ike's bland, candid and unimpressed scrutiny.

The Folks by Ruth Suckow—A novel about the sort of small-town life of twenty-five or thirty years ago that nearly every urban adult remembers. Here are all of the intimate little details, the ways of thinking, the suspicions of the city slicker on the part of the farmer and small-towner and the secret envy, all told with nostalgic charm but unsentimentally. Filled with authentic characters, your folks and mine. A genuine treasure among novels.

Goodbye to the Past by W. R. Burnett—The best novel Burnett has written since *Little Caesar* and it is a neater and deeper piece of writing than that brilliant novel. He takes an energetic and tyrannical old curmudgeon at the moment of making out his will, with all his heirs presumptive impatient for him to kick off, and works gradually back through a series of episodes to the old man's dashing and adventurous youth in the West, his hard work and free-spending, his shrewd business schemes and his gradual taming under the restraints of his own conscience and the demands of society.

Security Speculation by John T. Flynn—Flynn is glib, dogmatic and positive, therefore entertaining; and his ultimate thesis is that the Stock Exchange performs no useful function that could not just as well be performed without it and therefore it should be abolished because its main function is to provide the machinery for speculation, to the great economic detriment of the whole country. It is not necessary wholly to agree with Flynn's conclusion to find this book an enormously valuable mine of information on the financial set-ups behind important bond and common stock security issues in the past, notorious incidents of stock rigging, the overwhelming advantages enjoyed by floor traders, the means provided commission brokers for double-dealing, and the workings of the new Securities Act and the new regulations of the New York Stock Exchange.

The Decline of American Capitalism by Lewis Corey—This is a muggy but meaty book, by a plodding and uninspired writer with great gobs of facts about the workings of our credit system, its progress along the path foretold by Marx, the periodical booms and precipitous breakdowns which have followed, and other information desirable to an intelligent man who has any regard for his own or his country's future. Corey is a Communist, a recent convert it seems, and his thesis is Marxian wishful-thinking to a large degree, no doubt; but it is an interesting and important revelation for all that. Moreover, Corey does not believe the doom of capitalism is imminent. In fact he seems to share the belief of the English economist, L. L. B. Angus, that another great stock market boom is in the making in this country, but, unlike Angus, he believes another collapse is also, simultaneously, in the making, and that it will be complete and so dreadful that the last collapse will seem like a minor downward fluctuation. When Angus' pamphlet, *The Coming American Boom*, was published, by the way, the first edition was exhausted before the morning was over by excited Wall Street brokers and customers' men, eager for this ray of hope in a season when seventy-five per cent of the commission houses are operating in the red. The pamphlet was used as a sort of market letter.

Wine From These Grapes by Edna St. Vincent Millay—This is a collection of the poems Miss Millay has written since 1931, when her last book was published. It is not necessary to remind you, I hope, that Miss Millay is among the first of poets now living, and that no one, not even Shakespeare, has written finer sonnets than she has.

Francis the First by Francis Hackett—This will undoubtedly be the most generally read of the biographies of the more solid kind this season and it will go on the shelf along with the author's *Henry VIII* as an able and entertaining biography of a glamorous monarch, a great lover, a great patron of the arts and, unfortunately, the moulder and progenitor of the excesses of the Louises. Perhaps Hackett makes much too much of Francis' responsibility in determining the present military character of the French nation and makes imponderables too easy of explanation, but this is a decidedly vigorous and readable story.

The above I should consider eleven "musts" among one's season's reading, to which some of you undoubtedly will want to add Sir Arthur Eddington's flirtations with the twinkling stars, *Through Time and Space;* a history of the first American express system, *Wells-Fargo: Hell-and-High-Water Outfit of the Old West* by Stuart N. Lake; *Privileged Characters*, a study of various such among American financiers, by M. R. Werner; *Stalin*, a biography of the Soviet dictator, by Henri Barbusse, a suspiciously hero-worshiping story of a little known man by a writer I don't believe very well qualified to write about Stalin; and, no doubt, *Brinkley Manor* by that prince of

Continued on page 179

The Battle Royal

Continued from page 121

boy was, he thought. Sam heard the house quiet down. He pushed his ear closer to the crack in the wall. Something was going to happen. Somebody was screaming out words at the top of his voice in shrill tones that carried into every part of the Stadium, even down into the basement dressing room by way of the crack through which Sam was listening. The others with him stopped chattering. The big, black bucknigger sat down on a bench. His liverlips closed, dissolving the snow crystals of his teeth back into his blue-gummed mouth.

"Ladies an' gennelmen!" came through the crack in the wall. "We're gonna p'sent now the feature o' the evenin'. You all been settin' here an' waitin' fer this here feature, I know. So I'm not gonna say much except t'say 'at the management ain't responsible for what happens affer this. Ladies an' gennelmen! It's my honor an' privilege to announce a battle royal between twelve o' the blackest, huskiest an' biggest colored fighters on the South Side!"

A colored second in a turtle-necked white sweater came into the dressing room. The sweater was flecked with blood. "Come on, boys!" he called out, "you're next!"

For a moment, all hesitated. The Big Boy hung back. Sam jumped up and strode out fearlessly. The rest of the gang shambled after him, the Big Boy winding up in the rear of the doleful procession. They trailed up the stairs from the basement, down the main aisle of the arena and finally into the ring.

Sam blinked his eyes as he wormed himself under the ropes and into the blinding glare of the floodlights above. He advanced to the center of the ring and stood there grinning. The others followed him and huddled around the center with him. They looked bewildered. None of them had evidently been in a boxing ring before.

The crowd in the arena was roaring in laughter. The negroes looked an ungainly lot. Attired in tattered tights some, some in B. V. D.'s, others in the bottoms of their athletic underwear and one in the lower half of a long-legged pair of woolen drawers, they looked like a set of Shakespearean clowns in an hilarious farce-comedy. The Big Boy dropped his fear the moment he saw the audience. His infectious grin returned to his face. He began to flex his muscles, strutting around the ring like a peacock. Occasionally, he would throw a remark to one of the ringside customers. The others in the room grew more uncomfortable. They stared out into the sea of white moons that stretched out into Godknowswhere and wondered what it was all about. Sam spied a chair in a corner and immediately appropriated it for himself. The crowd roared its approval. Laughter rippled from one side of the house to the other. Soon, the entire assemblage was howling in laughter. Even the frightened negroes in the ring dropped some of their bewilderment and grinned. The joke was on them, they knew, but it was worth ten bucks.

The announcer, a short bald-headed man of slight build, slid under the ropes and advanced to the center of the ring, pushing some of the negroes aside. His white shirt shone under the battery of lights overhead. He threw his hands into the air for silence. Gradually, the house quieted down. Then he began in his shrill voice:

"Ladies an' gennelmen! This here's gonna be a battle royal. I guess I don't hafta say anything else. Las' man up is t' get the gran' prize!" He turned to the negroes in the ring. "You unnerstan', boys, 'at all ya gotta do is sock each other. Give the customers a run for their money, see!"

One of the negroes piped up: "Whey's de gloves, mistah?"

The announcer laughed. "Gloves hell! What God give ya fists fer, huh? This ain't no Sunday school meetin'. This is a fight. Come on, boys! Le's get ready! Git yer dukes up now! When the firs' bell is rang, you jus' lay onta the nex' guy, see! Las' man up standin' gets the gran' prize!" He ducked under the ropes and went over to the timekeeper. There was a lull. From the gallery, a voice boomed out, "Let 'er go, shines!" The cry was taken up from the other side of the gallery. Someone in the main floor echoed it. Soon, the whole audience was crying for action. The negroes stood stockstill. Bovine expressions crept into their eyes. Against the white canvas, their glistening black bodies stood out like jet inlaid into marble. Suddenly, the announcer gave the timekeeper a signal. The timekeeper pulled the knotted rope he had been holding. A bell clanged under the platform. Nothing happened. In the ring, like great apes, their arms dangling at their sides, the negroes looked at each other and then stared out into the vast sea of faces.

Somebody pulled the chair from under Sam. He sprawled down to the canvas. The crowd burst out into laughter. Sam arose quickly and looked around. He was mad clear through.

"Who done dat?" he bellowed and he looked around truculently as if to pounce on the nearest man. Somebody in the center of the frightened group pushed somebody else. Somebody else pushed somebody else. A heavy fist flailed through the air and landed with a dull thud on another's jaw. Fists flew like hail. Someone spit blood. Another slipped in it and his flying hands smacked a neighbor in the face. Snorts of rage flew from the fighters. Round and round they milled. Each began to smack the other. Blood streamed from their mouths. Sam found himself in the middle of the fray. He took it easy. Then he fell into a clinch with one of the negroes.

"Tek it easy!" he whispered into the other's ear, tapping him lightly on the shoulder, meanwhile. They separated. The other clinched with another and informed him to "tek it easy." Soon, the whole group was "tekking it easy." The crowd, noting this drop in the heat of battle, cried out its anger to the fighters. "Fight! fight!" they hollered. Some screamed, "Fake!" Others called, "Take 'em out!" Shortly, the entire audience was crying, "Fake! fake!"

Then, almost as quickly as it had taken them to ease up, the fighters became serious once more. Someone had hit Sam a bit too heavily on the ear. He felt it. It throbbed under his touch and began to puff up. He saw red. Someone had hit him on the ear. It tingled from the blow. Warily, he put his dukes up again and circled around. His eyes alighted on the Big Boy who was still grinning, his teeth agleam with the reflections of the floodlights. Sam slid off a light blow from one, hopped across another who had fallen and, when he had finally maneuvered himself into a position behind the Big Boy, he drew his arm back and with a mighty heave threw his clenched fist into the Big Boy's face. The Big Boy staggered a trifle. He turned and saw only a couple of others who were sparring lightly. Bellowing like a berserk bull, he leapt between the two sparring ones. Right and left, with only two blows, he knocked both of the men down. Both jumped up immediately and rained wild fists onto their nearest neighbors. All forgot their vows to "tek it easy." They became Africans once more. Occasionally, a snarl would come up from the mass, like the snarl of a wild beast at bay. Clothing was torn loose.

The crowd, too, had gone mad. Women, their eyes popping from their sockets, their tongues hanging from their mouths and laving their lips, shrieked themselves hoarse. Men, standing up in their seats and unable to keep their feet still, went through the motions of fighting and danced a wild rigadoon on their chairs. Bedlam broke loose both in and out of the ring. Up in the balcony a dozen small fights had started.

In the ring, three of the combatants had already fallen unconscious to the canvas. Around them milled the other nine, at times grinding the faces of the fallen ones into the resinous surface of the canvas. One weazened negro was worming his way through the fighters and was sniping the others behind the ear with stinging potshots. With each punch delivered, he would back away from the melee and wait for another prospective victim to leave himself wide open. He kept these tactics up until he grew negligent. He didn't see the Big Boy come rushing up to him. With one powerful swipe, the Big Boy shot out his arm, caught the weazened one in the pit of the stomach and lifted him clear out of the ring over the ropes and into the laps of the excited ringsiders who pushed the whining negro underfoot and concentrated on the murderous onslaughts in the ring.

Only five of the original dozen were left standing. The Big Boy's grin was still spread over his face. He was enjoying himself immensely. So far, with the exception of Sam, none of the others had reached him with a telling blow. Sam was pummelling a light-brown boy whose knees were gradually weakening so that, with each blow that Sam landed on his upturned face, he sank lower and lower until one vicious jab that dislocated the bones in Sam's knuckles sent the yaller boy sobbing into the canvas. Sucking the blood from his bruised fist, Sam found himself attacked in the rear by a tall, gangling, spindly-shanked fellow with a mad, wicked gleam in his eye. The other eye had been completely closed. Having rid himself of the highyaller, Sam now concentrated on spindlyshanks. The thin lad was wiry. Every ounce of him was bone and gristle. Again and again and again Sam punched rights and lefts into the lean one's face while the other directed terrible jabs into Sam's midsection. The thin one's arms continued

Continued on page 140

End for a perfect day

IN that last quiet hour at the end of the day, "when you're left alone with your thoughts". .

Ah, there's nothing like a good whiskey toddy then! But don't try to make a *good* toddy with ordinary whiskey. Use Four Roses and get a toddy that will make you thankful the weather is cold.

For Four Roses is soft and glowing as moonlight. Because it's made in the old-fashioned way—from the finest, hand-made, aged-in-the-wood whiskies. *No tricks!*

Only distillers born and bred in the best whiskey-making tradition could produce such a liquor. And Frankfort is that kind of a distilling organization. It has been making fine whiskey for *four* generations.

Ask for Four Roses at any good liquor store—and at hotels or restaurants. It comes sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack *that must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

Send 10¢ in stamps for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," written as only that famous author could write it. Address Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Dept. 402, Louisville.

HERE'S THE WORLD'S BEST NIGHTCAP!

Dissolve one piece of Sugar in a little hot water. Add 1 piece of Cinnamon, 1 piece of Lemon peel, several Cloves and 1 drink of Four Roses Whiskey. Fill glass with hot water and sprinkle a little Nutmeg on top.

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

MADE BY FRANKFORT

LOUISVILLE • BALTIMORE

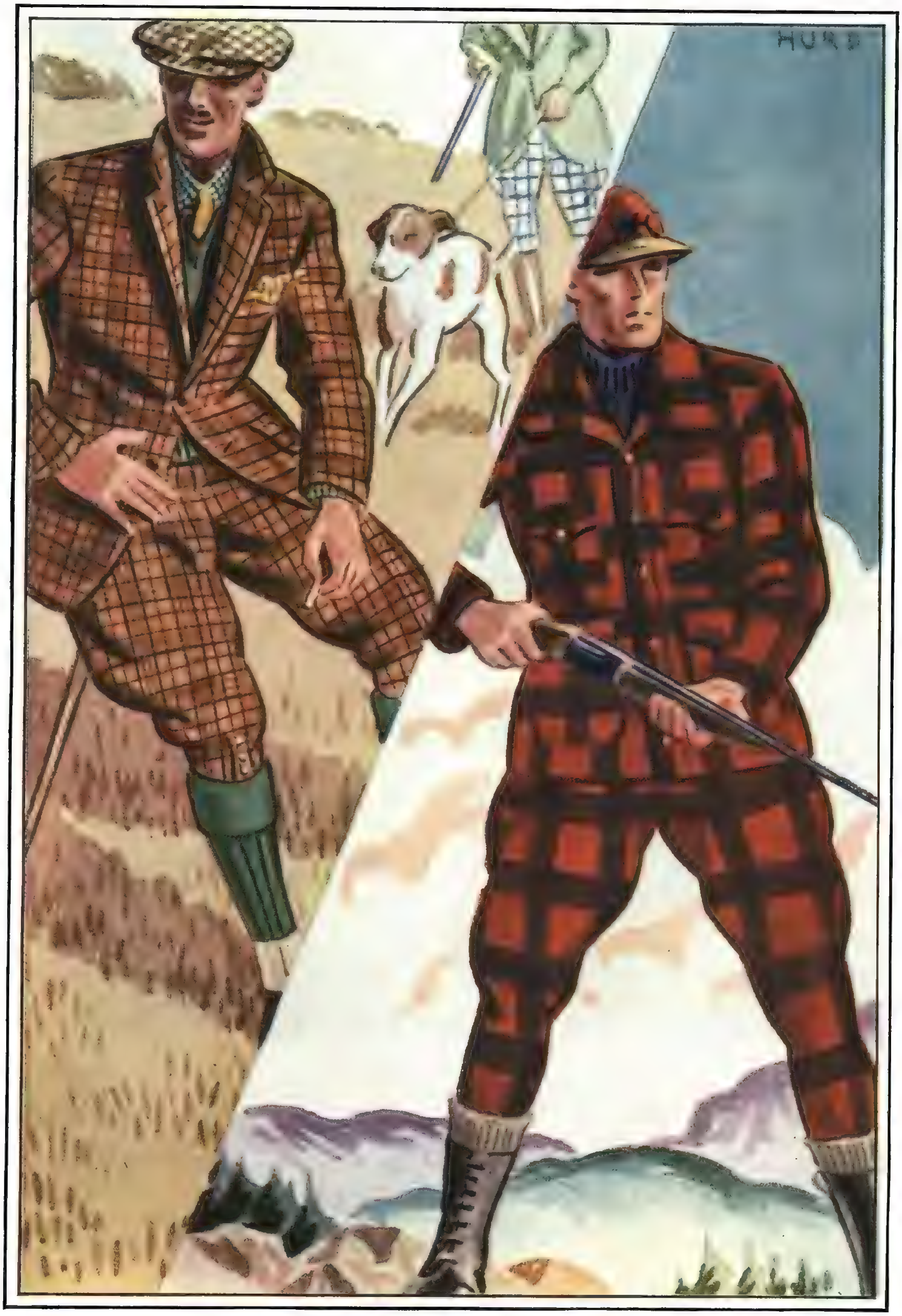
Three other famous Frankfort Whiskies

PAUL JONES

Antique • Old Oscar Pepper

FRANKFORT KY MD DISTILLERIES

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful



FOR BIRD SHOOTING AND FOR BIGGER GAME

Shown at the left is a recommended outfit for all types of upland shooting. It is typical of the kit affected by well-dressed sportsmen on the Scottish moors for grouse and partridge shooting. It consists of a single-breasted, notched lapel tweed jacket and knicker breeches in a bold Scotch plaid, worn with a heavy green sweater, checked flannel shirt, knitted tie, heavy wool hose, stout brogue shoes, leather anklets and a checked one-piece top cap. As for bigger game, such as moose and deer, a recommended outfit for cold weather consists of matching mackinaw jacket and breeches, made of heavy, all-wool material that is processed to be water-repellant. A heavy turtle-neck sweater, and under that a heavy flannel shirt, and under that our own vote goes to the good old wool underwear in that delicate shade known as Fireman's Red. Heavy wool lumberman's socks, smoked elk moccasin boots and the usual peaked red hunting cap.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Last Stand of Man

Continued from page 64

stocky, pleasant young German-American girl who slipped into the grey waters on one side of the English Channel one raw day, and presently waded out on the other side. That, my boys, was one for the book—and all over the world, that night, women stood up and sassed their men folks for the first time in their lives! Ederle did more for getting the sex out of the kitchen and into the swimming pools in one day than all the Health Talks for Girls ever written.

Moreover, she put bad circulation ideas into the heads of countless newspaper publishers. We have never been free of female swimmers since, on our Sports pages, and if I complain too bitterly, it may be that senility has laid its heavy hand upon me.

The thing that really broke Ed Power's heart, however, and sent him out into the country to raise bees, was Babe Didriksen. For a long time, as the Babe ran through the track record books like a fire in a shredded wheat factory, Ed pretended to believe that she wasn't a girl at all. "Don't let 'em kid you," he'd say, feebly. "Didriksen is a man—dressed up. It's the hoax of the century—don't let 'em kid you, boys." After the Babe had successfully kidded the Olympic Committee, however, Ed just gave up.

Where's it going to end? Don't ask *me*. I am still numb with the shock of having to fight my wife for the Sports Section of the newspaper. Publishers are not to be trusted—even our most stiff-necked dailies have let us down with pictures of bare-legged and muscular young women who flourish their ridiculous fly-swatters menacingly at the camera man. More women are going in for racquets—and pictures. Dress patterns are taking it on the nose. So are the Tasty Seasonal Luncheons departments.

It may be, indeed, that a gradual and complete shifting of the recognized fields of the sexes is taking place. If this is so, and much current evidence points to it, I am glad that I am an old, bitter man, with not much time remaining. I could not stand more than one look at a "Man's Own Home Page," with patterns for Smoking Jackets and "Tasty Tidbits for Business Luncheons" suggestions.

The Problem of Sterilization

Continued from page 31

ous directions. Many are familiar with its successful and extensive working, on a voluntary basis, in the State of California. But it meets nearly everywhere with serious opposition from many quarters, and in some countries has gained little or no footing. The opposition is due precisely to the small part still played by contraceptive sterilization in general life. The consequence is that some people suppose it affects the general sexual life, that others, not realizing the strength of the urge to maternity and paternity, imagine that it might become an epidemic and sweep away the race, while others regard it as too serious an operation to contemplate, and a few suppose that, in some mysterious and unexplained way, it is altogether "illegal."

One objection, not easily intelligible, but so common that it cannot be passed over, is that sterilization is an infliction to be imposed by the well-to-do class on the poor.

There are few, however, if any, who wish to impose undesired sterilization on the poor, and not many who recommend it as a direct cure for poverty. Sterilization, regarded generally, is undoubtedly for the benefit of family life, and likewise for the benefit of the race; though there are some who try to minimize that latter benefit or venture to deny it altogether. If, beyond this, sterilization, even today, may be said to contribute indirectly to "solve the problem of poverty and misery," surely that is altogether in its favor, though the problem is admitted to be far too large for any such sole solution. Even Fascism, even Bolshevism, have not been able to provide any sole solution.

But both alike, together with the vast mass of the general population, profess to regard the interests of humanity. Here, however short the distance they feel they can go, they might all meet on common ground.

It is true that, at the outset, we have to recognize the existence of principles that are opposed to all interference with procreation.

That is a general principle proclaimed by the Roman Catholic Church. But it is a mistake to suppose that the Church is enslaved to impracticable doctrines, and it is unjust to refuse to recognize its flexibility to imperative demands.

It is evident, on a broad survey, that, whatever the declarations of individual Popes, there has always been a slow recognition of practical necessities on the part of the Church and a gradual adjustment to human needs. In many such respects the members of the Church, as well as the moral theologians, are ahead of their ecclesiastical superiors who make more stir in the world.

There is another and quite different quarter from which the cry against sterilization arises. "The nation needs poor children to work and fight for its existence," declared lately the editor of a popular London Sunday newspaper. It is not often in any country that the argument is stated so candidly. Yet it lies at the root of the sensational agitation of today in the United States and England concerning the approaching decline of population. Even the Communists used to chime in (though they now frequently take a more intelligent attitude), for the higher the birth-rate, they argued, the more unemployment and the better the chance of a proletarian uprising, whereas with a contraceptive absorption of the unemployed, the higher the rate of wages and the less discontent. It is not really a sound argument if merely on the ground that it is not among the proletariat but among the middle-class that revolutions are engineered, while few economists regard contraception as in itself an adequate cure for unemployment. But it cannot fail to seem plausible.

In the United States, Dr. Dublin's statistical estimates of a falling population in the future are well known, and his fears lest the world should be dominated by old women, though not everyone would, as an alternative, prefer to go back to the period when the population of the United States doubled itself in twenty-five years. In England, Dr. Enid Charles (Mrs. Launcelot Hogben) published a brilliant book, *The Twilight of Parenthood*, in which, with the skilled application of mathematical statistics, she seeks to demonstrate that at the present rate we are approaching a fall in the population which she regards as alarming. She believes that no one wants children nowadays, that by men and even by women they are regarded as useless burdens. Such a view seems only possible for one more closely in touch with science than with human nature. "The childless woman sets Heaven and Hell in motion and is fearless even of operations," a German physician declares, and in English exactly the same statement is made, save for the substitution of "Earth" for "Hell." It is not easy to find the men and women who after marriage cherish this repulsion for parenthood, though we everywhere find those who will not hear of the large families of old, and as there is evidence to show that small families are of superior quality to large families, this attitude is sound. Maller, by his important inquiry into size of family and quality of offspring, conducted three years ago at Teachers College, Columbia University, reached significant conclusions for children of all classes. The children of small families are highest in intelligence, in honesty, in inhibition, in ratings by teachers and class-mates; the children of large families (six or more) are lowest in these and most other respects, and "only" children are above the average in most important respects. Of course large families sometimes rank high, but we then see that, on the whole, individual requirements and preferences are at one with collective social efficiency.

Even if it were safe to prophesy about the future population—and we were sure that the rates of growth would not change—it is our chief business to deal with things as they are. We live in a world which is still adding from ten to twenty millions a year to its human population, and with the increase of medical and sanitary knowledge this rate is becoming higher. Today the United States has all the population it can find good use for, and the same is true of Great Britain. An eminent biologist, Professor Crew, views with alarm the possibility that in forty years' time the British population may have sunk to thirty millions. He neglected to mention that in the fifteenth century the population of England was around three millions and that no one then seemed worried about it, or showed alarm, as some men of science do today, about "the continuance of ourselves as a people."

The problem of sterilization remains of supreme importance. It is not the only supreme question for mankind, and we may still say with Dr. Crew: "Make the world a fit and proper place for children and they will be born."

AFTER-SHAVE COMFORT

Williams
AQUA VELVA

FOR YOUR FACE

IN A DASH OF WILLIAMS

AQUA VELVA

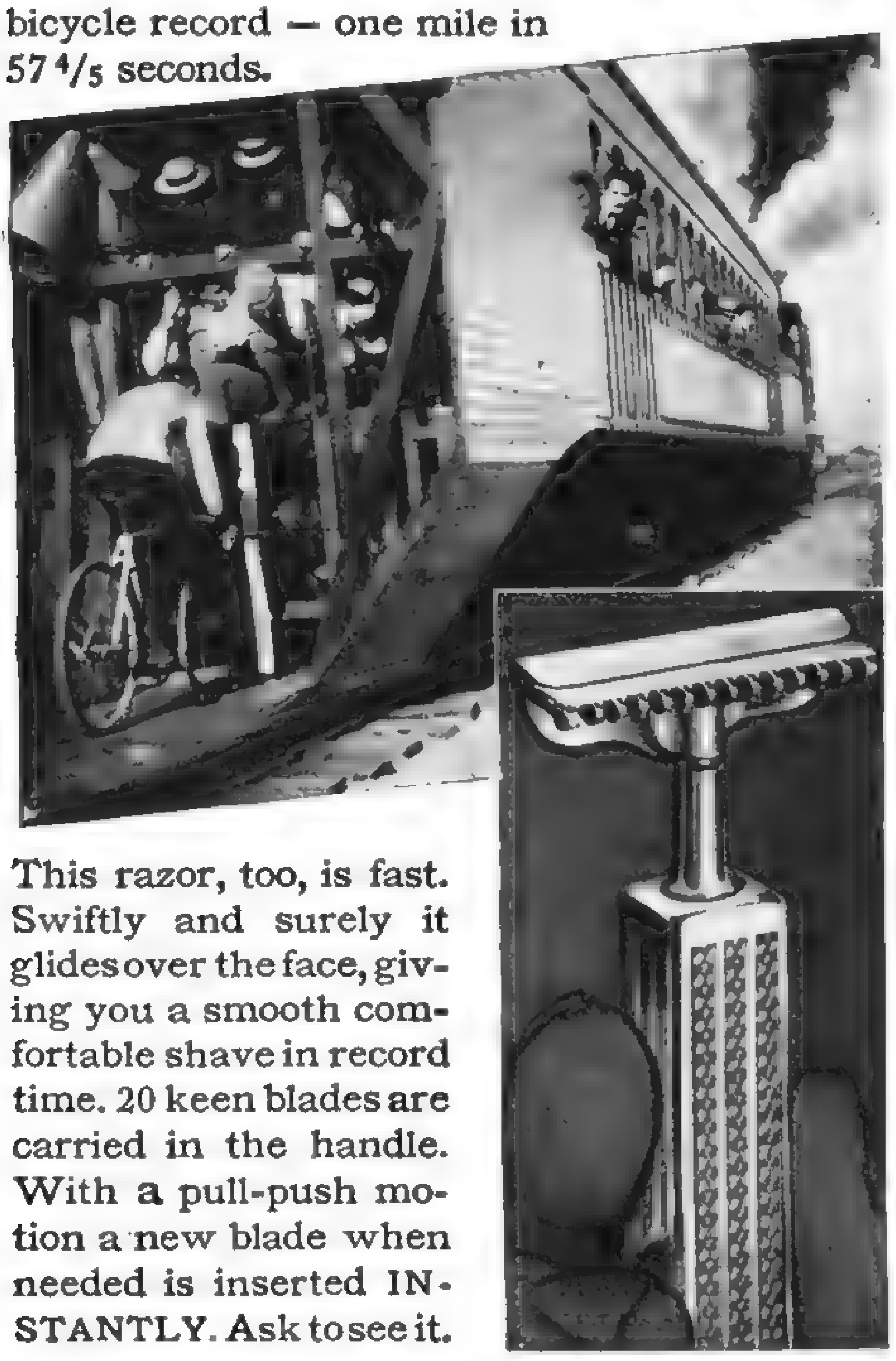
AFTER SHAVING

1. It feels great.—2. Soothes tiny nicks and cuts.—3. Helps keep your skin from getting too dry and rough.—4. Lessens windburn.—5. Aids in preventing chapping.—6. Improves your appearance.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM—AND GLIDER. THE NEW WILLIAMS BRUSHLESS SHAVE

Fast—I'll say it's fast

Using a Long Island train as a windbreaker, Mile-A-Minute Murphy made his famous bicycle record — one mile in 57 4/5 seconds.



This razor, too, is fast. Swiftly and surely it glides over the face, giving you a smooth comfortable shave in record time. 20 keen blades are carried in the handle. With a pull-push motion a new blade when needed is inserted INSTANTLY. Ask to see it.

$5. complete with 20 blades. Additional 20-blade clips, 75c

Schick

Repeating RAZOR

A product of MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sales Representatives: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
40 East 34th Street, New York

Pit Your Birds!

Continued from page 75

the deputies out tonight — no danger."

One dollar—standard admission price since the War of 1812—is charged. Shanty Ed gets all of this—and in addition acts as betting commissioner without taking a rake-off. You vouch for the financial integrity of your friends: a necessary thing; for once a fights starts, the pitside betting is oral; the commissioner records the wagers—the losers settle with him after the fight.

The barn is jammed with men on tiers of circus seats. A goateed gentleman in imported Irish tweeds—member of the world's exclusive cocking group, the Heel Tap Club of New York and Boston—is sitting by a cracker whose home-spun breeches are upheld by one gallus. In front of them is a Philadelphia broker who is a bull even at a cock fight; and he is flanked by a scraggly-moustached hog-raiser and a greasy-overalled auto mechanic. Around the ringside are half a hundred men and boys, each tightly holding a gamecock in hand: birds they will hack till dawn, after the main is over.

Shanty Ed, big-jowled and hard-bellied, takes the center of the circular pit under a cluster of lights, lifts an arm, and does an Humphries:

"—the main for a private side bet—and gents will please not smoke."

A hundred gents comply by smoking.

Your handler steps into the pit, a five-pound Red Roundhead held carefully in his arms—gaffs gleaming in the lights. Opposite him is a handler with a Gray Shawlneck.

"Pit your birds!"

Both handlers set their birds down, and leap from the pit.

The Shawlneck, a one-stroker, darts forward, swerves, and stops. For an instant your Red Roundhead stands immobile. Then he shoots forward like a feathered streak of lightning, wings fluttering—

There is the flash of a gaff as the Gray, like a boxer delivering an uppercut, slashes forward and upward. He misses.

Your Red whirls, flies upward—another gleam of the gaff—his gaff—

"He stuck him—the Red stuck him!"

Both birds are thrashing in the pit center.

"Time out!"

The Gray's handler leaps over the barrier, stoops, and deftly pulls your gaff from his bird's body. It's a red, red gaff now.

"One hundred to twenty—one hundred to twenty that the Red wins—fifty to twenty-five that the Red kills him—a hundred, even, that the Gray refuses to fight!"

The wounded cock is placed down again. Your Red Roundhead circles the pit, wings flapping—one gaff gleaming bright, one gaff gory red.

The Gray makes no move.

"One—two—three—"

The referee begins the count of ten. Finishes it. Both birds are lifted up for a moment's rest. Your handler gently strokes your bird; but the Gray's man is concerned. He sponges the bird's beak, croons to him, "come on, fella, come on, fella!"

"Pit your birds!"

Again they are placed down. Once more your Red—a shuffler—dashes forward. This time the Gray comes to life; with a mighty surge upward throws both gaffs forward—misses—falls to the pit—whirls—sidesteps an on-rush—is caught as your Red rushes him again—falls—bleeding—

"Time out!"

Again the gaff is pulled from the Gray. Once more they are put down. The Red begins circling the pit again.

The referee is counting: "One—two—three—" until ten. The Gray sinks on the ground. A shout: "Count him out—count him out!"

The referee's hand is rising and falling: "—nine—ten—eleven—"; the fallen bird is given a second count, of twenty, and then if he doesn't rise your Red is awarded the fight.

"One hundred to twenty-five he doesn't get up!"

"—fifteen—sixteen—"

"Fifty to twenty he's out!"

"—seventeen—"

The referee's hand remains aloft. A flurry of feathers, the Gray straightens up, and darts straight at the Red. The birds crash together in the center—lights flashing on the slashing gaffs—

"The Red's stuck—the Red's stuck!"

"Time out!"

Your ex-jockey already is over the barrier, leaning over, deftly pulling the steel out.

The betting changes. "The Gray's just warmed up—fifty to fifteen that he wins—fifty to fifteen—"

"Taken—taken!"

Your bird is put down. No time, no need for the count. With a mad rush he streaks at the Gray—the Gray cautiously approaches—your Red flutters wings—starts—

Like vivid lightning the Gray flies forward. Once more the gleam of a gaff—then the gaff is not seen.

"The Gray stuck him—the Gray stuck him again!"

Your handler is pulling the gaff out. He barely leaps back before the birds are fighting again.

Your bird falls—a wing broken.

Someone is pounding you on the back: "A hundred to twenty you are beaten—hundred to twenty!"

"I take you!"

You pray there is fight left in that gallant Roundhead. There is. But wait—the Gray shoots in, tops the Red, sinks both gaffs to the socket into your fowl's body. The Gray is throwing back his head — careless with seeming victory—

The Red, heaving mightily, thrusts upward. No need for the handler—the Gray and his murderous gaffs are thrown off—

A great whirring of wings—both birds together—the Gray's beak seizes your Red by the throat—the Red rears back—frees himself—lunges forward. There's a line of light—light gleaming on needle-sharp steel as it shoots forward—

Forward into the heart of the tasseled Gray Shawlneck.

The Gray falls lifeless. The Red staggers back from his enemy, blood seeping through torn and broken wings. He stumbles. Gets to his feet again. Stands over the fallen one. Throws his head back, as one who would say: "We who are about to die, salute you!"

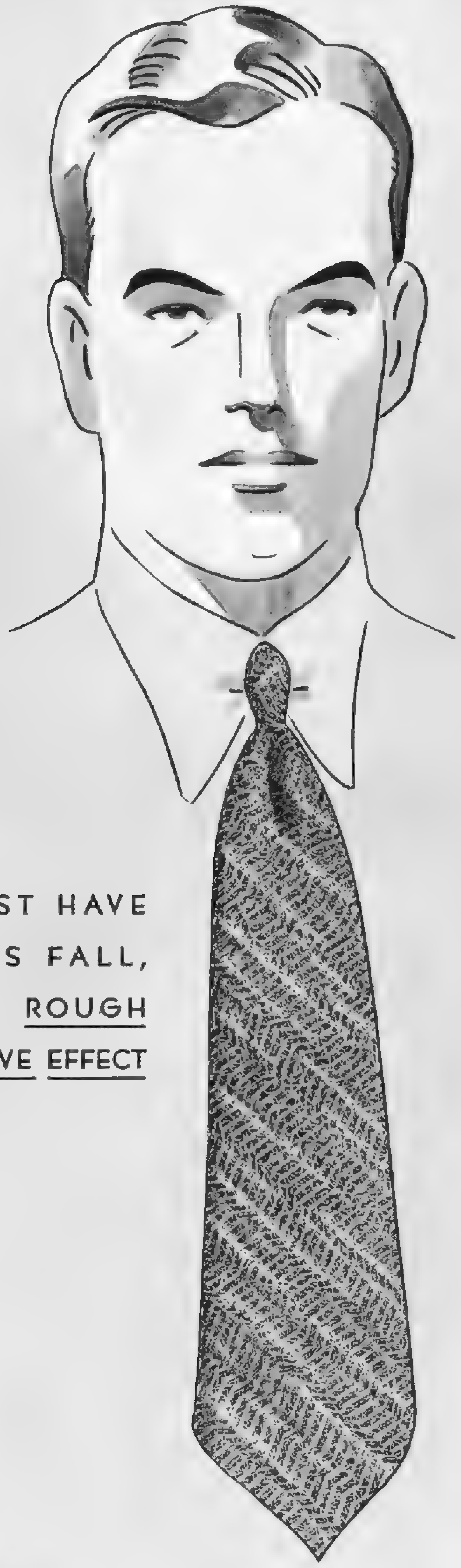
With one last effort he flaps those gory wings, crows loudly and lustily—

And falls across the body of his foe.

wahnetah weave

BOUCORDIA

IS THE NAME



MUST HAVE THIS FALL, THE ROUGH WEAVE EFFECT

For an amazing new tie fabric made with "Lastex". . . the elastic yarn

The beauty of fine fabric and the sheer magic of "Lastex" are happily blended in this marvelous material, especially made for men's ties. (BOUCORDIA, by the way, is only the first of a family of WAHNETAH WEAVES for men's ties, to be made with "Lastex".) Thanks to the presence of the elastic yarn, ties of BOUCORDIA fit snug and look smart, feel comfortable and stay put, at all times. There can be no slipping or binding with this soft, resilient fabric on the job. Ties of BOUCORDIA in twelve color combinations, emphasizing the new rough weave effect which Fashion dictates for Fall, will be shown by retailers and haberdashers in principal cities throughout the country. Look for the "Lastex" BOUCORDIA label on the tie.

The story of ties of WAHNETAH WEAVE BOUCORDIA is not only one of appearance and comfort but also of calmer nerves and better health for the tired business man. Due to "Lastex," these easy-riding ties end the awkward habit so many men have of pulling and tugging at ties that are too tight or too loose.

NRA CODE

Lastex
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

AN INVITATION

America's finest retailers invite you to try a RONSON, whether or not you are ready to buy. They want you to realize why millions of enthusiastic users call RONSON the WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER.

See the newest RONSON departures. Try out the wonderfully simple and simply wonderful RONSON **one-fingered** operation.

Send for **FREE GIFT CATALOG** filled with thrilling gift suggestions for every purpose and event (Please give dealer's name if possible.)

FLIP – *it's lit*
RELEASE – *it's out*

RONSON PRINCESS
Pocket Lighter

It's time YOU owned a

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

. . . and what a GIFT it makes!

RONSON PET
Compact, wafer-thin

RONSON RONDETTE
Shaped like a watch—modern, stream-lined

RONSON TUXEDO
Combines cigarette case and lighter

RONSON Table Lighter. One of many unique models for home and office

Try lighting up with a RONSON and you'll never be satisfied with anything less.

Every RONSON model, *a treasure to possess—a possession to treasure.*

The most practical, most efficient, simplest functioning lighter ever made!

Materials, designs, finishes—the *finest* money can buy—and, by far, the *best* "buy", considering the years of service it gives.

Choose RONSON gifts; you'll be gratefully remembered for years.

NRA CODE

DEALERS—*please send your jobber's name.*

RONSON

Art Metal Works, Inc. 1 Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J.
Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
England: Ronson Products Limited, London, W. C. 2

Care and Breeding of Watches

Continued from page 66

to correlate the succession of the seasons, the cycle of the moon, and the alternations of the daylight and dark. We are still trying it. Before the League of Nations today are proposals to change the calendar and the divisions of days into an immutable system, to be adopted by all nations. The difficulty is that all these heavenly goings-on have no common denominator in time.

The free-thinker who first noticed that shadows could be measured and the time of day discovered by their changing lengths must ever be unknown, like the man who invented the wheel, or first sampled caviar. But as his descendants would say, countless centuries later, "he started something." In the Near East of antiquity "Gnomens," tower-like structures or even slender poles, were used to cast a time-telling shadow. The first watch was probably a cane. Hindoo fakirs carried them, equipped with a standard length peg and a series of graduated notches. By holding the cane to the sun the owner could tell the time by the shadow of the peg as it fell across the notches.

From such attempts evolved the sun dial, oldest and most universal of all time-measuring devices still in extensive use. People also burned ropes, knotted at regular intervals so that the fire consumes an hour in smouldering from knot to knot. Someone observed the constant qualities of falling water, and this opened a new field for time measurement. A favorite method in the Orient was to float an empty basin in a pool. The basin had a hole in the bottom, so that it gradually sank and at the instant of its disappearance a watching slave banged a gong to denote the passing of the hour. As a reversal of this scheme the basin was filled and the leakage furnished the measure of time. The Chinese had an elaborate variation of this plan which required a terraced garden for a clock. Water was drained through a series of connected pools descending from terrace to terrace, each level denoting the passage of whatever the Chinese decided to call an hour. At the bottom, servants carried the water to the top terrace again, and time went evenly on.

Later, by the use of floats and by adaptations of the waterwheel principle, clepsydrae, or waterclocks, came into being which could measure time with approximate accuracy—when they worked at all—and could register minutes and seconds on a dial or vertical gauge. Sand-glasses, or hour-glasses as we know them, and measured candles were among other devices to tell time. These early methods, as Cassadorus discovered, were too uncertain, and required too much personal attention to be very effective. They were used as we use hour-glasses today—to measure a given period of time for a specific purpose. The Roman senate is said to have installed clepsydrae in order to equalize the time of senatorial arguments in debate, which shows what those lawmakers thought of filibustering. There is a musty Roman legend of the rescue of an innocent prisoner from death, by putting pebbles into the waterworks and thus tying up court proceedings until a material witness arrived—on horseback probably, as this tale follows pretty much the pattern adopted by the reverend Lincoln J. Carter and his school.

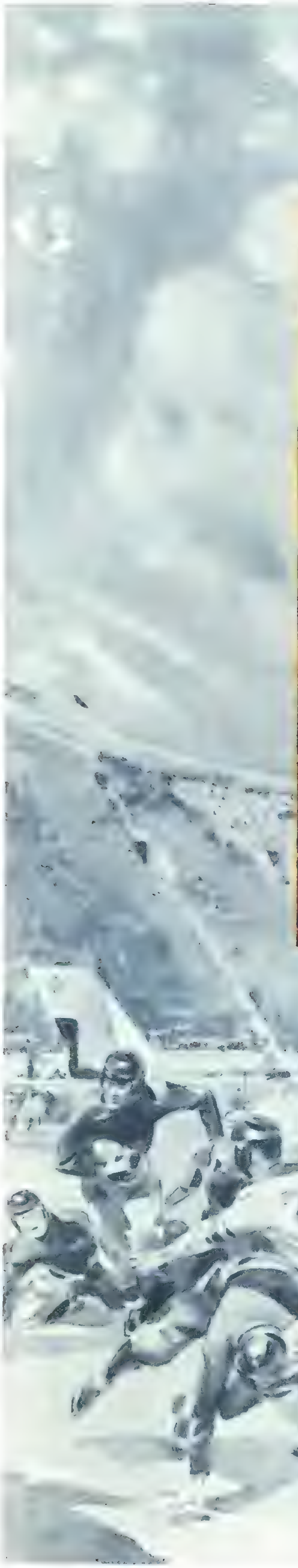
With the substitution, late in the 12th century, of weights for water as the motive power for great clocks, the evolution of the modern timepiece began in earnest. This was the period of mechanical animals, and processions of saints, and manikins who traversed not only the dials but the sides of the clocks, and on occasion the buildings contiguous. The cult became unpopular after a century or so and only a few such public playthings are still maintained as curiosities. The last important creation of this sort may have helped to discourage interest. A French clockmaker, Burdeau, constructed a wonderful clock for Louis XIV who, as the world knows, always regarded himself with a high sense of approval. Burdeau, aware of this, planned a mechanical exhibition of world subserviency to the Grand Monarch that would assure its maker of permanent favor in the court of France. He enthroned a gilt figure of Louis over the dial, and as time passed, miniatures of the kings of Europe were supposed to appear on the hours and strike the time on a gong, bow low, and disappear. But on the first public presentation when William III of England, Louis' pet enemy, appeared, something went wrong with the mechanism. William bowed on schedule, whereat Louis bounced off his throne and tumbled at William's feet. The clock was abolished and Burdeau took up quarters in the Bastille.

It was the invention of the coil spring in place of the weight for motive power that created the portable clock, the immediate forerunner of the watch. One of the earliest of these was made at the command of Louis XI to accompany him on a journey. It had to be carried on a separate horse under the constant attendance of a servant, so it could scarcely be classed as a watch. Soon afterward "table clocks" were invented. These were not unlike modern clocks in construction, except that they had horizontal dials and were placed on tables, like dishes. The inevitable next step was to make table clocks small enough for pocket transportation, and this was accomplished in 1500 by Peter Henlein of Nuremberg, Germany, who invented the coil spring. Though clumsy and uncertain in performance, the "Nuremberg Eggs," as deriders called the early watches, slowly gained popularity.

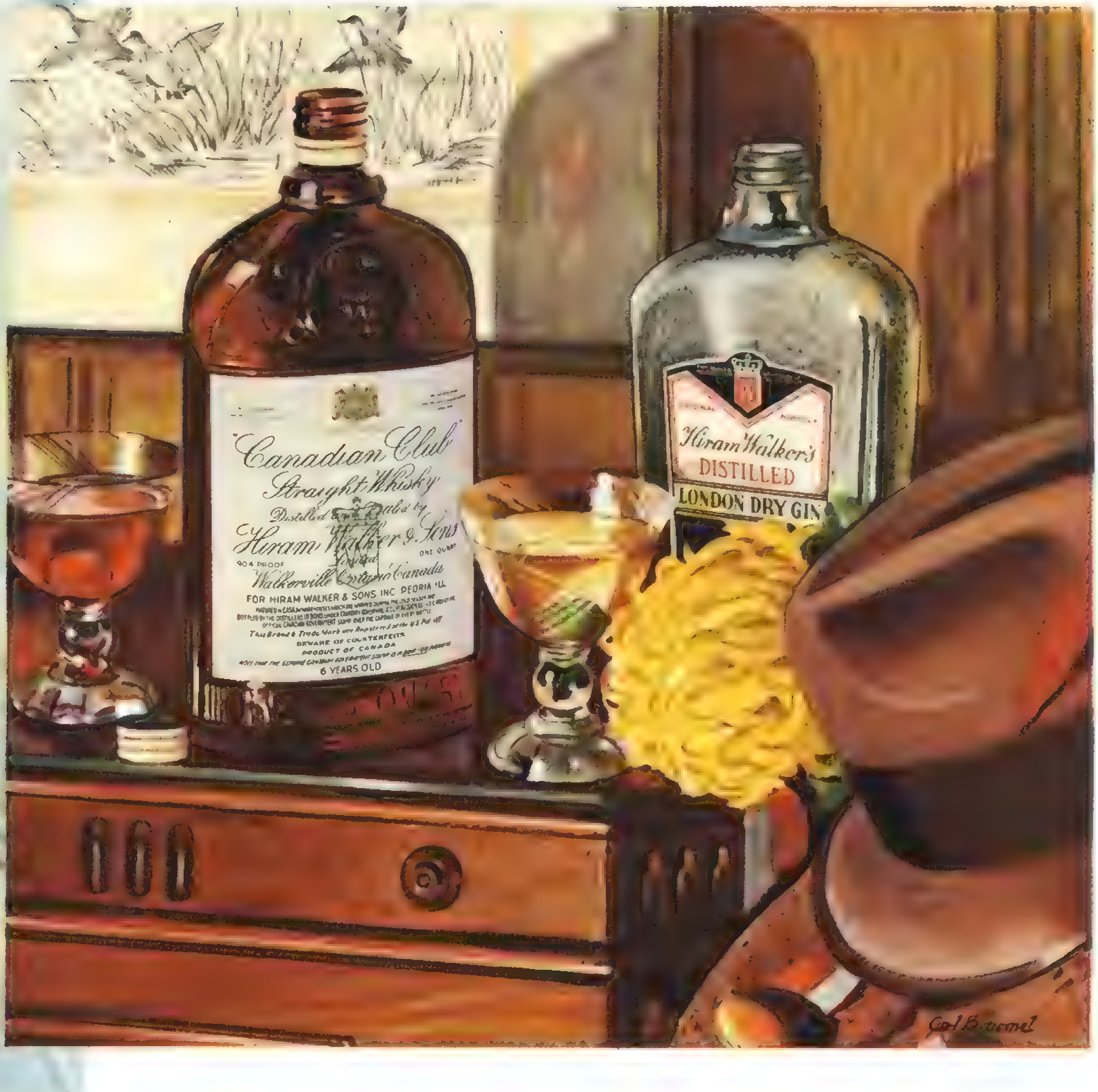
In museums and watch collections you will find specimens of the early watches. It is plain that they were never intended for regular pocket wear. In size, shape and appearance and general unwieldiness they resemble the modern tomato—important differences of course being that they were made of metal, and you can't wind a tomato. But they took as many shapes as a tomato, and probably kept even better time. One is impressed, however, by their marvelous beauty in workmanship and design. Watches made fascinating playthings for the gilded youth of the time, so the artists among the goldsmiths and jewel workers seized upon the watch case as an ideal field for their skill. At first they were worn suspended by a chain from the neck—about the only way they could be worn unless the owner had a basket—and they were an indispensable part of the costume of the courtier.

In the Elizabethan era watch decoration

Continued on page 149



"CANADIAN CLUB"

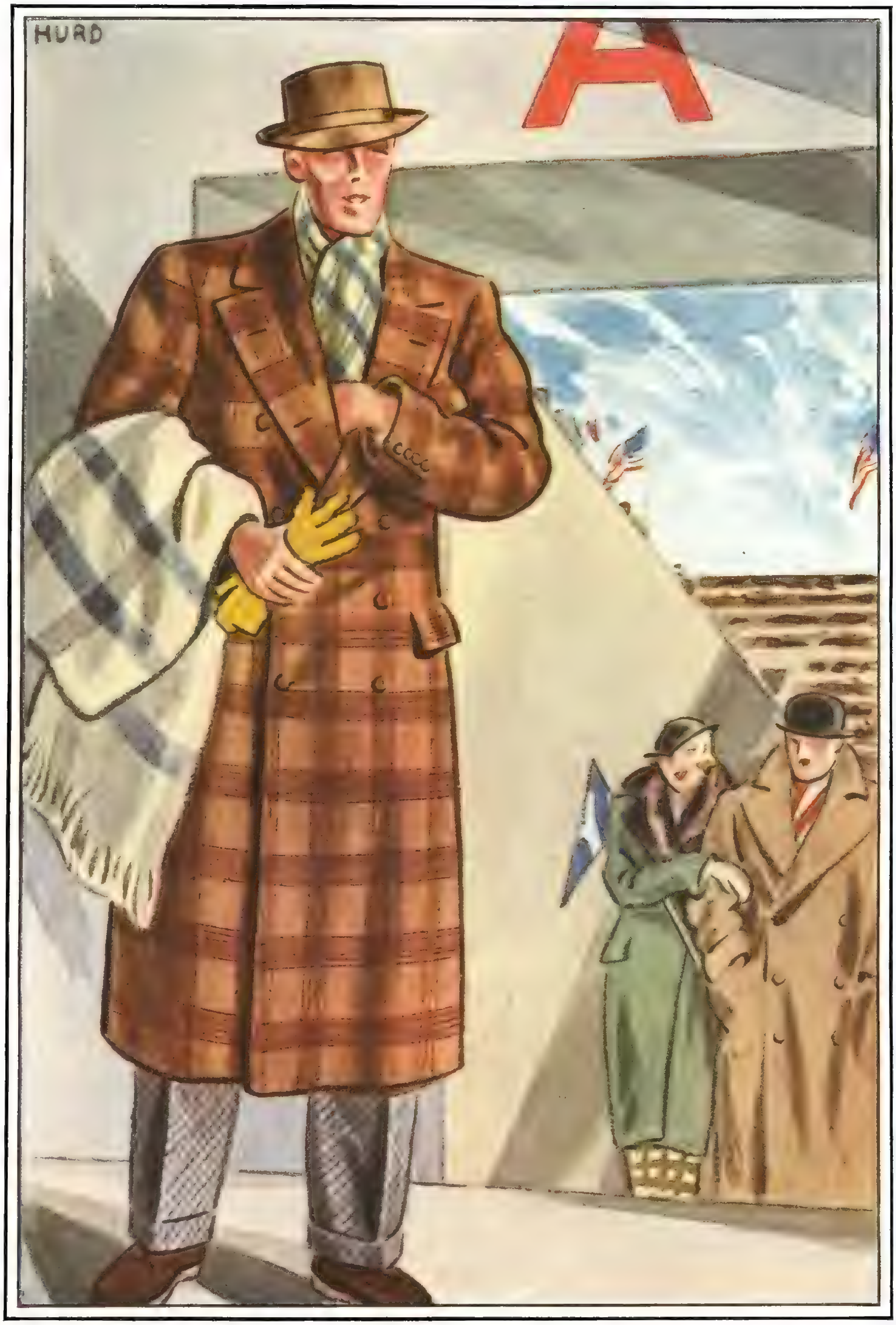

Canadian Club
Straight Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
6 YEARS OLD
Hiram Walker's
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY GIN

One of the Really Great Whiskies of the World

Bonded for Quality . . . Priced for Economy

When you select "Canadian Club" you are getting one of the really great whiskies of the world . . . a fine old bonded whisky, distilled and matured at least six years in charred-oak casks under the supervision of the Canadian Government. Its pleasing and distinctive flavor—its delightful smoothness and mellowness have never been successfully imitated. Only the house of Hiram Walker knows the formula that produces it; only the 75-year skill and experience of Hiram Walker could provide such quality and purity. Equally fulfilling every promise implied by the name of its maker is Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin. Like its illustrious team-mate, it is so genuinely good, so reasonably priced, that it is one of the best values of today.

Hiram Walker & Sons
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DISTILLERIES AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS, AND WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO



FOR A FROSTY AFTERNOON AT A STADIUM

If you can't subscribe wholeheartedly to the outfit that Eskie sports on this month's front cover, don't say we didn't give you a second choice. Just as checked suitings were once condemned as being "race-track" patterns, so this overcoating would once have been termed, with elevated eyebrows, a "horse-blanket" material. But fashion has come a long way on its not always explicable course since those days, and here we have, recommended with a capital R, this four-button, double-breasted cheviot tweed ulster with a flap on the breast pocket, cut rather long and, though easy fitting, with a hint at a waistline. It has a plain back. The pork-pie hat too, with its low, flat telescope crown, is a throw-back to an older day. The muffler is of cashmere in a distinct plaid. The shoes are brown buckskin with heavy crepe soles and heels. The suit, as you can see, is a grey diagonal weave and the smart yellow gloves are made of knitted wool.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Care and Breeding of Watches

Continued from page 146

probably reached the limit of ornate extravagance. The Virgin Queen herself had several, among them "A little watche of golde with the one side with a frogge on the topp, th' other side with small garnets like a pomegranite"; and, "one armlet or Shakell of golde, all over fairly garnished with rubyes and dyamondes having in the closing thereof a clocke." This last was a contribution of the Earl of Leicester; could it have been the first Wriste Watche?

With the growth of Bourbon opulence in France watches reached the farthest heights of fashion. In England and France of that period a single watch was insufficient to mark the gentleman. Two, three, or even four watches were hung around the neck, pinned to the waistcoat, or crammed into watchpockets with fobs protruding.

"A lofty cane, a sword with a silver Hilt,
A ring, two watches and a snuffbox Gilt."

So ran a couplet of that time. It was the day of the enameled watch, with exquisite miniatures of court beauties, and landscapes that can best be viewed with a magnifying glass; gold filigree encrusted with precious stones that cost the artist a year's work, and oftentimes his eyesight; cases shaped like books, flowers, acorns, dogs, bugs, shells, anything that could be made costly and "different."

The end of the French Revolution marked a sobering of the world of fashion. Watches likewise divested themselves of diamond filigrees and delirious designs, and settled themselves to the earnest business of keeping time. Out of the many shapes, the flat round metal case of pocket size survived by natural fitness, and with the introduction of watchmaking machinery, it became standardized. Discovery of new metals, and refinement of certain alloys, have made watches smaller, lighter, and more durable.

The most important trend at present is towards simplicity. The ornate, engraved gold hunting cases of the last century have given way to the clean severity of line that naturally characterizes the craftsmanship of this machine age. Over-ornamentation of case and dial is frowned on by the arbiters of watch fashions, who hold that the excellence of a watch, like that of its owner, should reveal itself in performance, not in ornament. Open-face watches of moderate thinness, metal finished dials with plain Arabic numerals in raised gold, cases of gold or platinum alloy, either perfectly plain or etched with a simple, regular pattern—these are the outward fittings of the first class watch a la mode, in the consensus of jewelers, watchmakers, collectors and innocent bystanders that have helped to swell this writer's bump of knowledge on the subject. Wrist watches may have a number of shapes suggested by utility.

The measure of value in a watch is its accuracy. The ancient urge toward superdecoration came down to us in traditions, which lost their force until only their tawdriness remained. Desire for beauty is as strong as ever, but it is not to be obtained at the expense of utility. The rise of the wrist watch will illustrate. It was worn and abandoned in Europe when watches were toys and watchmakers sought new ways to make them amusing to the rich. A quarter century ago, they were reintroduced as jewelry novelties. So long as they held that status, wrist watches were considered the highwater mark of effeminacy, and their male wearers were held up to derision. Then came the war, with a technique of attack which relied on the instant observation of time by the second. In a trice the wrist watch shed its jeweled bracelet links and its gaudy decorations, and became the practical timepiece that nearly half the watchowners of the country bear on their wrists today.

While in accuracy and durability the modern watch has little in common with its predecessors, in mechanical principle the best watches are much the same as those that appeared in Europe three centuries ago. The basis of watch mechanism is a spring which applies power to a train of wheels, the speed of which is regulated by an "escapement" permitting only a step by step motion of the wheels. That description applies to early watches as well as modern ones. Only 175 years after Henlein hatched his Nuremberg egg, Thomas Tompian, an Englishman, perfected the hair spring which so improved the accuracy of the watch that minute hands were successfully added to English watches. In 1704 a London Swiss, Facio, perfected the use of jewel bearings after a method of drilling rubies had been discovered; in 1714 came George Graham with his invention of the compensated balance wheel; to Mudge, also an English watchmaker, is credited the invention of the lever escapement. To these major principles the minor ones of stem wind and set key, as well as numerous mechanical improvements, have been added in the last century. Facio's device of jewel bearings is one of the most important milestones in the history of watchmaking, and the principle has never been improved upon. Today sapphires, rubies and garnets are used for the various pivots and similar points of friction. From 17 to 23 jewels are required for the best watch movements.

Standardization is America's chief contribution to the ancient art of watchmaking. Watch manufacture began in New England just at the commencement of the great era of industrial expansion, when machine production and devices for this purpose were beginning to fascinate the engineering genius of America. Also it was in the beginning of transportation as we know it today, and the time element in this field created a demand for watches hitherto unknown in the world. Most of the famous American watch manufacturers are of New England origin, though they have located widely since. To those early Yankee experimenters we owe not only the inexpensive mass-production watches that pour out on a distracted world by the tens of thousands daily, but also the delicate, infinitely accurate time-tellers that regulate the movements of railway traffic. Exclusive of wrist watches, there are three standard types. These are the chronometer watch, the railroad watch and the commercial watch. Chronometer watches have a special mechanism, nearly as old as watchmaking and for more than a century the most accurate. Delicate and expensive, they are used

Continued on page 150

A swagger new style created by

STETSON

The CONTINENTAL

In Europe as in America, well-dressed men look to Stetson for the creation of authentic style.

Launched in Paris recently, the Stetson "Continental" captured the Boulevards, invaded other capitals, became the rage of the Riviera. Today on the Continent it is the most popular of all Stetson styles.

Now this ultra-smart hat makes its American *debut.* You'll like its becoming new proportions—its jaunty set—the novel crease in the crown that adds an air of distinction.

At your Stetson dealer's, in a variety of handsome fall shades. Stetson hats for autumn are priced at $6 (unlined), $6.50, $8, $10 and upward. Also the Stetson "Bantam" and the Stetson "Playboy," air-light crushers, at $5. Stetson caps at $2.50 and up.

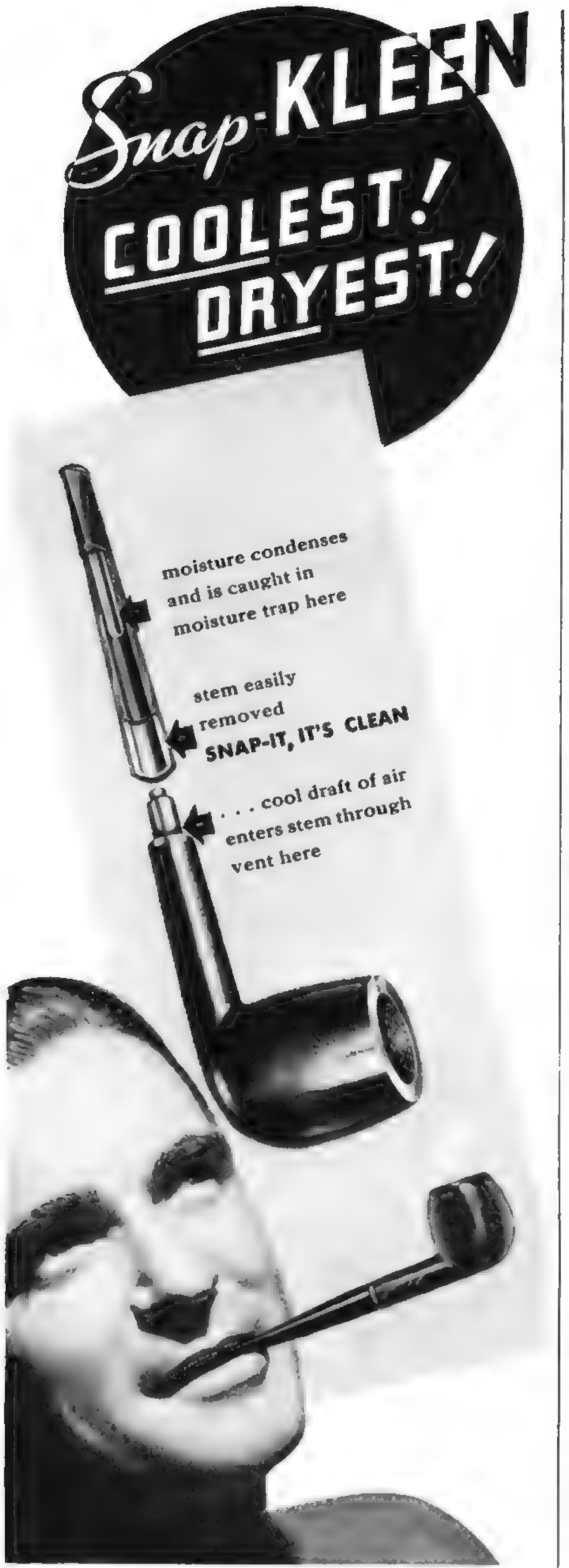
NRA WE DO OUR PART

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY

STETSON

AT THE BETTER STORES

A size and shape for every head


Snap-KLEEN
COOLEST!
DRYEST!
moisture condenses and is caught in moisture trap here
stem easily removed
SNAP-IT, IT'S CLEAN
. . . cool draft of air enters stem through vent here

● Snap-Kleen is different in **four** ways. It ends daily messy cleaning . . . this pipe **cleans itself by a snap of the bit.** Actually "juiceless", too . . . proven **dryest** by the U. S. Testing Laboratories. And unquestionably cooler . . . **air cooled.** Snap-Kleen actually transforms raw smoke into cool, dry, sweet-as-a-nut smoke! You can get a Snap-Kleen at any good tobacconist. Priced at only $2.50. We sincerely urge you to try one.

DE RESINO PROCESSED

GENUINE De Resino Processed BRIAR

The natural resins in briar form hot, harsh acid smoke. But now, the De Resino Process, exclusive with Demuth, neutralizes briar resins, making every WDC pipe sweet and mellow from the first puff! Look for the gold De Resino tag. It assures you of a better pipe . . . a pipe that needs no breaking in.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
Makers of fine pipes since 1862
230 Fifth Ave., New York

WDC
Snap-KLEEN $2.50

Care and Breeding of Watches

Continued from page 149

principally on scientific expeditions, on surveys, or other places where split-second accuracy in time-observing is necessary. Railroad watches, as the name implies, are made specially for timing transportation movements. Besides extreme accuracy their construction must safeguard them against dust and the serious danger of magnetic attraction.

Yet with all this epic of effort, we still do not know exactly what time it is, though we are organizing our efforts into some tolerably good guesses. Three great agencies in this country cooperate in the guessing, and in keeping the public informed of the results: the United States Naval Observatory, the United States Bureau of Standards, and the American Horological Institute. The Naval Observatory gets its information first hand from the heavens, and signals it by radio throughout all America and its dependencies at specified hours. According to the Bureau of Standards, the Navy is sometimes off as much as three one-hundredths of a second, a fact to bear in mind when you are setting your watch by its signal.

The Bureau of Standards maintains the uniformity of time throughout the nation by testing all the watches submitted to it—a far more elaborate process than a glimpse of the ordinary jeweler's window gives any idea. The Bureau has eight tests adapted to varying requirements, that take all the way from 6 to 54 days to carry through. Watches are tested for temperature and magnetic variation, also for variations resulting from different positions, as it has been found that watches lying flat on their faces may not keep the same time as when flat on their backs, and may vary still more when they are stood upside down or placed on edge.

Finally, the Horological Institute of America, a technological and professional body of watchmakers, seeks to maintain the standards of watchmaking throughout America. It promotes the ancient ideals of the watchmaker's art as a profession and as a public service. After stiff examinations it bestows the titles of Junior Watchmaker, Certified Watchmaker, and Certified Horologist, which are accolades indeed in the watchmaker's craft.

These three agencies today carry on the search that perplexed the Chaldeans, tormented Cassadorus and made the Chinese slaves carry water up hill. Through their efforts—as the years roll on, the precision measurements get still more precise—we may yet find the answer to their question: "What time is it?"

Now we've got the time—what'll we do with it?

On Being Fashionable

Continued from page 37

characteristic of Fashionable Society ever since the dimmest beginnings of the human race and they hold good today as they did 2,000,000 and 2,000,000,000 years ago. Only once in a long while does some particularly brilliant or particularly obnoxious member of that group, like Alcibiades or Cleopatra or that crazy fop, Beau Brummel, care to stand out from the rest of the tribe by some very definite mode of behavior and then such heroes come to instant grief. The rest of the time they carefully obey those rules of war which I have just enumerated and by being wholly on the defensive, they are apt to gain victories even when they find themselves opposed by such eminent masters of the offensive as Alexander the Great and Hannibal and Blücher and Napoleon.

Then, what are the personal qualifications that allow a man or a woman to join the society of the Fashionables? I have made a very close study of them and those qualifications are exceedingly curious. It is often said that titles and social position are all-important if one wants to join Fashionable Society. But that is not quite true. Titles and a good social position are of course a great advantage, just as they are in every other department of life, such as running a successful dress-making establishment or distilling perfumery or setting up as an international harlot. But a title and social supremacy alone are by no means enough. For this world of ours is full of people with coronets and whose social position is just as good as that of the Hapsburgs or the Astors, but who have no more chance of being reckoned among the truly Fashionable Society of their day and age than the poor slaveys who clean up the Stock Exchange after closing hours or Toni who sells hot chestnuts on the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second Street.

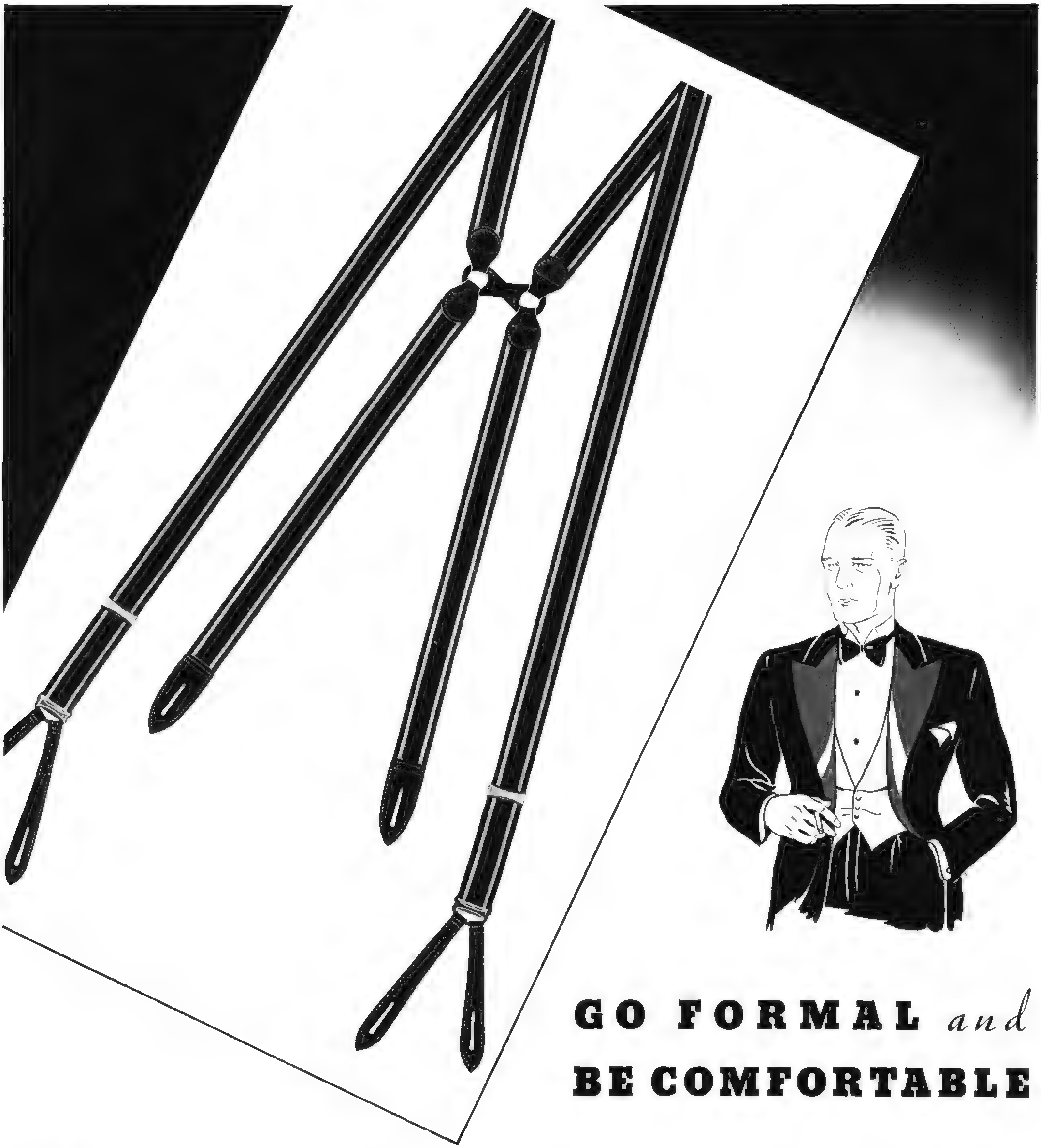
Well, let us inquire a little further. How about money? Money, like a good social background, is a highly useful asset. One cannot very well qualify as a member of Fashionable Society if one has to launder one's own shirts. A little pocket money comes in handy, no matter whether one is President of the United States or awaits execution in the death house. But money alone, no more than social prestige, will give a person entrance into the Inner Circle of the Elect.

Manners? Heaven forbid! Some of the best known Fashionables of the ages have had the manners of coal-heavers and have been famous as their country's prize boors.

What else remains? Learning, wit or sound knowledge within some particular field of human endeavor? They are simply not part of the picture. Wit is not looked upon with any favor by a true Disciple of Fashion, unless it be a sneering sort of wit that thrives upon the discomforts of others. And as for learning and knowledge, they are regarded with open and unqualified contempt and hatred by those who habitually give Mayfair as their place of residence. They are always the greatest of all possible hindrances to candidates for fashionable preferment.

Then what, in the name of Emily Post, are the necessary qualifications for those who want to enroll themselves underneath the silken banner of Vanity Fair? So far I have given you merely a negative answer.

Continued on page 152



GO FORMAL *and* BE COMFORTABLE

With FREE-SWING *by* PARIS

It's black and white for Tux or Tails and Free-Swings for perfect comfort. Guaranteed not to skid off the shoulders. They won't bind or pull because their swivel action back adjusts to every body motion.

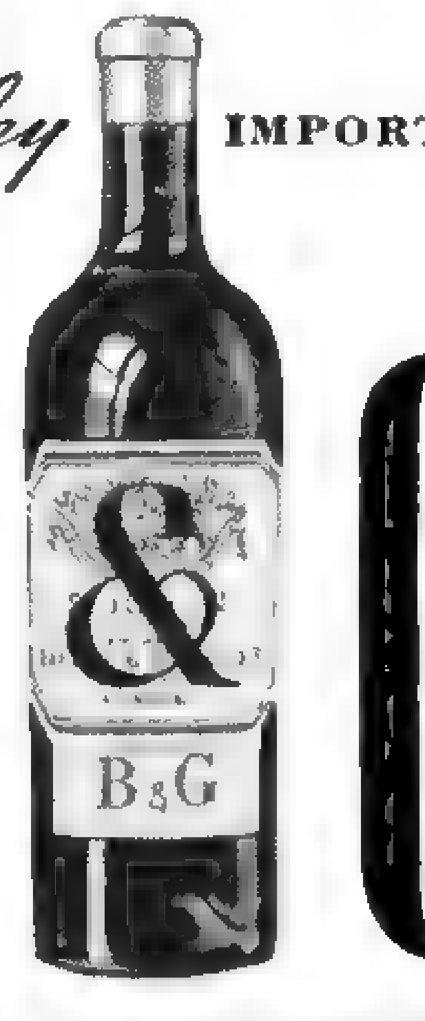
Paris Free-Swing Suspenders in black and white elastic and a wide selection of other smart color combinations—$1, $1.50, $2.

A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO

Bordeaux and Burgundy Wines

It will pay you always to specify "B&G" wines when you are looking for Claret, Sauternes, or Burgundy. "B&G" wines bring you the rare quality which has delighted the world for 200 years. Send 25c for the Schenley Wine Book. Schenley Import Corp., Room 558, 18 West 40th Street, New York.

A *Schenley* IMPORTATION



B & G

BARTON & GUESTIER
BORDEAUX, FRANCE

GANTNER *Knit to fit*
★ VAKERO

Worn by Bruce Cabot, RKO star

THIS newer, shorter, smarter sweater coat is setting the style pace in America! *Features:* corded, raglan shoulders for free swing; English slash pockets; adjustable side rings! All the smartness of a sports jacket; all the comfort of a sweater!

With hidden Talon Zipper, *as illustrated* **$6.50**
With Leather Buttons **$5.95**
In Platinum Heather, Powder Heather, Polo Blue, Maroon, Navy, Guardsman Blue, and Rye Brown.

If not at your dealer, write us weight, chest measure. • Of course, there's a VAKERO for ladies, write for Style Folder . . . Canadians write for price list.

Gantner & Mattern, San Francisco, or, 1410 Broadway, New York

GANTNER VAKERO
TRADE MARK REG.

On Being Fashionable

Continued from page 150

Now let me examine the positive sides of the problem and see whether that will bring us any farther.

In the first place, there is conformity. Absolute and unquestioning conformity to all the unwritten laws and the whispered by-laws of Fashionable Society. That is the primary *sine qua non*, without which nobody can ever hope to find grace in the eyes of those who rule that little world that is really a state within a state and that wields an influence out of all proportion to its own numerical or intellectual strength. Conformity to the rules—no matter how vapid or inane—that is article No. 1 of the Constitution of what the Reverend Doctor whom I quoted at the beginning of this article was pleased to call "the Pinks." And it also is the final one of their Magna Carta, for indeed, except for a few minor paragraphs, conformity is the Alpha and Omega, the Genesis and the Book of Revelation for those who sell their souls that they may be recognized among "those present."

One of these minor paragraphs deals with another very important item, Arrogance. The word arrogance is derived from the same Latin root as the verb "to arrogate" and it therefore means "to assume or to appropriate something to which you really have no right." Fashionable people, all through the ages, have been among the most brazen assumers and among the least bashful appropriators. They start out by brazenly assuming that their own manners are superior to those of all other people, although not infrequently their demeanor at the dinner table would have exasperated a Merovingian chief or King Lobengula himself. And they appropriate unto themselves the right to decide what is good and what is bad, within the realm of the arts and of literature and the theater, without having the faintest trace of any true knowledge about the principles that underlie all those manifestations of the human imagination and that elevate one piece of work to the rank of a classic while condemning another to the everlasting limbo of the third-rate and the commonplace.

But next to their sense of arrogance and conformity within their own group, our fashionable friends are principally actuated by a desire to be just a little different from everybody else. Not in the boldness of their thoughts. The Lord have mercy upon us! the poor dears have not had a new idea since the late King Edward ceased to be Prince of Wales. But they are artists in what one might call the minutae of life. A new sort of necktie, as yet unworn by anybody else, or a new crease in their trousers, or long hair when everybody else is wearing short hair, or short skirts when everybody else is wearing long ones, those constitute those "differences" upon which they so justly pride themselves.

For these tiny little differences (as a rule entirely artificial and without the slightest rhyme or reason) give them the opportunity to sneer at all those unfortunate "outsiders" who are either too busy or too much preoccupied with matters of much graver importance to bother about such insignificant details.

If one doubts the truth of this assertion he need only visit Biarritz or Saratoga or Cairo or the Lido to study the matter in the most empirical manner. I remember that once, on my way from Rome to Vienna, I was forced to spend a few days on the Lido in the hope of getting rid of a slight attack of bronchitis. One of the greatest scientists of the age was there, bound, as I found out afterwards, on a similar mission. But the poor man was publicly snubbed by the fashionable contingent of that Coney Island of the Irresponsibles because he went to the Argentine Bar for his cocktail before luncheon and to Joe's Bar for his cocktail before dinner. As everybody, who was anybody at all, knew, one went to Joe's for one's pre-luncheon cocktail and to the Argentine for one's cocktail just before dinner. The cocktails in both places were the same. Joe's place and the Argentine Bar were owned by the identical group of Greek concessionaires, but one went to Joe's, etc., etc.

Why did they go there?

Nobody knew. But that was the way the thing was done.

And one night when my scientist wandered quite unexpectedly into a café where there were some very superior Hungarian gypsies, a young man who was draped (and none too elegantly) across a couple of easy chairs, slightly lifted his head, looked the poor Professor straight in the eye and remarked quite audibly, "Oh, there is that bounder!"

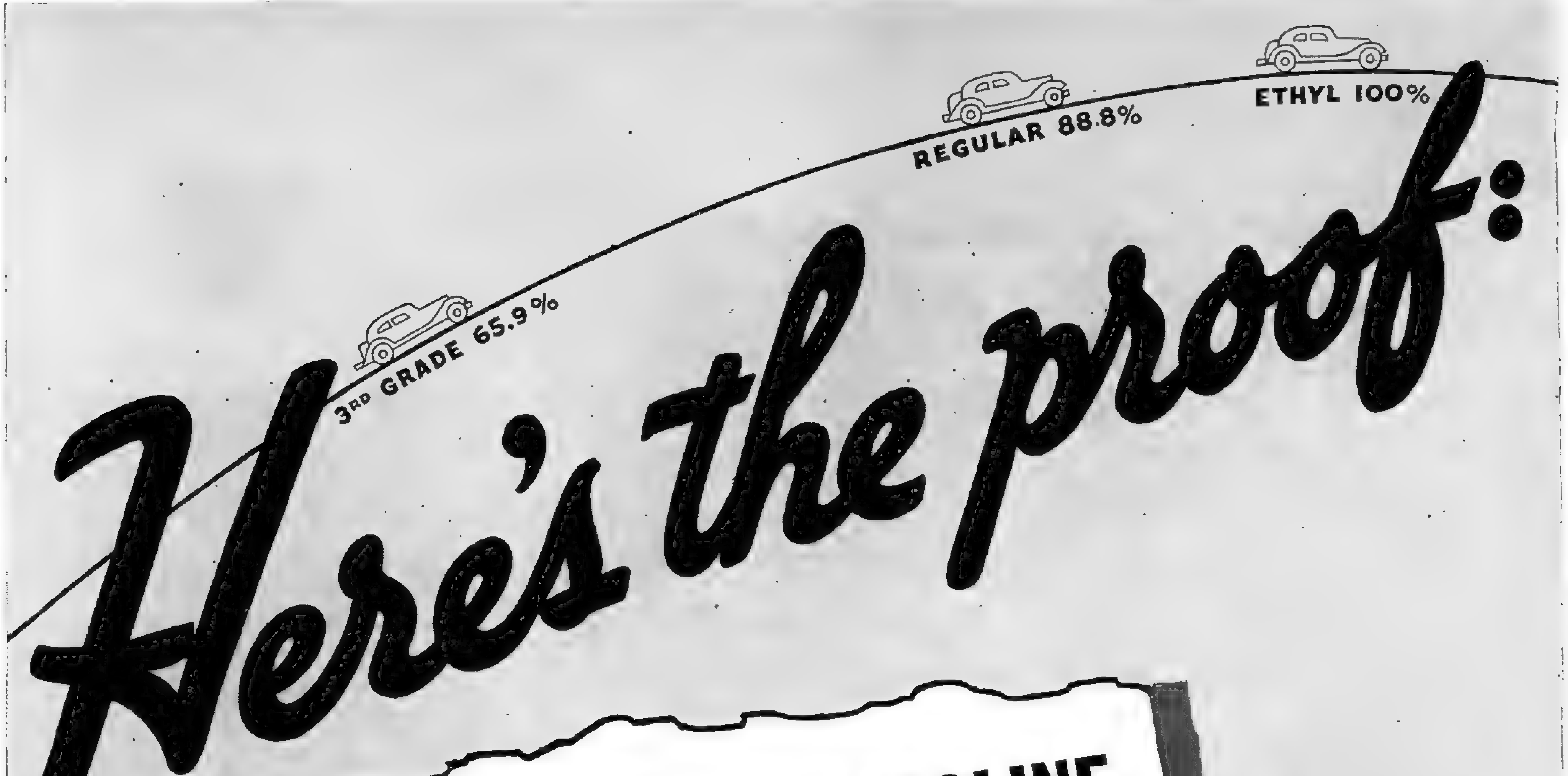
But the most curious part of the whole business and the one which I find hardest to understand is this, that this outrageous behaviour must have been going on ever since the beginning of time and that nobody has taken the trouble to stop it.

It sounds preposterous but ever since the days of the mastodon and the aurochs, a mere handful of not particularly bright and quite superfluous men and women have been sitting noisily in their own little corner, sneering in a very superior manner at their betters who were patiently doing the work of the world, and they have been able to maintain themselves while practically all other pests have either been completely eradicated or are on the verge of disappearing from the face of our planet.

They tell me that Fashionable Society no longer exists in Russia.

If that is so, I shall actually begin to believe in the future of that strange experiment in applied economics and sociology of our Bolshevik neighbors. But until I have undeniable proof to the contrary, I shall just know that poor Stalin at this very minute is hiding in some dark and dingy little room of the Kremlin while a few brazen boys and girls are drinking apple-cider right underneath his window and telling each other in very audible whispers: "Oh, you mean that absurd fellow of the five-year-plan? But listen, my dear, he is too utterly, utterly impossible! He is a joke! Why, do you know, he wears the wrong sort of a cap!"

And the man who, without a flicker of an eyebrow, can send a million Kulaki to Siberia or order three-score dealers in illegitimate rubles to be hanged and quartered won't move a finger to avenge this insult to his own dignity. On the contrary, he will go out and buy himself a new hat.



ONLY ETHYL GASOLINE DEVELOPS MAXIMUM CAR PERFORMANCE

Ten new automobiles, of makes representing every price class and more than 80% of all cars sold so far this year, recently were taken to an automotive testing ground, by qualified engineers.

Performance tests were run on the same measured hill; first with Ethyl, next with regular gasolines, and then with third grade gasolines. The gasolines used included 17 brands representative of the three grades (Ethyl, regular and third grade) generally distributed throughout the United States and Canada.

Adjustable sparks were set to the car manufacturers' recommendations for bringing out the best possible car performance with each of the three grades of fuel. Taking the performances of the cars with Ethyl as 100%, the averaged performances with the two other grades of fuel showed the following *losses:*

PER CENT OF PERFORMANCE* DEVELOPED

by ETHYL GASOLINE	by REGULAR GASOLINES	by 3RD GRADE GASOLINES
100%	88.8%	65.9%
	LOSS—11.2%	LOSS—34.1%

Study these figures in terms of your own car. Consider also another point these tests brought out: objectionable knocking and higher radiator (cooling water) temperatures accompanied the power losses when regular and third grade gasolines were used.

Now ask yourself: "Is it economy to 'save' a few pennies per gallon of gasoline and *lose* from a tenth to a third in car performance? Is it economy to invest from $500 to $5000 in an automobile and then get only *part* of the power I paid for?"

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

***PERFORMANCE** means *speed* at top of test hill in the case of those cars that were able to reach the top in high gear; in the case of those cars which had to shift to second, *distance* on hill made in high gear.

WITH ETHYL (TRADE MARK) REG. U.S. PATENT OFF. BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.

NRA

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL

BY THE WAY: it may be a piece of coal-carrying-to-Newcastle to tell the readers of Esquire (with its galaxy of great names) who's who among the name-writers of the New York Herald Tribune. But as somebody whose name (ironically) we forget for the moment once remarked, what better place is there — when you want to discuss coal — than Newcastle?

Notes on the Game of *By-line Hunting

* By-line: the name of the writer printed below the story's headline

The great little game of By-line Hunting knows no rival. There aren't enough grandstands in the world to hold its followers. Every man who plays it is also a fully qualified referee. And while the game is as exciting as the Sport of Kings, the admission charge is the cost of a humble postage stamp (or even a Farley stamp).

By-line Hunting is a game so commonplace that, off-hand, we can't think of anybody who doesn't play it. It requires no skill, and about all you have to have is a normal appetite for news and the ability to vibrate your spinal cord in rhythm with the thrills of these times.

Just to be specific, take the third-of-a million By-line Hunters who indulge in a New York Herald Tribune every morning of their lives. They play their first few rounds by looking for names (By-lines) which are a sort of guarantee of the goods. Not just names *in* the news but names that *sponsor* the news.

Now one of the By-lines they usually start hunting as soon as the orange juice goes down—is Mark Sullivan. Because he's one of those *rarae avis* who can comment on the National Political situation on the basis of facts rather than on the shadows of speculation, these Herald Tribune Name-Seekers take him to heart and thrill to him as one of the currently few challengers of government infallibility.

Then, having seen Washington according to Sullivan, they look at the State of the World according to Lippmann—because they're thirsty for every bit of evidence that the most powerful of the New Deal pen-champions can bring them . . . and what a By-line in any line-up!

This fairness in a newspaper can be bothersome. The partisan brick-bat boys find themselves aiming at a newspaper which persists in giving both sides of national questions (when there *are* two sides). It's a bit embarrassing to a missile-thrower who can't find his target . . .

Well, you can debate about the policies of your newspaper (favorite or otherwise), but it gets tough when you try to debate its accuracy. We find, for example, that demon statisticians have been at work for years, watching the financial men reading morning newspapers. They've discovered that if they divide New York Stock Exchange members into Herald Tribune and non-Herald Tribune readers, there is a distinctly pleasant majority of the former.

The Herald Tribune's financial battery has C. Norman Stabler doing the pitching, Francis Hirst (the British Economist) covering the eyes-on-Europe position, a higher percentage of hits and a lower percentage of financial quotation errors than any other paper in New York.

This brings you to the point in the story where the sports pages have to have their innings. In the Herald Tribune, By-line Hunters are gently placed in the hands of brilliant specialists . . . names like Don Skene (who is getting to be one of the sportswriting gentlemen of your day) and J. P. Abramson (in matters of track) and Kerr Petrie (now plays no golf, but is one of the game's top interpreters). And Don Stillman . . . naturalist, conservationist, and sportsman . . . famous wherever men talk fish or game. And Rud Rennie, George Daley, Everett Morris, Fred Hawthorne and Richards Vidmer . . . all rated as specializing aces.

You have to supply your own brand of lily-gilding for a man like H. T. Webster who can cartoon either of two extremes for you—"Life's Darkest Moment" or the "Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime" . . . and who invented timid-souled Caspar Milquetoast to tickle the millions of males who are positive there isn't an ounce of milquetoast in them.

All good Name-Seekers have a columnist on their lists (who *would* be missed)—and here on the book news page sits F. P. A. whose initials are enough for the knowing and who has somehow convinced the country that a columnist's life is a cross between a yawn sustained for twenty-four bars and a rat-tat-tat of strokes of genius.

Just as all good bookmen know the Herald Tribune's Lewis Gannett who contrives to take only enough time off from books to tell his daily audience about them . . .

And Mr. Percy Hammond, certainly one of the dramatis personae in any cast of world-important drama reviewers, and commonly rated as the dean of them.

Certainly not omitting Mr. Richard Watts who spends most of his waking moments either in front of a screen or writing the Herald Tribune's "On The Screen," and doing it with that honest sense of good and bad which makes the difference between hack-written criticism and intelligent reviewing.

And—if you give those well-known two hoots for music or art or both—how are you going to miss the names of Lawrence Gilman and Royal Cortissoz?

And a great name among men's wear fashion artists and writers—Fell Sharp—holds the center court on the Herald Tribune's Saturday morning men's page.

All these, among a quantity of other powerful lures to By-line lovers are actually within the bounds of one great morning newspaper, and they are writers who, like the Herald Tribune's City Editor Stanley Walker*, are famous in their own right as well as by virtue of their newspaper by-lines.

They are supported by a corps of reporters put through a daily drill in the art of good writing by a paper which compels them to count the seconds an averagely-careful reader has to give to each of scores of reports.

They're flanked by foreign correspondents who differ from the usual run in that they're American-news-trained men able to judge foreign developments through dispassionate eyes rather than through local prejudice and tradition.

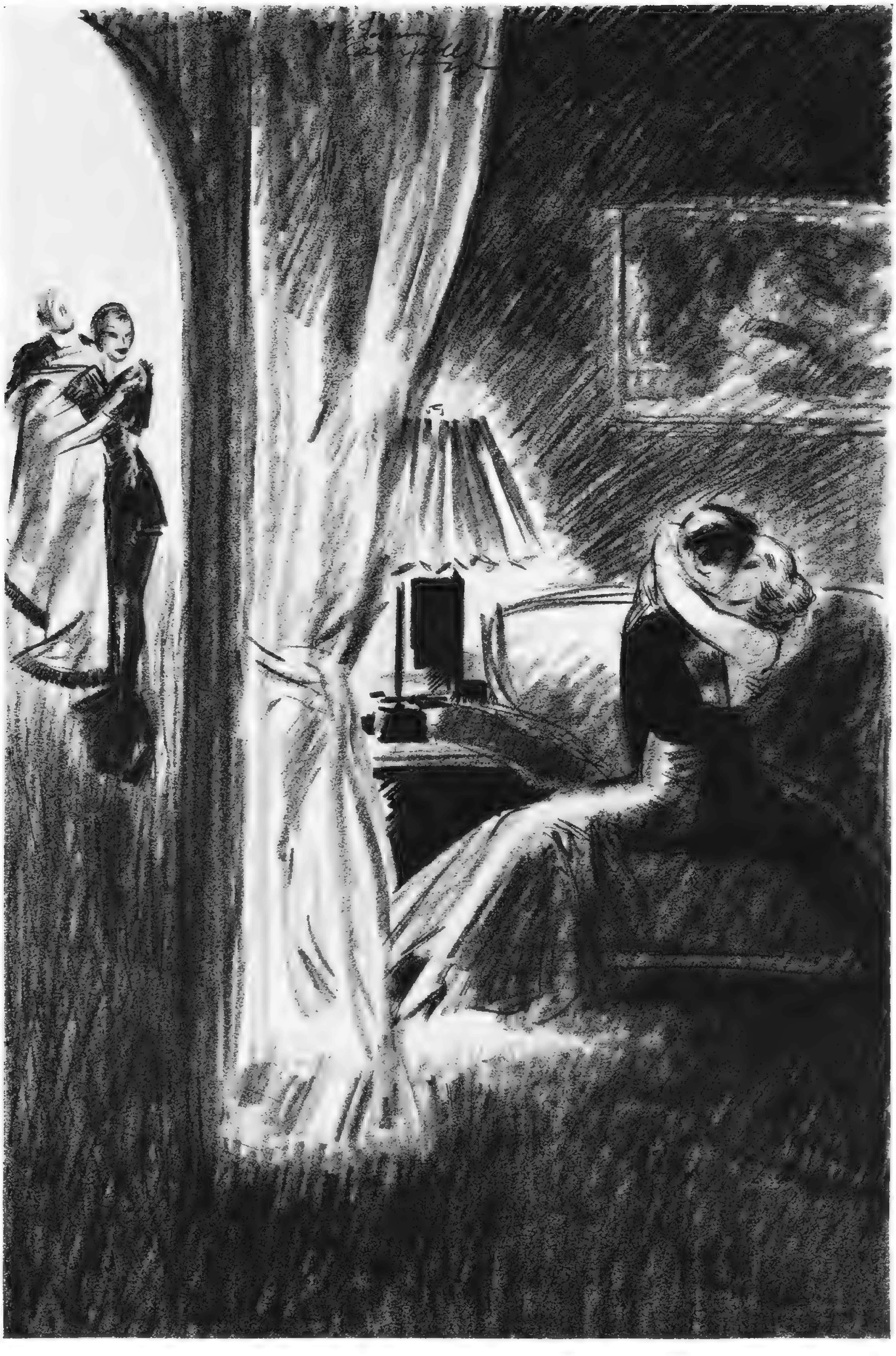
So that even if you are an exception among the exceptions who refuse to join the By-line chase, you would be wise to expose yourself to the New York Herald Tribune for one week, just to determine what else there is in it that makes its reader relationship so powerful, and keeps it a leading morning paper in a leading city of a leading nation.

. . . always providing that you don't mind exposure to the risk of becoming a regular Herald Tribune addict.

---

* Author of "The Night Club Era," and the recently published "City Editor."

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune



"Be nice to Mr. Barclay, Eleanor—He's an old beau of mother's"

The Tiger's Paw

Continued from page 49

other games. Here it was in the *Post*, a big picture of Doug McCracken, "The Panther Pile-Driver."

He was husky all right, and good-looking, too, all of which suited me perfectly. I waited until nobody was looking, then I tore out the picture, stuck it in my sleeve and hurried out.

Cokey was sitting in his pajamas reading when I got back to the room. I sat down at the desk without saying a word and started to write.

After tearing up three or four tries and chewing the top off a pen-holder I finally got this written:

> Dear Isabel,
>
> I want you to do something for me, for Cokey, and for auld lang syne. I just had a long talk with the Coach and he says so far as our team this year is concerned it's a case of either Cokey gets ambitious to play football, or else . . . Isabel, think of the thousands of sons of Old Nassau who're pulling and praying for another Wonder Team. Think of how proud you'd be, and Cokey's dear old mother, and me and Cokey's aunts out in Kansas City, Mo., if he was a big football hero!
>
> Now Isabel, this is all I want you to do. Make Cokey so jealous he'll get mad and get back his old fight. I'll write the letters and send them to you and then you can put the main facts into your letters to Cokey. You're a real sport, Isabel, so I know I can count on you.
>
> Yours truly,
> Ronald Hatch, Jr.
>
> P. S. Here's the first letter. I'm just suggesting a form for it.

This was the tough part. I felt like an awful "nance" while composing it, but then a good reporter has to be versatile and simulate any style of writing. This is what I said:

> Cokey love (*that's how the letters begin I find on the floor*),
> Oh, I've met the most divine man, Cokey! I know you'd like him because you'd have so much in common to talk about. His name is Doug McCracken, you know, the famous Yale fullback. And oooh boy, what shoulders ! ! ! He's been explaining to me all about football and I'm dying to see him play. Of course I want to see you play too, Cokey honey, but I don't find your name in the line-up these days. Anyway, write to me soon, or next week sometime, because I'm going up to New Haven for the Georgia game.
>
> As always,
> Isabel.
>
> P. S. Doug says the Princeton game is practically "in the bag" for them. What does he mean?

Once or twice I feel Cokey's eyes on me, and when I'm all through he tips up his eye-shade and grins at me.

"What's the sweat, Brisbane?" he wisecracks. "You covering another flower show?" That's a great joke with him.

"How'd you guess it?" I tossed back. "That's just what I'm doing. We're trying to change a pansy into a tiger lily."

* * *

For the next two days I'm nervous as a cat. Suppose Isabel crossed me up and wrote Cokey what I'd done? I couldn't even eat, and with me that's a terrible sign. Friday, when I rushed back from my first class to intercept the mail, I saw Cokey sitting in the window reading a letter. The blue envelope was lying on the table, and I knew the worst.

I started whistling and straightening the pillows. I changed my tie, picked a string off the carpet and lit a cigarette.

Cokey finished reading and stuck the letter in his desk. When he turned around I saw that he was as pale as a ghost and his lips were drawn tight.

He took his coat off a chair and put it on. I watched him closely but he never looked me full in the face.

"By the way, Ronny," he said casually, starting to go, "did you ever hear of a fellow named McCricken, or McCracken? A football player?"

I knitted my forehead a second. "You don't mean the Yale man?" I asked. "Their big fullback? Sure, everybody's heard of *him*. Why?"

"Oh—nothing. Nothing at all. I'm just trying to place him," he replied, and closed the door softly behind him.

I rushed over to his desk, pulled out the letter and read it. The dumb cluck! The sweet, goofy little idiot! She'd gone and sent Cokey my letter word for word, commas, post-script and all!

That afternoon at practice I got Coach off to one side of the tackling dummies. I told him I'd been thinking over what he'd said about Cokey, and that I'd found the right answer.

"Swell going, Hatch," Bill laughed. "When do we get him started?"

"That's just it," I whispered, pulling him farther away from the boys. "We're going to have to point him for the Yale game. Don't ask me 'why Yale,' but that's straight. You won't need him anyway before New Haven, and by then I'll have him ready. And when I say ready," and I tapped Bill on the chest, "I *mean* ready. Raring! Just you leave it to me, Coach."

"O. K. Hatch," Bill grinned. "We've been needing a master-mind around here. I'll make a note of it now."

My next move was to get another letter off to Isabel. It wasn't so hard this time, but I knew I'd have to play my cards just right. I said:

> Dear Isabel,
>
> You're a brick and that's no mistake, and is Cokey hot! Well Isabel, I can talk to you like a brother and this is exactly the way to handle fellows like Cokey. He was getting too sure of you, but now he's lying awake nights figuring out how to win you back from this McCracken bird. Keep up the good work and don't make any breaks. I am enclosing some suggestions.
>
> Ronald.

I thought I'd better add a little pressure this time, because while we're still three weeks from the Yale game I read somewhere that when you're "peaking" a man for a fight you have to put on the screws gradually. In the note I enclosed I wrote:

> Dearest Cokey,
>
> What a glorious week-end at New Haven! I'm completely worn out. The Georgia game was terribly thrilling, and Doug was marvellous. Cokey dear, I do hope they won't put you into the Yale game because it'd be suicidal. Doug and all those Yale boys are so much bigger than you. Tell Ronny and everybody down there not to bet a cent on the game . . . Cokey, I wish you'd drop football and take up chess or tennis. It's too dangerous for men your size.
>
> Isabel.

The day that letter came back Cokey busted the rope on the tackling dummy, booted a punt seventy yards and scored twice against the varsity!

* * *

The next game was what the papers called a "breather"—meaning that we nearly got the breath knocked out of *us*. Whenever these Southern teams play up here they seem to think it's Gettysburg again, and they're like hornets in a hen house. We were lucky to win by 7-0.

That was the week-end I ran up to New York to have a talk with Isabel. I couldn't take a chance on her ruining my build-up at the last minute.

When I met her in the little downstairs bar at the Ritz she had on one of those fuzzy fur coats with a bellhop's hat perked over one eye, and *did* they stare when we strolled in. I guess maybe they thought she was my girl.

"Ronny, you're a horrid, unspeakable boy!" she began right away, but a swell smile went with it.

"This thing is bigger even than you and Cokey, Isabel," I said, holding her hand seriously. "Why, he's like a new man already."

"I liked the old one all right," she pouted. "And besides, who is this McCracken person?"

"He's just a pawn in our game of tactics," I explained.

She opened a compact and began fixing her lips.

"Well, I asked a boy I know up at New Haven about him and he said he'd never heard of anybody named McCracken."

There's some things a woman never learns. How can you explain to them about athletic psychology?

Before I left she agreed to send just one more letter back to Cokey, the day before the squad left for New Haven; and I knew I'd have to pitch that one just right. I worked on it mentally all the way back on the train Sunday night, and on the bus from the Junction.

When I came into the room, there was Cokey drawing little circles and crosses on the blotter, figuring out the cross-buck Bill had been saving up for Yale.

He'd never bothered to bone up like this before; it was another good sign. I threw my bag on the bed and looked over his shoulder.

"That's a honey," I remarked. "It'll make McCracken look silly. Who carries the ball?"

Cokey laughed shortly. "Say, if that guy's their fullback he'll be so rattled he'll probably tackle the referee. Dave fakes a pass and I run around the weak side, like this . . ."

I strolled over to the dresser and picked up a brush. "Speaking of run-arounds," I said, "guess who I saw in town yesterday?"

He sat up suddenly and I saw him glowering at me in the mirror. "Who?" he asked quietly, too quietly, "and what do you mean by 'run-around'?"

"Well, maybe I'm wrong," I replied casually. "But she was at the theatre with some big bruiser. I've seen his picture somewhere."

Cokey says nothing, but I notice he jabs a hole in the blotter.

For the next two weeks I'm worried that

Cokey will maybe break a leg in practice or else dash off to New York and try to square things with Isabel.

He kept getting madder than worried, but plenty of both, especially when my last letter arrived. On the Tuesday before the big game I spent all morning in the Library in a quiet corner, and what I wrote was this:

> Dear Cokey (*I knew that plain "dear" would get him*),
>
> I'm so thrilled I can hardly wait for Saturday's game. You'll laugh at me I know, but I feel just like the Princess in the fairy story with two strong knights jousting for her glove. When I told Doug that, he said, 'Then you might as well mitt me now, darling.' Isn't he killing? I gave him your number—22—and asked him please not to be too rough. I can't remember Doug's number, but you'll know him because he's the big man who catches hold of everybody.
>
> Isabel
>
> P. S. I'll have on a blue hat. If you see me, wave!

* * *

Probably you were in the station or tried to drive up the Boston Post Road that Saturday morning, so you'll remember what a mob there was and how much excitement over the game. You could hardly move around New Haven, there was such a crush.

The Bowl was jammed pack, and I got so excited about Cokey I completely forgot to buy a program. Boy, it was a good thing I did!

Well, even if you didn't see it you must know all about the game. I'll bet I must have lost my voice at least three times, and when Hop Hayden snagged that pass on the ten-yard line I could only bark like an airdale.

At the end of the half there was still no score. The Yale backs looked a little faster, but our line squared matters by stopping 'em cold on their running plays; and when the Elis started in to pass, Bill's new box-defense had their receivers covered like a horse-blanket.

When the half-time gun went off I scrambled for the nearest exit and around to our dressing-rooms under the stands. The regulars looked plenty pooped, and Bill was walking from one group to the other, talking to them in a low voice.

Cokey and the rest of the substitutes were sitting around on the rubbing-tables looking serious and nervous. The Coke gave me a sick grin.

"Ready for 'em, boy?" I asked, patting him on the back.

"Aw, I'll never get in there," he whispered, wetting his lips.

"Sure you will," I thumped his shoulder-pads. "Say, I just ran into Isabel sitting over on the Yale side, right behind the bench."

"Oh *yeah?*" Cokey climbed down slowly from the table, and I could see the muscles working in his jaw. "Which one of those bums is this McCracken, Ronny?"

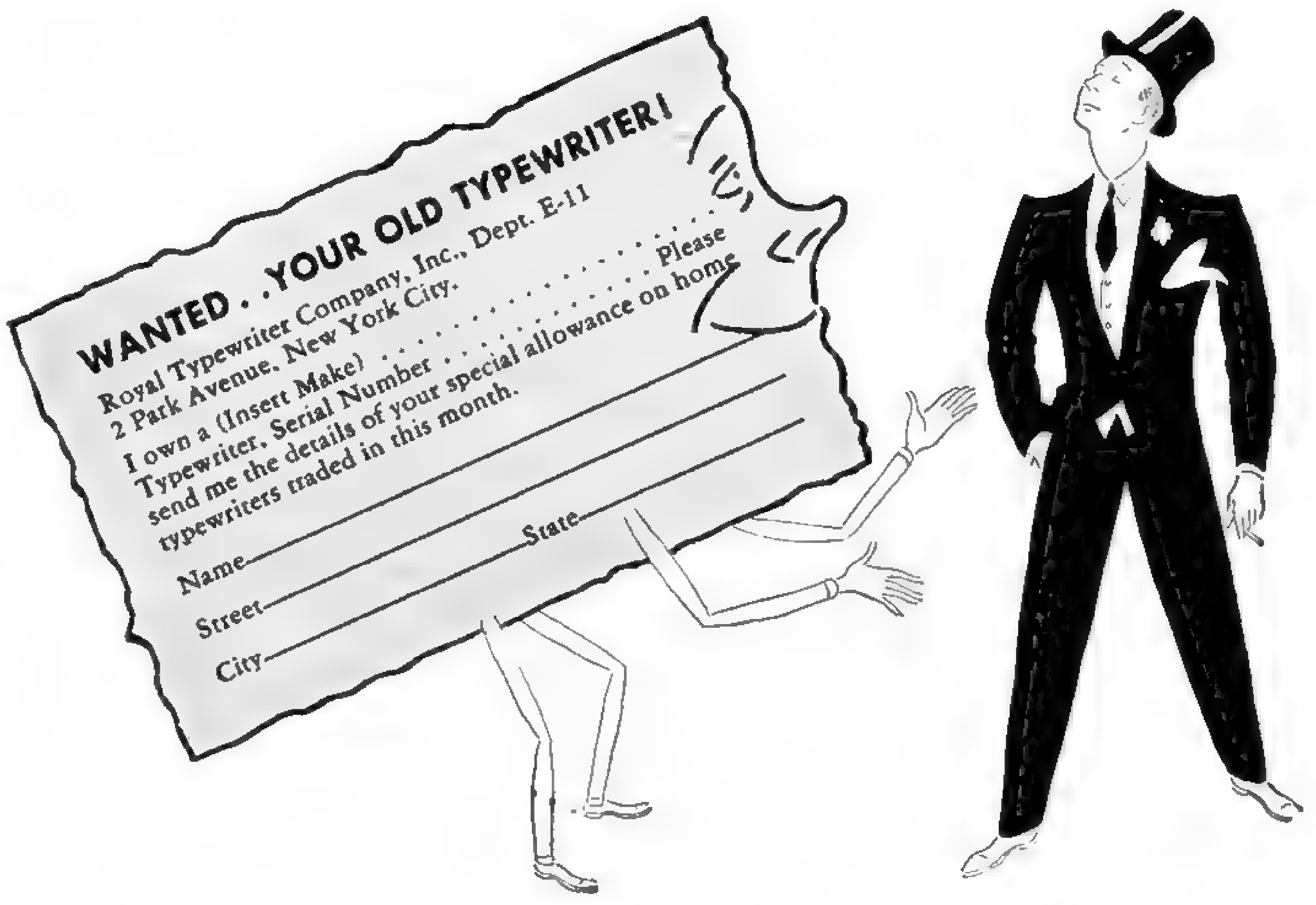
"He's wearing number 7, and backing up the line," I explained, my heart starting in to pound at the way things were working out.

"I thought that was him!" Cokey snatched a resin bag from one of the regular backs and started rubbing it in his hands.

I walked around to where Bill was working on the tackles and tapped him on the

Continued on page 158

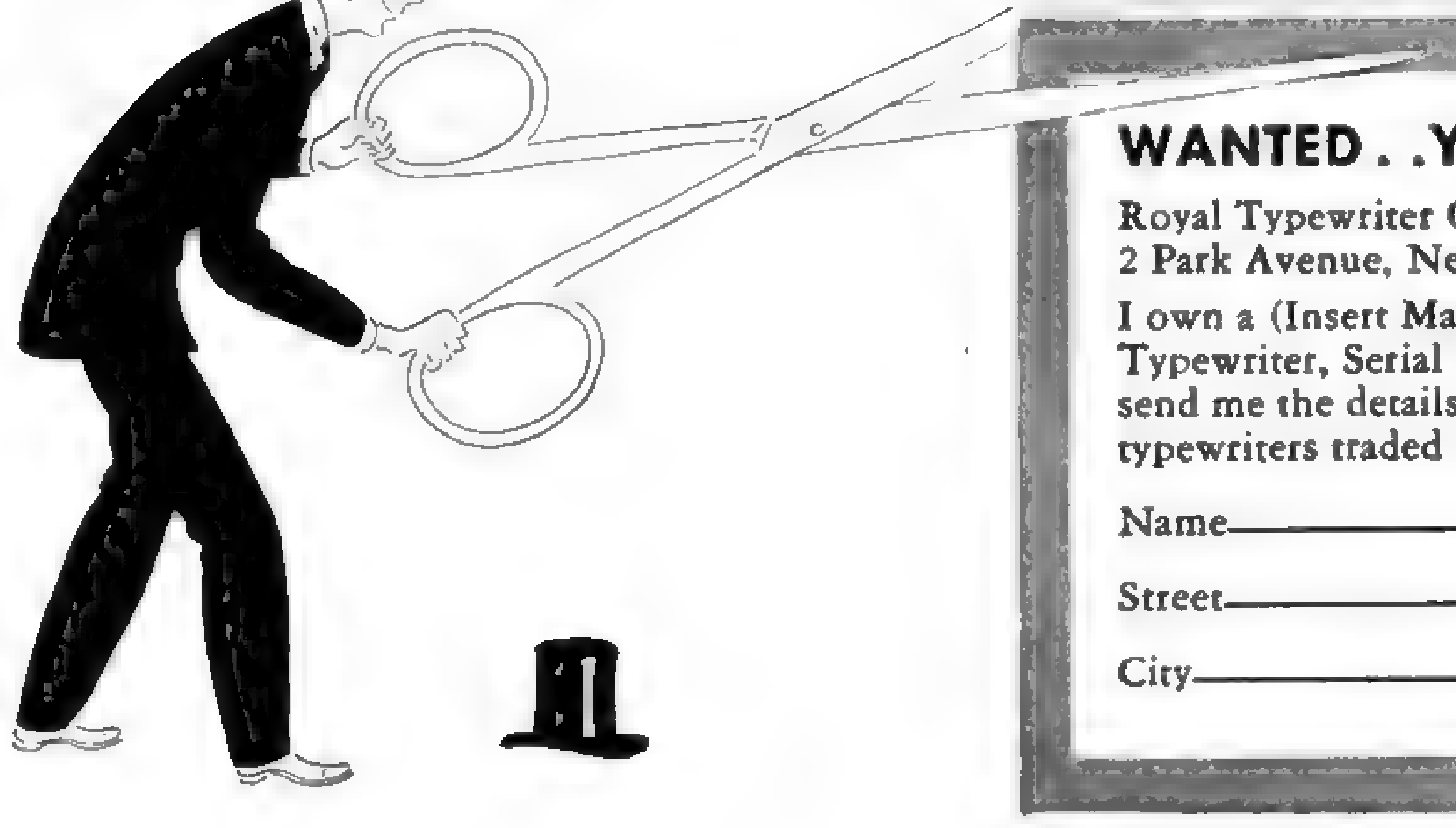
YOU LOSE if you


WANTED . . YOUR OLD TYPEWRITER!
Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., Dept. E-11
2 Park Avenue, New York City.
I own a (Insert Make)
Typewriter, Serial Number
Please send me the details of your special allowance on home typewriters traded in this month.
Name
State
Street
City

HIGH HAT this coupon

● . . . and maybe in two ways. First, you miss the opportunity of gaining some valuable information. ● Secondly, you pass up the chance of acquiring one of the latest Royal Portables on a very attractive basis. Like everything mechanical they have been constantly improved. Always the finest of home-sized writing machines they are now, more than ever, easier to operate, sturdier, handsomer! ● Three models to choose from! One at $33.50, $45 and $60. Because of the advancing costs of fine materials used, along with the high wages for assembly, these prices are lower perhaps than they ever will be again. ● Even though your present typewriter is a tried and trusted friend, the greatest writing aid you ever had . . . your confidant on many occasions . . . don't let these sentiments blind you from considering and acting on this offer. ● For a limited period, your old typewriter, regardless of make or condition has a special trade-in value—the coupon brings the exact figure! ● Act quickly. Sign and mail the coupon at once.

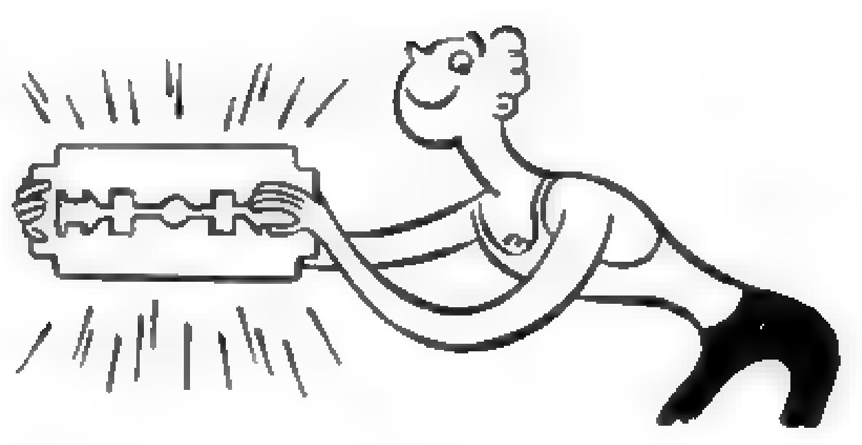
ROYAL
PORTABLE



WANTED . . YOUR OLD TYPEWRITER!

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., Dept. E-11
2 Park Avenue, New York City.
I own a (Insert Make) . . . .
Typewriter, Serial Number . . . . Please send me the details of your special allowance on home typewriters traded in this month.

Name__________
Street__________
City__________State__________



New *motorized* G-E Sharpener gives razor blades a "Barber's Edge"

DO YOU sometimes get a razor blade that seems as dull as the proverbial hoe? Just put it into the *motorized* G-E Sharpener!

Close the lid for 60 seconds. Then open it—and lift out a blade that's as keen as a barber's favorite razor!

This totally new kind of sharpener actually has its own motor right inside the case. Hones and strops in one operation. It puts an edge on a blade no manufacturer has ever equaled. It even makes *new* blades sharper. And it keeps used blades on the job for dozens of extra shaves!

Try it. Comes in two models—$6.95 and $8.50. Saves 95% of your razor blade cost. Sold at leading men's furnishing, department, sporting goods and electrical supply stores. Write General Electric Co., Section B-8111, Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER

The first Crème de Menthe in the world was made by

NUYENS

ESTABLISHED 1802

And today NUYENS is still first...first in quality...first in the esteem of those who appreciate fine French Cordials of every type. Produced in New York exactly as they are in Bordeaux, France...sold at "duty-free" prices.

B. B. DORF & CO., Inc., *Sole Agents*, 601 W. 26th St., N.Y.C.

The Tiger's Paw

Continued from page 157

shoulder. He frowned at first. "Hello Hatch, what do you want?"

"*He's ready, Coach!*" I whispered out of the corner of my mouth.

"Who is? And ready for what?"

"Cokey—Cokey Darden! *You* know. Remember our plan? Well, I've got him fighting mad right now!"

He stopped frowning and looked over my head at Cokey. Darned if I don't think he'd forgotten all about it. "O. K. Hatch. Thanks for the tip," he said, and hurried off.

If I ever have to live through another hour like that last half, they'll be calling me what they used to in school—"Booby" Hatch.

With ten minutes to play in the last quarter, Yale shook loose Tommy Williamson on a spinner, and he carried the ball to our twenty-yard line. We held for three downs, and then Kilcullen dropped back and booted a neat place-kick smack between our posts. They must have heard the groan that came out of our stands clear over in Bridgeport.

Then somehow we worked the ball back up to mid-field, with only four minutes to play. Bill had three of his first-string backs still in, but they were clearly out on their feet. Suddenly there was a commotion on our bench. Bill was leaning over somebody, talking and thumping him on the chest. Then the blanket was snatched away and the big white numerals stood out on that gray, darkening field like the lettering on an airplane—*22!*

Cokey streaked out to the referee and reported. The crowd rose up and at least our part of it was screaming like mad. Most of them had never heard of Cokey but they were pleading and praying for something to happen. And did it, oh *did* it!

On the first play, a reverse buck, Cokey knifed through Yale's left tackle for eight yards. Then he took a shovel-pass from Hop Hayden for ten more and a first down on their thirty-two yard line. I noticed the timekeepers looking at their watches when we came out of the next huddle, and you could have heard a hairpin drop anywhere in the Bowl.

As soon as they lined up I saw the play was the fake pass. Dave Ludlow took the ball from center, feinted giving it to Whiteside and then slipped it over to Cokey. It was all so quick nobody could tell who had the ball, and the next thing I saw was Cokey, all by himself, streaking down the weak side of the line and stiff-arming the end. Then he did a hop-skip to shake off the center and raced for the goal-line!

The whole Yale secondary defense had shifted to the right and was caught flat-footed. Only one man was between Cokey and the coffin corner, and when he wheeled to follow I saw his number—7—*Doug McCracken!* He headed across at right-angles to Cokey, and believe me that guy could step. At the ten-yard line they were side-by-side like a pair of fire horses . . . and then McCracken went into his dive . . .

Cokey's hips did a little switch to one side and his arm straightened out like a ridge-pole against the tackler's head. McCracken went down with nothing in his arms but sweet Connecticut air, and Cokey went across standing up. Then the storm broke.

* * *

I went over the whole thing again lying there in bed on that Sunday morning following the game, with Cokey across the room reading what the papers were saying about him.

My thoughts were suddenly broken by his rattling the pages.

"Hey runt," he yells, "there wasn't any guy named McCracken on that Yale team!"

I calmly lit a cigarette and threw the match into one of his shoes. "You aren't just plain dumb, Coke; you're *hopeless*," I said, fishing the picture out of a drawer. "Don't you recognize this face?" I stuck it in a book and threw it across to him.

He caught it and studied the clipping for a minute.

"Did you read what's printed beneath it?" he asked, sitting up and giving me a queer look.

"Sure," I replied. "It says *Doug McCracken—The Panther Pile-Driver*. That's him."

"Oh yeah? Now get this, you mug," Cokey said slowly. "Yale uses the bull-dog, and if this bird McCracken is a 'panther' he plays for Pitt. What's more, he don't know a girl named Isabel, either."

With this he crawls out of bed and starts my way.

I didn't even wait to argue the point. The whole thing came to me in a flash. I made a broad-jump for the bathroom and turned the key. Panthers, bull-dogs, gorillas, ostriches—how should I know all those names? Hell's bells, I'm not a taxidermist. I'm a reporter.

For Gentlemen and Wine Scholars

Continued from page 46

hosts like Mr. So-and-So find themselves aghast onlookers at the spectacle of their dearer-than-gold being tossed off into the sink, the tossers regretting only that it isn't served them in seidels. Really, there ought to be a Game Law about it.

And yet in justice to the cellar-punishers (who, too, have feelings, or will have shortly) it must be admitted that they aren't picking on a weak wine. For Madeira is nobody's pushover, being in fact a species of mantrap or liquid ambush.

Cogent. Its potency, hidden under an old-fashioned bouquet, steals up through liqueur-like smoothness, reaching you about in the middle of the third glass, with an effect which is both cumulative and retroactive. From then on the plot thickens, especially as regards that little lambkin you were taking a gambol with; it's now a lioness—still friendly, but a bit bossy; the demanding, creature-of-moods type with red-dyed fingernails. Claws, I mean.

For which reasons the drinker new to Madeira will do well to bespeak his homeward hack in advance, while still able. This obviates contretemps and is more dignified than the conventional shutter. Besides, houses where much Madeira entertaining has been going on aren't apt to have a shutter left; guests either neglect to return them, or just can't recall.

By and large, therefore, it would seem that this wine is something of a management problem. Yet man has coped with it. The system is for each individual, by practicing as a trial-and-error drinker (with some it takes years), to find out his par, or true load—the point where he is still riding the waves prettily, but anything further hoisted aboard would scuttle his aplomb. And this Sufficiency line demarcates him from danger the way the Plimsoll mark does a ship. As long as the stop-sign's above water, things may be a trifle hull-down, but all is well; if dunked, Wild Cargo.

We moderns just haven't the keel for such quantities of Madeira as were put down by the founders of this republic. George Washington, for instance. Madeira was his preferred wine, a "foreign entanglement" of which he took one pint, chilled, with his dinner, regularly, in preparation for meeting a fresh decanter of it in the drawing room. Even as a purchaser—pipes that cost him around $400, sometimes two at a clip—he left a record more easily revered than tied.

But Madeira was everywhere. For, as the late Dr. McMaster, historian of this period, has pointed out, "No wine was then so great a favorite . . . It held much the same place that is accorded now to champagne, was to be found on the table of every man of wealth, and was thought to be as indispensable at every dinner-party as the sweet-cakes and the bowls of tea."

Certainly our patriots were entitled to noble floods of it after the scarcity they had been through during the Revolution, when imports were virtually cut off and nobody's cellar was sacred to the Redcoats. Some notion of what was endured may be gathered from a letter written in 1776 by Colonel Lambert Cadwallader of Washington's army to a friend at home. Requesting this friend to take charge of "the red chest clampt with iron herewith sent, which contains some bonds and mortgages," the Colonel adds:

> ". . . and also that you would be kind enough to let the two quarter-casks of Madeira, painted green, be deposited in some safe place under lock and key in your cellar, if possible where you keep your own liquors in a safe place, as I value them more than silver and gold in these times of misfortune and distress."

Poor fellow, it was just half-casks, not full-sized ones, he was worrying about. Meagre, for a man of his day.

And that's the thing about those Early Americans that gets me. They never deigned to drink retail. Possibly the poor may have, now and then; but not gentlefolk; no gentleman would look at a bottle: it had to be a decanter. Or, rather, a set of decanters, rushed growler-like from a cellar of stuff in bulk. Homes were mere setting-hens covering cool nestfuls of iron-hooped oak eggs. Nothing less was bothered with.

Even the theatre reflected this attitude. For example, in a comedy called "The Contrast," by Royal Tyler, which New Yorkers flocked to in 1787 as the first one-hundred-percent-American smash, there was a scene wherein the heroine's successful-business-man father tries to de-sulk her into marrying *his* candidate. And how does he go about it? With proffered sables? Jewelry? No; here's what Dad the Diplomat hands her:

> Well, well, Mary, do you be a good girl.
> Mind the main chance and never mind

Continued on page 160

Viva Cuba!

But please, please Señor, mix that wonderful BACARDI Cocktail just like this:

1 jigger of Bacardi
Juice of half a green lime
1 bar-spoonful granulated sugar
Shake well in cracked ice

Copr., 1934, Schenley Import Corp.

Schenley Import Corp., Sole Agent in the United States for Compañia Ron Bacardi, S. A.

CARTA DE ORO
FILADELFIA
1876
Ron
Bacardi Superior
DE
BACARDI Y Cia
ESTABLECIDOS EN 186-
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

FOR THIS IS THE CUBAN WAY, the way that will give you the greatest delight. So please, PLEASE Señor, do as we do in Cuba, and follow closely this recipe that has made the Bacardi Cocktail the smartest cocktail in the world. Viva!

In all the world there is nothing else like Bacardi—a flavor, a delightful mellowness that no one has ever been able to copy, for the secrets of distilling Bacardi have been the property of a single family for over 70 years. Remember, every drop of genuine Bacardi has been fully aged in the wood—the youngest drop is always 4 years old at least!

BACARDI
A Schenley IMPORTATION

WINE MERCHANTS TO H. M. KING GEORGE V

HARVEY'S

Standards of Quality Since 1796

FROM the age-old cellars of Harvey's come Ports and Sherries that are accepted the world over as standards of quality, flavor and mellowness. That is why connoisseurs *insist* on Harvey's—at Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants and Retail Stores.

ON REQUEST—an interesting brochure on the history and use of Port, Sherry and Madeira Wines. Address PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., Exclusive U. S. Representative, 481 Fifth Ave., New York.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
OLD TAWNY
HUNTING PORT

HARVEY'S

Ports & Sherries

ESTABLISHED 1796

BRISTOL, ENGLAND

For Gentlemen and Wine Scholars

Continued from page 159

> your inclination. (*more cheerily*) Do you know I have been down in the cellar this very morning to examine a pipe of Madeira which I purchased the week you were born, and mean to tap on your wedding day? That pipe cost fifty pounds sterling! It will be worth sixty pounds, but I over-reached Ben Bulkhead the supercargo. (*chuckles*)

Such men just couldn't think in gills. And so the flood mounted.

But then suddenly in the nineteenth century it receded. By the time I was storked onto the scene Madeira was obviously a goner; pipes were extinct, and bottles, the once-despised, were getting to be Gutenbergs—suitable for golden weddings but otherwise "too valuable to open".

People just weren't buying it. And when Prohibition came along, the bootleggers didn't even pay this wine the compliment of a fake label. For who wanted Madeira anyhow?

Well, *I* did—if only to find out what was the matter with it. Could our forefathers, I wondered, have been a little too strenuous for it?—have drunk the vines into a decline? There was no telling.

So last summer I went to Madeira and spent a month absorbing what I could.

It's quite an isle. Thirty-two miles long, its aspect on the map is that of an ungainly fish traveling due east toward Morocco, less than 350 miles distant. But the actual island, when viewed broadside from the south, presents rather the appearance of one of those prehistoric critters of the plowshare-frilled Humposaurus family—the Big Bastardon, if I remember my paleontology correctly. At any rate, his hide fits him like Carnera clothes on Hitler. So, all together, he's what might be called an odd sight, rising 6,150 feet high: mountains and headlands the color of a mild Havana; gray-green lower steeps striped-as-they-curve with tiny terraces sprinkled with a white confetti of little tile-roofed houses and still smaller thatch-roofed huts.

Among people living on such a homeland (population, 200,000; one town, Funchal; the rest villages) the expressed wish, "And may all your children be acrobats," would qualify as tact itself. They've got to be; goating along dizzy ledges; anting up and down with balanced loads weighing hundreds of pounds; an admirable life if it doesn't kill you.

And these are the farmers (mostly renting on a crop-share plan) who raise the grapes—along with a bit of sugar-cane, a spot of wheat, a few stalks of corn, and a bevy of ambitious-stemmed cabbages. It's a game of self-maintenance on a "farm" equivalent to twenty or thirty billiard tables arranged stepwise. And they manage it somehow, by sheer intensiveness—making one almost believe that if a hiker passing by should happen to stop and shake the sand out of his shoe, a year later he'd find the spot marked by a stately potato his gift had made possible.

The best luck that can happen is a landslide, because it is by this seemingly drastic means that Providence provides soil for the sweet but chemically difficult grapes that make Malmsey. What these expensive vines have to have is dry soil and intense heat, and thus far the only answer has been certain detritus piles—dumps to the uninitiated—at the bottom of real estate collapses. One such rubbish heap, near a village called Campanario, has been a gold mine for over a century. In fact, for years and years it had things sewed up. Here and there, though, a crash has happened and other disaster owners have got in on the money. Personally, if I lived in Madeira I'd buy me a crowbar and give Nature a nudge.

But the whole tieup between wine quality and soil behavior is too complicated for convenience. There's a yellow tufa, and a red tufa, and a volcanic cinder, and a special kind of clayey earth—all these occurring in different proportions to each other in different places. I should think, though, that a really good tester could get so that he could take his dirt readings through the wine end, that being the pleasanter end to sample on.

The other vital factor, climate, is sampled all day long and far into the Madeira moonlight. (Boy!) South-side, climate, that is; for the north side, more useful than residential, is different: it gets the rains, fogs, chills, etc.; obligingly collecting the precipitation on that side, in such a way that artificial water-courses, beginning high in the central mountains, can conduct it across to the dry south, which would otherwise be a desert in summer. Often you'll see clouds spilling over that sky-high Mason and Dixon Line like cotton batting on the loose; but the heated air, rising up, eats them outright, turns them into vapor while you watch, so that they can't do any business till far out at sea, to the south. There, clouds again, they get even by blanketing the whole damn island so that ships approaching can't see it till they're almost ready to enter Funchal Bay. Technically speaking, then, Madeira in summer (grape-ripening time) is a south-facing slope of sunshine hemmed in by fogs.

And this hideaway isle may well be shy of the world at large, even though it *does* entertain upwards of a thousand tourists a day. For Madeira has had two experiences of a kind not easily forgotten. The first was a fungus by the name of *Oidium Tuckerii*, bringer unknown, which in 1852 just about wiped out the vineyards. Fortunately somebody discovered that sulphur would fix it. So there was a complete replanting accompanied by much sulphuring, and business was resumed, only to run into a tiny insect known as the *Phylloxera Vastatrix*. This was America's contribution, and a go-getter it proved to be, attacking roots only—but plenty—with the result that Madeira wine just "ceased to be the vogue" among us.

But the firms strong enough to stand that second wipe-out more or less took charge of their weaker brethren. There were mergers and alliances and some pooling of liquid reserves so that things could be started over again. This time they planted with American vines, which were phylloxera-proof, and on these they grafted the special Madeira types of grape, so that gradually production was brought back to normal. And what used to go to us was grabbed off by the Scandinavians and the Brazilians. If *we* didn't need it, they seemed to feel *they* did.

I found, though, that bitterness toward America was softening in proportion as our commonwealths climbed into the Repeal list. We might yet atone. Anyhow, they were a swell bunch of fellows, these wine chaps, generous as the evening is long—though it seemed short, and I never saw such big moons as Madeira has, or in as many directions. It's all so tropical, so never-never; you can't tell whether it's the Madeira *outside* that's doing it, or the Madeira *inside*, or the blend.

To help me try and figure, these humanitarians showed me their "stores," as they call them, meaning warehouse-and-yard combinations. The typical layout is three or four buildings with courts or other outdoor departments where the cooperage is done. And all are located down in the old narrow-streeted part of town; most of them these past few hundred years.

Curious and cavernous! You see a row of tanks good for 24,000 gallons, with gauges on them showing state of affluence inside. You see single-letter branding irons, seventy years old. And great twenty-gallon copper jugs which the workmen use in putting a well-figured amount of this cask into that one over on the third tier; marking in chalk on the cask's edge just how much they've poured in so far, and re-bunging with a piece of banana leaf (grown in the yard outside) as squeezefast. And what dates! Solera 1815. San Martinho, medium, 1833. Terrantez 1795. Don't ask me to describe them: they tasted like something the serpent whispered to Eve. Really, wines like those oughtn't to be allowed; they give people false notions of what to expect in this world; life just can't live up to them.

For instance, old Sercial should go with turtle soup. But can a man expect to have turtle soup *every* day? No. That means that some days his Sercial will be incomplete. And is that fair?

Furthermore, Madeira wines lack standardization. You can't drink six or eight kinds, and say: "Now I know Madeira." This isn't that sort of business; it's a business of collecting new wines pressed from a dozen kinds of grapes grown in every conceivable sort of tiny vineyard, subjecting them to hot-storage treatment in an *estufa* (substitute for old-fashioned trip to Indies and back), fortifying them with 10% extra alcohol, toning them with older and different wines, and thereafter touching them up with a bit of this and that during the course of a generation or so.

The nearest one can come to a classification is to say that:

> MALMSEY is the most honeyedly luscious and should be served with dessert and after. Also good at tea time with wafers or cake.
>
> BUAL (or BOAL) is the medium-sweet; safe choice when you don't know your guests' preferences. Serve any time.
>
> SERCIAL is the distinctly dry one, a bit strange and unaccountable at first sip; but at second sip you begin wondering how much there is in the house. Serve before dinner or with first course.
>
> SOLERAS are very old wines (all types) that have been kept up to their spark by the judicious addition of younger ones.

As for temperature, serve all Madeira wines *slightly cool, not cold*. The island's winter climate during the duke and duchess season gives you the hint: it's 61° F.—California climateers take note, or umbrage, whichever preferred.

Personally, just purely personally, I'm taking my last three thimblefuls of Solera 1792.

CAPTAIN OF HIS FACE

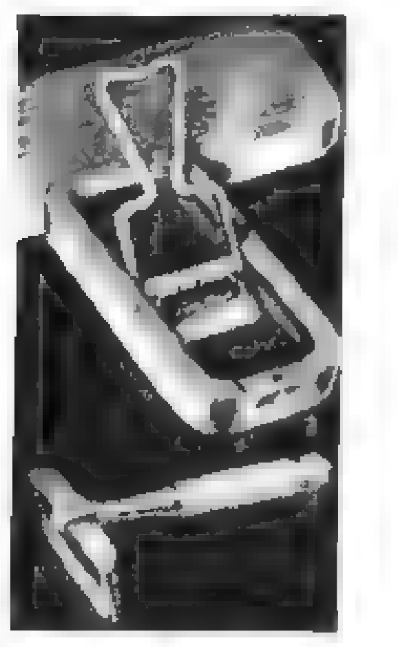
Yacht Club or Ballroom . . . . College or Home . . . . This alert young Captain of Tomorrow is out to go PLACES and do THINGS—His engagements, whether business or social, demand constant care of appearance and a strict attention to the exactions of TIME . . . . He's fastidious but self-reliant — this young Gentleman . . . . An Up-and-Comer who often prefers to side-step the valet and become his own Face-Captain . . . . That's where BARBASOL plays an indispensable part in his program and why—with this smooth, soothing cream and the new, scalpel-keen BARBASOL razor blades—so many wealthy and cultured men, of all ages, are today whisking whiskers away with the assurance and skill of a competent barber.

BARBASOL

Barbasol presents EDWIN C. HILL
news commentator, C. B. S.
See local newspapers for time

Barbasol
Barbasol
Barbasol
Barbasol Blades

FOR MODERN SHAVING: NO BRUSH · NO LATHER · NO RUB-IN



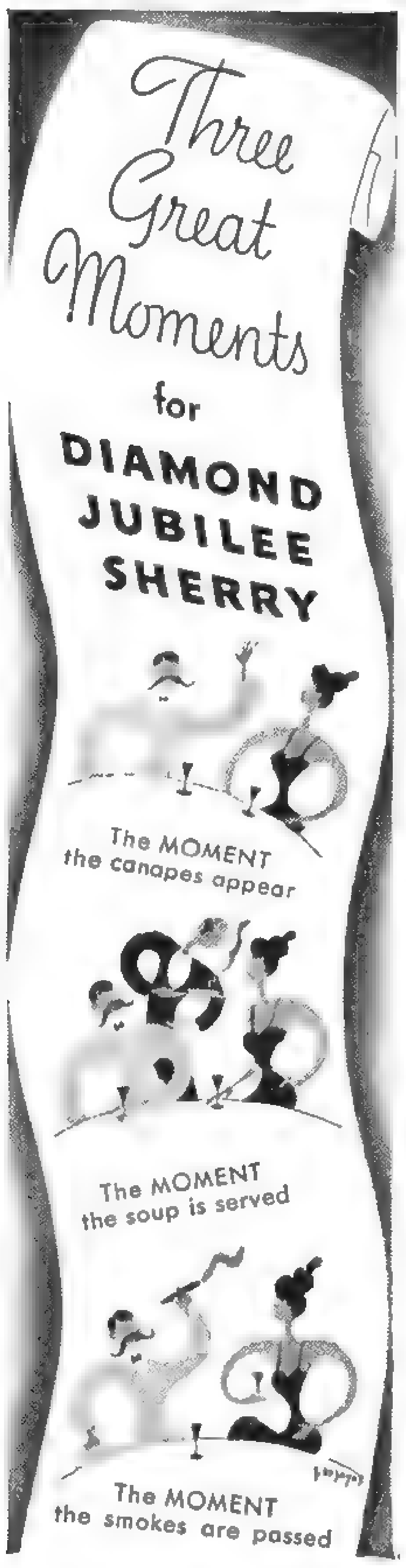
TOUGH!

THE MAN with a tough beard doesn't know shaving comfort until he's tried the Rolls. Its heavy blade of the finest tempered Sheffield steel shaves close and clean . . . the pleasantest, *easiest* shave he's ever known. Once he's tried the Rolls he's through with other razors . . . no more dragging, painful shaves.

Rolls is an economical razor. Properly cared for, its first cost is its last. Stropped and honed in its case, it will always give perfect shaves.

Illustrated folder on request from Dept. 11
Lee & Schiffer, Inc.
Sole U. S. Distributors, 305 East 45th Street, N. Y.

ROLLS RAZOR


Three Great Moments for
DIAMOND JUBILEE SHERRY
The MOMENT the canapes appear
The MOMENT the soup is served
The MOMENT the smokes are passed

From the fabled old cellars of Gonzalez Byass & Co., Ltd., of Spain and Portugal . . . this honored product has been lavished with praise of millions. And YOU will join the millions—the minute you taste it. Two hundred years of skill in Sherry-and-Port-making are behind the excellence of Diamond Jubilee.

Look for the Mark of Merit

Send 25¢ for the Schenley Wine Book. Schenley Import Corporation, Room 558, 18 West 40th Street, New York.

DIAMOND
JUBILEE
1837 1897
SHERRY
GONZALEZ BYASS & CO. LTD.

A Schenley
IMPORTATION
GONZALEZ BYASS & CO., Ltd.
Jerez, Spain and Oporto, Portugal
Sherries and Ports

The Last Flight

Continued from page 45

It must have been five minutes before he said anything. "Boy," he began quietly, "do you think any woman can satisfy the lust of flying in your blood? I know every mother's son of you pilots. You can beef about conditions. You can howl about taking orders from some 'kiwi' operation manager, about the cut in pay, about the silent pressure that sometimes sends you out in weather against your judgment.

"But quit flying for good? You do and your heart will rot within you."

I tried to keep my voice within the range of friendship. "Marquis," I said, "I know what I'm giving up and I know what I'm getting, too. I think it's worth the cost." I slammed the door.

He called after me: "All right, if you want to stick your heart in a propeller, go ahead!"

I walked to my ship. The slight breeze off the bay cooled my body and tempered my irritation . . . My mind divided itself between thoughts of Carlita and of flying.

Once in my ship I was conscious only of flying. I held her steady with the brakes and opened wide the throttle. The roar of sound spread into the night and echoed about the hangars. She trembled like a thoroughbred quivering in restraint. I released the brakes. Eagerly she leapt forward. Now heavy upon the runway and now lightly touching until in happy release we forsook the earth and met the sky.

I banked and turned over the dark bay and toward the ladder of silver that led to the moon. Beneath me a ferry trimmed with many lights seemed anchored to the darkness. I looked again. White water marked her stern. I leaned slightly over the side of the cockpit and accepted the gift of air thrown backward by the propeller—cool air and soft with the dampish odor of fog. I reached the gleaming stairway now and waved adieu to the lovely city of the seven hills.

Upward I spiralled and for a moment a patch of fog folded gently about my wings and then released them quickly. Moonlight marked my ship with phantom touch.

I was above the level sea of clouds now and eased the control stick forward to level flight. I reached for the switch on the radio and twirled the dial.

I listened to the sharp signals of the directional beam and followed its pathway of the sky to the valley of San Joaquin. Beneath me the solid canopy of cloud gave no hint of towns below, no trace of flashing beacons.

. . . I checked my time and continued with the shrill "on course" assurance of the beam. Ahead now I could see a dark chasm that split the fog apart and led the way to earth. Another chasm now, another rounded hole. Then a sudden end of clouds, a ragged fringe and a precipice of darkness that leapt up from below. I looked beyond to a cluster of lights that was Modesto.

A beacon flashed to the right. I altered my course toward it. In the moonlight I could see the silver meeting of the rivers of Merced and San Joaquin. Down the valley I flew and watched the happy lights of towns glimmer and fade in the past.

Fresno, with a moment's splendor, slid beneath my wing. Solid fog was again ahead. I nosed my ship upward in a slight climb. I tuned in on the Fresno beam to Bakersfield—three forty-four kilocycles. Once more the ground was blotted from me.

Monotonously the signals barked in my earphones. I grew weary of them. I turned the dial idly and caught the lilting music of a dance orchestra. I checked my compass course.

Music in the sky. I flew upon the crests of moon-washed clouds and gently rocked my wings in happy rhythm. The ship rode smoothly as though on placid sea. Above, no filmy curtain dimmed the sparkle of the stars. I unfastened my safety belt and sat relaxed in the cockpit. I thought of Carlita. Last flight. I gave my word . . . If I could suspend this moment. If time and motion and gravity's force would cease for but awhile. . . . The years the sky has known me. The trembling wings of early solo. The weather I've fought. The forced landings that have tried my courage. The rivers and farms and fields. The little cities of grime and egotism. The deserts and mountains and open sea . . . To these then I say adieu.

Enough of reverie. The stuff is solid beneath me. It stretches to the dark horizon in curling breakers of fog. I checked my time. I tuned in again the signals of the beam. I was still "on course." In a few seconds the Department of Commerce weather report was due. Here it came. The shrill signal dashes faded and the broadcast began. I was startled by Ed's voice. He should have been off duty long ago . . . "San Francisco . . . San Francisco . . . Overcast . . . Ceiling eight hundred . . . Ceiling eight hundred . . . Visibility three miles . . . Temperature fifty . . . Wind northwest six . . . Barometer twenty-nine ninety-one . . . Oakland . . . Oakland . . . Overcast . . . Ceiling one thousand . . . Ceiling one thousand . . . Visibility three miles . . . Temperature fifty . . . Dew point . . . Fresno . . . Fresno . . . Clear . . . Unlimited . . . Dense fog to south . . . Temperature sixty-five— . . . Bakersfield . . . Bakersfield . . . Overcast . . . Ceiling five hundred . . . Ceiling five hundred . . . Visibility one mile . . . Temperature . . . Tejon . . . Tejon . . . Overcast . . . Ceiling . . . Sandberg . . . Sandberg . . . Overcast . . . Zero ceiling . . . Zero visibility . . . Temperature . . . Saugus . . . Saugus . . . Broken overcast . . . Ceiling twelve hundred . . . Variable . . . Ceiling twelve hundred . . . Variable . . . Visibility four miles . . . Temperature . . . Burbank . . . Burbank" . . . (That was the Los Angeles station) "Overcast . . . Ceiling one thousand . . . Ceiling one thousand . . . Visibility three miles . . . Temperature sixty . . . Dew point . . ." Well, things still looked okay though bad in spots. I wondered about Ed being on duty this late. At the finish of the routine broadcast I knew why. His voice seemed to bark in my earphones louder than ever: ". . . Special . . . Special . . . San Francisco to Pilot Walling . . . San Francisco to Walling. . . . Advise change course . . . Advise change course." That was all and his droning, penetrating voice faded and the beam signals began again.

The old walrus! Of course I knew he didn't mean the weather. He would have been more specific. I cursed him pleasantly.

There was no eluding him. His voice must go on through the stratosphere disturbing the spirits of all the dead pilots who wait with silent wings upon eternity . . . Ceiling unlimited . . . Ceiling unlimited . . . As if they cared.

A fragment of a star streaked across the sky and melted in darkness. The moon was higher now, less mellow. Ahead I saw the shadowy mountain outline of the Ridge. Once I thought I saw the navigation lights of another ship but I wasn't sure. I watched the blue flame of my engine's exhaust trail out in fluttering content . . . The night was spending itself against my will. I felt a growing melancholy. Beauty is so close to sadness. I could wish the stars would fade and die. I could wish the wind's caress were harsh and bitter. Last flight. I longed for physical conflict—to meet life in battle to wipe this melancholy from my soul. I longed to trace the source of thunder—to match my skill against the sky.

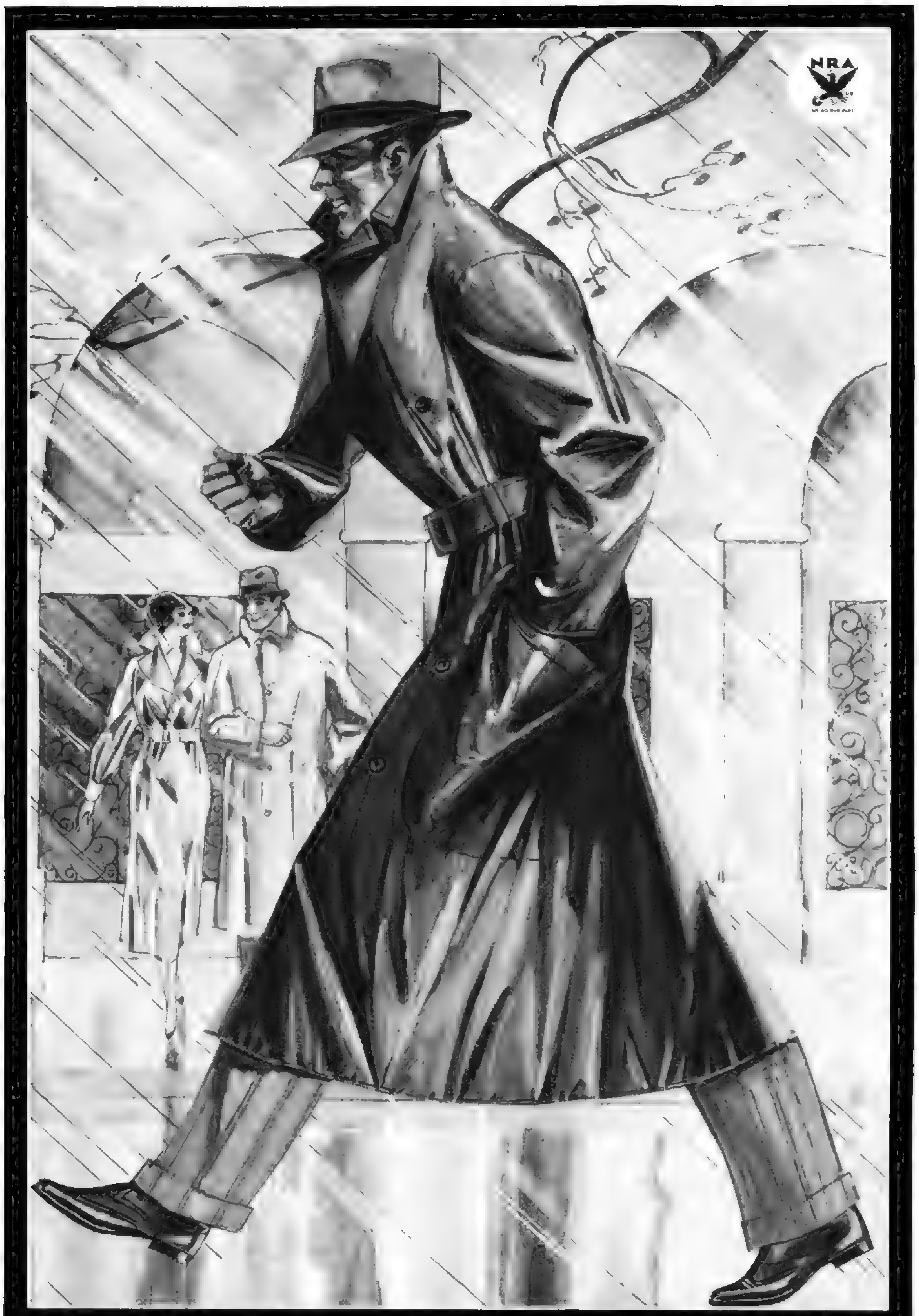
. . . Across now the barrier of the Ridge. Beyond my right wing and level with it was the eight thousand foot peak of Frazier Mountain, serene and proud as a man who tops his fellows. From it lesser mountains tumbled away to valleys, morose beneath the fog. I checked the gas in the gauges. I looked at the clock on the instrument board. In thirty minutes I'd reach Los Angeles. I eased the throttle back to stay the ebbing tide of flight.

I squinted ahead toward Saugus. I could see as yet no rifts or holes in the vaporous stuff. The beam signals were broken regularly by the identifying dot-dash-dot-dot of the Los Angeles station. I watched the compass swing slowly as the ship tossed abruptly from a sudden updraft. I steadied her. I listened to the easy, humming rhythm of the motor and felt its vibrant power flow in eager surge throughout the ship. Static growled suddenly in my earphones and the signals grew less clear. My instrument lights flickered a moment and then burned strong again. I fumbled with the radio but could not dial out the static. I could hear only faintly the high-pitched signals of the beam. I followed the compass course more closely.

Vaguely I grew uneasy. That last report of ceiling variable at Saugus had not previously bothered me. If it socked in tight there I could follow the beam to the Los Angeles station in the San Fernando valley. But if my radio failed, I had several things to think about. I sat more alertly in my cockpit. From the flying time elapsed from Frazier Mountain I ought to be not far from Saugus now. I searched around for a break in the fog. I could see no dark patches, no glimpse of flashing beacon, no dotted string of airport boundary lights. The veil of white rolled on with innocent mask, belying the rugged barriers that lay in wait below.

Within me was an odd blending of anxiety and adventurous delight. I turned my gas valve on another tank. I jockeyed with the radio again. I tried the dynamotor connections. Dimly my phones screeched an off-course signal: dash-dot, dash-dot. I was too far to the east, probably around Mint Canyon. Quickly I banked and turned until once more the steady "on course" dashes sounded—broken only by the symbol of refuge of the Los Angeles station: dot-dash-dot-dot, dot-dash-dot-dot. I pressed the

Continued on page 164



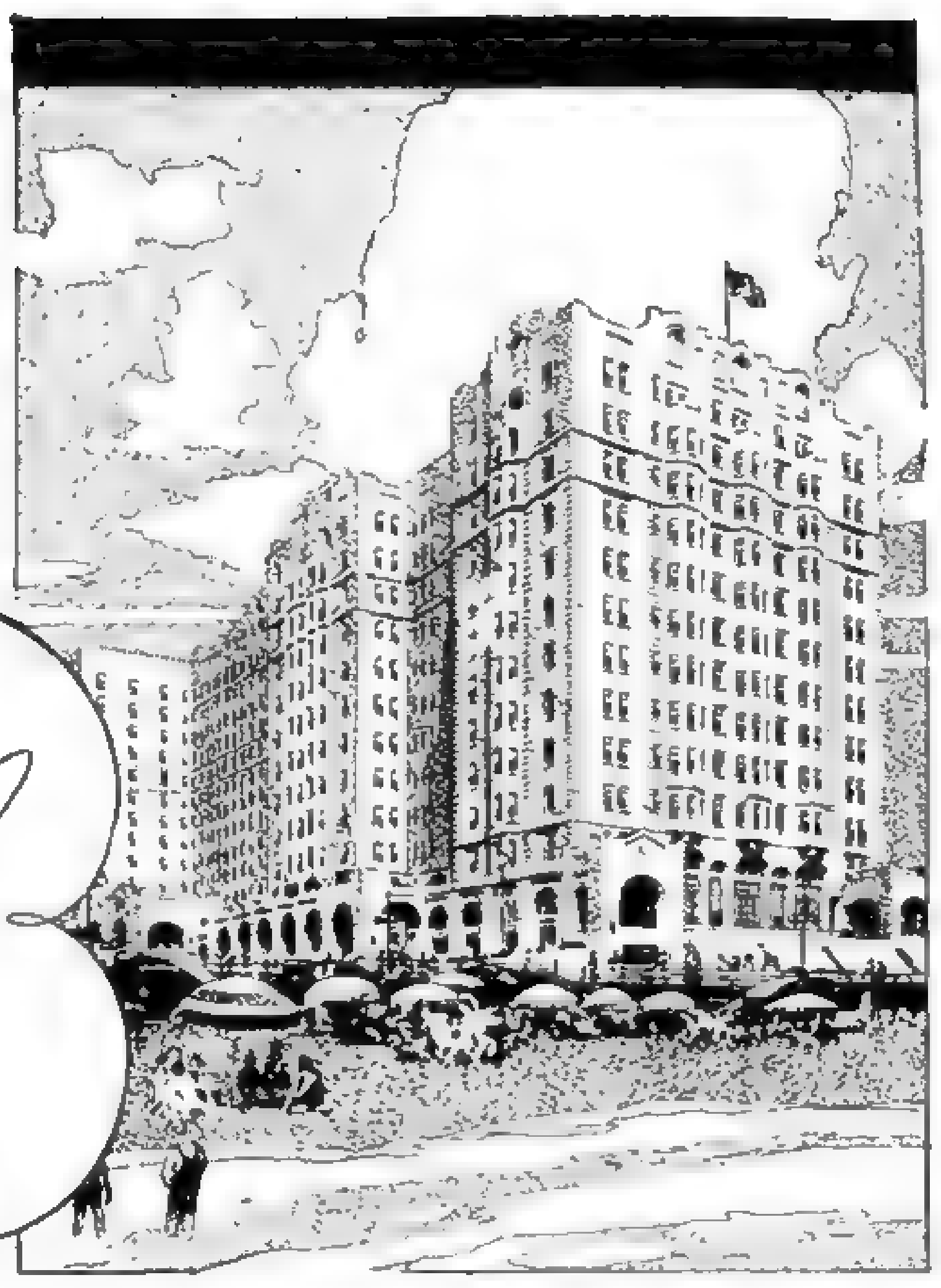
ALLIGATOR

Raincoats

"That's all you need to know about Raincoats."
Alligators are faultlessly styled and tailored in correct models for street wear and for every kind of sport wear. Made of Alligator's exclusive famous fabrics in smart colors. You'll be comfortable in an Alligator because they're roomy. They're light in weight. They give perfect wet-weather protection and keep you looking smartly dressed in any kind of weather.

Sold at all the better stores from \$5.50 to \$15.00
Look for the Alligator Label—None Genuine Without It.

The Alligator Co., St. Louis, Mo.



A Symbol OF LUXURIOUS LIVING

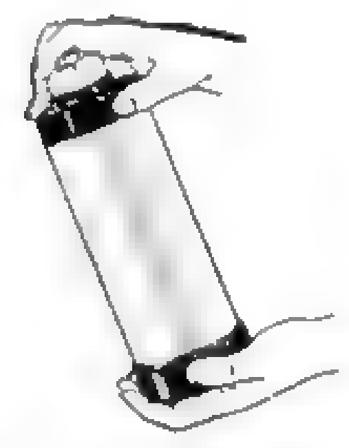
● Their gracious hospitality, excellent cuisine and unobtrusive service are famous the world over. The spacious rooms and suites, too, are truly characteristic of these aristocrats of hotels. Whether you plan to spend a day, a week or longer in New York or Atlantic City you will find that a most cordial welcome awaits you.

The AMBASSADOR

● IN NEW YORK ●
PARK AVE., 51st to 52nd STREETS
• • Rates from Five Dollars • •

IN ATLANTIC CITY
AMERICAN PLAN | EUROPEAN PLAN
Single, $8 . . Double, $14 | Single, $5 . . Double, $7

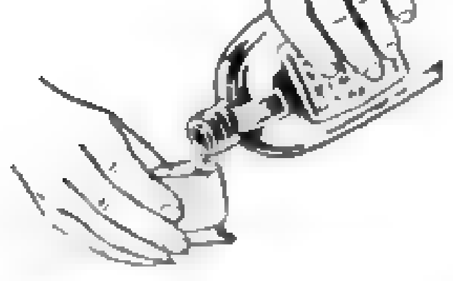
TIPPLE TUMBLER



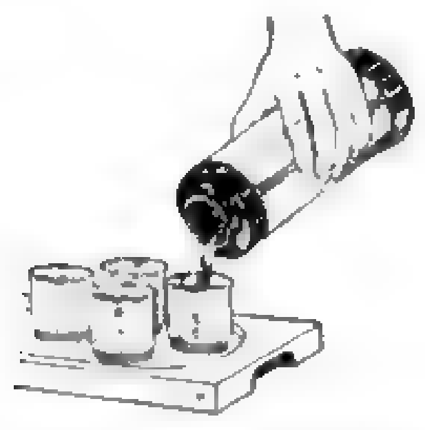
The sleek bakelite top and bottom impart no chill to the hands.

When the merry mixing is o'er, the extra wide top permits a dashing entrance for thorough cleaning.

Non-clogging strainer speeds serving without embarrassing delays. Screw-on feature of the top says "nay" to leakage.



Jigger cap measures the voltage without fear or favor.



The Tipple Tumbler pours without clogging or spilling. What a shaker!

THE MODERN COCKTAIL SHAKER

A Lusty Mixer, 3 Pints by Volume

Entirely new! The "Tipple Tumbler" is a cocktail shaker in the modern manner. Handsomely styled — embodying many improved features.

As smooth and suave in action as it is gay and striking in appearance — this new mixer is master of those genteel moments of good cheer.

The Tipple Tumbler is made up in sparkling chrome or Satin-ray aluminum. Top and bottom are of sleek black bakelite while the complete ensemble is crowned with a cherry-red bakelite resinoid. The Tipple Tumbler comes to you packed in a gayly colored gift box with Tipple Tips, a de luxe recipe booklet of old and new drinks.

Tipple Tips

TIPPLE TIPS

A condensed guide on how to get on with your tippling; contains 60 recipes on cocktails, highballs, coolers, fizzes, etc.

ALUMINUM MODEL IN GIFT BOX . . $2.95
CHROMIUM MODEL IN GIFT BOX . . 4.50

Are you interested in Tipple Tips? Send 25c for this de luxe booklet on the drinks you should know. Or better still, if you would like to receive a *free* copy, mail or present this coupon to your favorite department store, jewelry store, or men's shop, and it will be sent to you postpaid. They will be glad to forward your request to us and to know of your interest in the Tipple Tumbler.

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO., West Bend, Wisconsin

Name ....

Street Address .... *City* ....

The Last Flight

Continued from page 163

phones more closely to my ears. I watched the minute hand of the clock.

Exactly on the hour another weather report was due. I needed it badly. I had to know the ceiling and visibility in the Los Angeles area. I turned the volume control wide open. The squeal of static faded. The radio was abruptly silent. I checked the tubes. I fumbled with the condenser. No response. No murmur in the phones. The thread that bound me to the earth was gone.

I was alone with the night—alone with this unending frothy curtain that covered land and sea with mystery; this curtain that barred the earth from moonlight and the stars; this curtain that in lying gentleness ensnared the young pilot and fought the old.

It was only fifty miles from Frazier Mountain to the valley station beyond Saugus—about twenty-five minutes at my ship's cruising speed. Ten minutes more and I should be there. One hundred and thirty-eight degrees compass course. I held the card steady against the lubber line with the rudder . . . How would I know the fog would give me mercy of ceiling above the ground? A lot of things might have happened since that last weather broadcast. How would I know without the directing radio cone of silence that the valley floor was beneath me? A few miles south, a few miles north—and the hills would clutch me in my blindness. I could only hope the glow of valley towns would penetrate the fog to mark my course and grant me my nights forever with Carlita.

The clock and compass told me I must be above the San Fernando valley. I must throttle back and descend. I fastened my safety belt and began a spiral downward. The ship stuck its nose into the fog and submerged. Reluctantly I abandoned the outer world and watched intently the flickering indicators of the instrument board before me. The needle of the altimeter fell steadily. The turn indicator held its position to the left in answer to the pressure of my foot on the rudder pedal. I kept the air speed as consistent as possible.

I missed the moon. The fog was very dark. I could see no glow as yet to mark the spot of towns. I groped downward in the murk, the motor idling smoothly and the wires of the wings whistling softly in the gliding turn. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the gleam of my engine's exhaust burning red against the fog.

Shadows crossed my mind—shadows of mountains and obstructions. I might have erred in my position. I fumbled for the ground. The needle of the altimeter moved downward from the thousand foot mark. Eight hundred feet above sea level, it said now. And the valley floor was six hundred and fifty! I dared go no lower. There were errors too in these altimeters. Another few feet and I'd better—I glanced outside the cockpit. Something darker than the fog was off my left wing—something as dark as a blurred hillside! I wrenched the ship away! I jammed forward the throttle and pulled the ship up steeply! I counted the seconds for a hundred and eighty degree turn in the opposite direction. Then for a moment my feet chattered on the rudder pedals. Along my back and to the base of my head I felt a streak of sudden cold . . . I fought my way to the surface of the fog again . . . In the moonlight I wiped the sweated lenses of my goggles.

My problem was unchanged. I had to make the descent again—somewhere. I had enough gas to go back over the Ridge and guess my way down to Bakersfield but there was no assurance that the low ceiling last reported there would hold. I decided the best bet was to follow a course of two hundred degrees which would take me out over the Pacific. I couldn't be more than fifteen miles from the Santa Monica bay district. I'd fly for ten minutes on that heading. Then I'd spiral down over the water. At least I wouldn't hit the hills. And if in the clear at a few hundred feet altitude I'd skim above the ocean to Clover Field at Santa Monica. If not, I'd climb up through the stuff again and then—Well, there were enough bridges for the moment.

It was pleasant and cold and lonely flying here in the moonlight. How much of solitude an airman knows; how much of peace and strife; how much of strange forces that humble and exalt him!

. . . I must go down. The clock directs my destiny. I throttle back. I glide. The folds of everything and of nothing envelope me. . . . The light flickers on the dash. My hand is moist against the stick. The odor of fog is in my nostrils. What proof of earth is there? None but memory. What reason to assume the earth lies beneath and not in horizontal plane? None but these frail dials before me that say this is so and that is so. As if they knew. As if anyone knew. But one thing is certain—the leash of gravity.

My ship was moodily silent but for the soft and eerie whistle of brace wires and propeller. Though I knew the ocean was beneath I had to fight the desire to climb again, to escape the torment of shadowed hills. Down . . . Down . . . Surely there was no bottom to this pit. No heaven either. I had sacrificed the stars. I had lost the earth. Time receded a million years. The world was yet unborn. Space itself was in the making. There was no movement of my ship. There was no beginning or end of anything. Only this formless void in which I waited, waited.

. . . Two hundred feet . . . Before light was conceived in the Universe were varying shades of darkness. I looked outside my cockpit. Which was water and which was night! A whitecap flashed and rubbed out again in heaving blackness . . . Time moved up a million years. Lines of white breakers fumed and faded against the land. A string of lights stood out upon the water and called itself a pleasure pier. A city glowed upon the fog and let me pass beneath. I flew above a highway strewn with fire-fly lights that led to refuge. I landed.

I turned off the gas and let the motor die away. The night was very still. I felt an odd weakness. It was like the aftermath of passion. This flying that engulfed me and stirred me with adventure and delight. This wooing of the sky that tormented me with shadows of unfaithfulness; this wooing of the sky that answered me with beauty and lifted me on starry heights of exultation. This changing mood of sky—unfathomed as a woman's heart.

Last flight . . . And all the ships are grounded and all the motors stilled. Last flight? I knew it couldn't be.

Clothes Expressing Your Ideals

For over twenty-five years Stadler & Stadler have devoted their entire efforts to designing and producing Clothes of Only the Highest Quality and Character . . . . Authentic Advisory Information on matters Sartorial and a Wealth of Luxurious Materials provide every opportunity for expressing Personal Preferences in Smartly Fashioned Clothes.

Interesting Model Garments on view interpreting the latest style ideas for the coming season

FAMAM EXTENDIMUS FACTIS

STADLER & STADLER
MEN'S CLOTHES TO MEASURE
735 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
ENTRANCE 2 EAST 57TH STREET

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

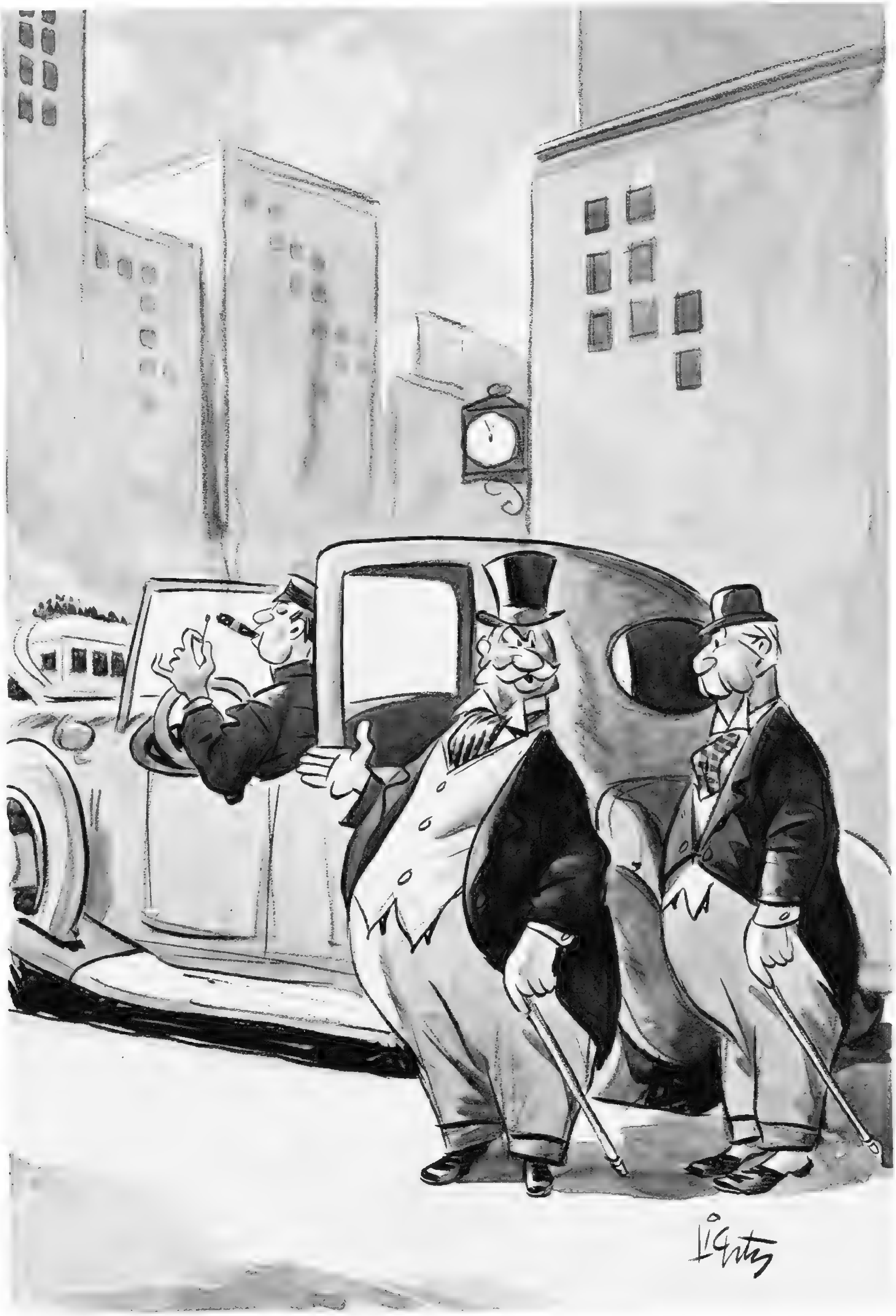
Please report any change of address direct to ESQUIRE at least three weeks before it is to take effect... The postoffice will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided for by you... Please also mention your old address as well as your new one. It facilitates the making of the change and assures the delivery of future copies to the proper address

Town bred Like a full-blooded English bulldog, these Crosby Squares at once betray their pedigree. They show all the "points" of the typical English custom shoe, as you see it on the Mall in London, or on Madison Avenue, New York. True aristocrats, with breeding that is more than skin deep, they stay by you loyally — and you are proud to wear them in any company.

Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
$6 to $7

The free Crosby Square booklet, "SHOES FOR THE OCCASION," illustrates these faithful reproductions of the world's finest custom-made shoes for sport, walking, town, and dress. Send your name to WALTER BOOTH SHOE COMPANY, Milwaukee, for your copy and dealer's name.

Name...Address...



"I can't do a thing with him since he chipped in on the new car"

Fly Away Ladybird

Continued from page 50

one of quizzical scrutiny. She looked up at him sidelong, as if making a careful appraisal.

"Are you sure you're being quite straight about this? You love Bibs and want her. You love me and want me. You don't want us to be independent. Do you?"

He turned his back and took a few steps toward the edge of the grass slope. At the bottom of the hill he could see a man emptying a basket of dead leaves on the smudge fire: the bright flames shot up for a moment into the basket as if licking away the last few morsels of the year. What Enn said was, of course, perfectly true. Or partly true. But that didn't really change it—not at all. He watched the man walk slowly along the path and drop the basket into a wheelbarrow. Yes, partly true—he did want to have them, to keep them. And why not? It seemed ridiculous that he shouldn't. They were—they ought to be—a part of his life.

Enn's voice floated toward him lightly—it gave him oddly, before he turned, the feeling that she was watching him very closely, very affectionately.

"Don't be melancholy, darling! It will all come out all right!"

She was laughing at him, laughing at her use of his own words.

"Curse you, Enn—you never can be serious for five minutes on end." He said this as he walked back to the bench: he sat down beside her and dropped his hat on the grass. "What's going to happen to her when she goes to school—when she finds that other children have fathers, when they ask her who her father was? I suppose you'll have to tell her some damned fairy story about it. And then what about me? As she gets older, and sees me around—what's she going to think? She's no fool—believe me, she'll put two and two together and make it sex! And a hell of a lot of good *that* will do her. She'll end by hating me."

"Darling!"

He suddenly felt sorry for himself, he felt hurt and angry and stubborn, he wanted to be urged or comforted, and this feeling was only accentuated when she dropped her hand on his knee and lightly pinched him.

"No, Enn, it's no use."

"But darling! you forget there is such a thing as *time*. Lots can happen, lots *will* happen. All this is only a phase. When the time comes, I'll go to New York and get a job there. I'll adopt Bibs—she'll take my name, and it will be easy enough later to explain to her that I took her from an orphanage, or that nobody knew who her parents were. You'll see, it will be quite simple."

She said this unhurriedly, almost as if with no attempt to persuade—the effect upon him was to make him feel that she was, as always, overwhelmingly reasonable.

"Well, what about me—when she's older, she's sure to suspect. What about that?"

"I know, my dear. But there are other things to consider. It might be that you wouldn't any longer—be coming to see me. We might decide—for Bibs' sake—that it would be better if we separated. You might decide to give us up. Or fall in love with someone else. Or even, just decide to be a devoted father to your *own* children. After all, you *have* got them, and you do love them. It isn't as if you had nothing else. Or as if you need to begrudge me Bibs. Is it?"

"O good Lord."

"We might as well be practical about it."

"Practical!"

He took out his leather cigarette case, tapped a fresh cigarette repeatedly on the back of it, and lit it from the stub. Then with his forefinger he touched her hand, which still lay on his knee. She was smiling at him, but her eyes were grave, and he gave her a quick smile in answer.

"You ought to have been a lawyer, Enn. You're the most devilishly and unmitigatedly reasonable being I ever met. If I didn't know better, I'd say you had no heart."

"But you do know better, don't you . . . I'm sorry you've got to go back tonight."

"So am I."

They were both silent; a curious mutual awareness of peace came upon them, they watched the smoke from the smudge fire, which the breeze was idly sculpturing into a long blue curve over the river, over the tops of the birches. A policeman had stopped to talk to the man with the wheelbarrow. The sun was beginning to be low—he took out his watch. Four o'clock.

"Four o'clock. What time did you say—"

"I told her to bring Bibs here at half-past three. She must be late."

"She *is* late."

"Well, she probably won't be *very* late, because she has to go somewhere, she said, at half-past four. She was just to bring Bibs and go. Perhaps if we walk back—or would you rather stay here?"

"Let's walk."

They walked in silence, with linked arms, and as they turned the shoulder of the little hill, and saw the park below them, and Bibs running up the narrow path toward them, he began to feel for the first time the full force of what Enn had just been saying—(as usual)—with such extraordinary calm. Separation! Yes. It had been hanging over them for a long time, he had always known that sooner or later the shadow would begin to become substance; it was inevitable—or was it?—and now at last it had been spoken of. Very likely she had foreseen it from the outset—it was like her to foresee things, to plan things—she had known that sooner or later they must separate, and she had quite calmly decided to have Bibs, if only as an insurance against a bankruptcy which might otherwise have been complete. Yes. That was it. And now, as a consequence of the foresight itself, and as a consequence of Bibs, the separation, which she had merely foreseen as a possibility, was gradually becoming a necessity: Bibs, whom she had decided to have as a protection, must now be protected: cause had led to effect, and now effect was leading to cause. It was this—and he knew somehow that the same thoughts were in her mind, the same feelings—it was this that made her now tighten her hold on his arm, now as Bibs came running toward them, with her blue leggings and blue beret and a wilted stalk of blue chicory in her hand, tightly held. This—she was saying—is what you are losing, a part of yourself which you must lose. And Bibs, who seems to be running straight toward you, chattering and laughing to herself, making up one of her absurd and delicious stories, will not stop here, or greet you, but will pass by and go on, you will never see her again.

"And did you see the Christmas trees, all the Christmas trees, Mummy? They said how-do. I said how-do to them and they said how-do to me."

"But you haven't said how-do to Boyar."

"Will you give Boyar a big kiss?"

"No. Did you see the how-do trees, Boyar?"

"Yes, I saw the how-do trees."

When Mrs. Doane had gone, they counted the Christmas trees, and said how-do to them, and he took off his hat and shook one of them by the hand.

"And Boo says their fathers were little teeny tiny tiny *tiny* seeds, no bigger than—no bigger than a—"

"What?"

"No bigger than a *pumpkin!* An old grey pumpkin man with grey teeth and grey ears!"

"Did Boo say that?"

"Yes, Boo said that."

"And who was *your* father, Bibs? Was he a pumpkin man too?"

"Tell Boyar, blueberry."

The "secret" expression came over her face: she stood still, she held the chicory flower before her, and gazed at it, smiling at her delicious and secret idea.

"No, he wasn't a pumpkin man. He was a—he was a—he was a—"

She began to squeal with delight, she was planning a joke, a surprise. And at once she announced triumphantly,

"He was a June-bug!"

"A June-bug! Are you sure? Why Bibs!"

"Yes, he was a June-bug. And he flew and he flew and he flew and he flew and he flew!"

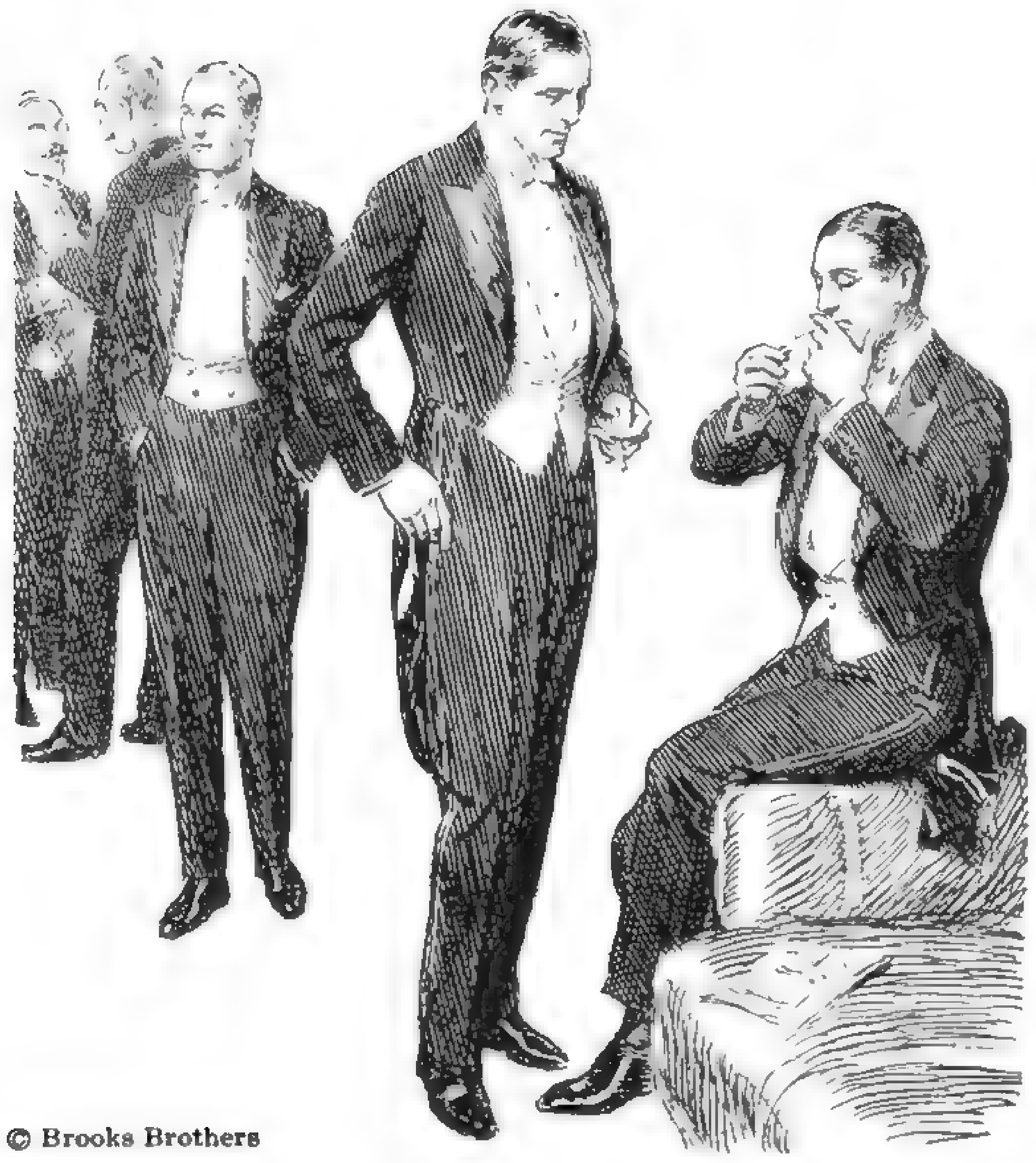
Cigars for men...
cigarettes for women.
100% FINEST HAVANA FILLER

"Havana Prestige"
...measure of
a fine cigar

The finest, mildest, Havana tobacco leaf filler which we can procure...is used exclusively in all Robt. Burns Cigars. Discriminating smokers insist on Robt. Burns... because its "Havana Prestige" always assures them of fine quality...at a price consistent with the times.

The Mild
Robt. Burns
10¢ and
2 for 25¢

© 1934 General Cigar Co.



© Brooks Brothers

EVENING CLOTHES

Evening clothes are so highly standardized in general type of materials that details apparently trivial become extremely important. There is, for instance, a vast difference in the way black vicunas cut, tailor and wear...we import a special grade from England. There is, in our opinion, a similar distinction between all-silk satins such as we employ, and synthetic substitutes. And finally, the fact that we make the clothes in our own workrooms insures certain advantages of Brooks Brothers' workmanship...as well as exclusive styles in the very best of simple good taste.

Dress Coats	$72
Dinner Jackets	$55 *and* $60
Trousers	$17 *and* $20
Waistcoats	$9 *to* $15

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

NEW YORK · BOSTON

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 131

The company which now visits us is the same—with improvements, especially in the beloved old-crank roles (such as the Modern Major-Gineral and the Chancellor) where the delicate patter-lyrics receive perfection of enunciation. The ladies are eye-soothing and their voices are splendid. The gentlemen are no whit inferior. The directorial slant is delightful. None of those customary attitudes which either seem to be exhuming revered corpses with dour pomp, or else to be insisting, "Ain't they quaint!" These importations are handled with a rollicking dexterity which regards them as veritable masterpieces, and omits no detail of justice toward them. The results are practically flawless. Do not, I implore you, think of them as esoteric museum-pieces. There's no call for any condescension whatever. Go to them expecting fresh, enchanting entertainment, dirtless but in the highest sense sophisticated.

Of "Kill That Story" little need be said beyond that it is a hollow, out-of-date caricature of advertising conventions. Claire Carlton, a fetching burner-upper, and Gloria Grafton, a gifted torcherette from the night-clubs almost, with their noteworthy features and physiques, repay one for sitting through interminable wastes of tinny dialogue. But even these warm assets are sure to be frozen ere long by the general chill.

"Tight Britches" is one of those things. It's hard to put a finger on its principal demerits. It is more like a glossary of an unfamiliar tongue—in this case too faithful a transcription of mountaineerese—hitched onto a ten-twent-thirt melodrama than a genuine play. It has interest enough to warrant attendance, but more as a language lesson embroidered with some catchy character-sketches than as a balanced drama.

"Too Many Boats" is all about soldiers, and is diffuse, imitation movie. It has a number of assets, mostly in the exposition of army tyranny and chiseling. It could have been much better if it had more outright mellerdrammer. As it is, it's not enough of any one thing. Another substitute for a bad book at home.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 134

Suppose I were reviewing that bright and blithe comedy, "The Richest Girl in the World," for the *New Masses*. I would find it a loathesomely successful example of the glamorous pap that is being dished out to those of us who have escaped the bread lines. I would be irritated by the "poor little rich girl" sympathy play, I would show how this spoiled, selfish, seductive brat was allowed to toy with the honest emotions of a hard-working ($5,500 a year) young man whose natural love-impulses were perverted, by our form of society, into the desire to marry an heiress. I would forget that Miriam Hopkins gives the most alluring and zestful performance of her career. I would scorn to mention the sophisticated direction which has found a hundred new nuances for the setting forth of obvious situations. I would find something scornful to say about the fact that Miss Hopkins and Joel McCrea won opulent contracts with Mr. Sam Goldwyn when that nabob glimpsed this engaging film. But I'm not writing for the *New Masses*.

If I were writing for the opera-minded *New York Times* I should rise to acclaim Grace Moore in "One Night of Love." If I were reviewing the same picture for *The American Mercury*, I would describe the extreme United States characteristics of that singer-actress. She is the nice-girl-in-the-arts personified. She is gay and carefree and cute in the stilted studio manner. One imagines her carefully donning a double-portion of shadow-proof slips before going on a delicious impromptu and unchaperoned picnic with her young man. She is the single girl alas, so capable of taking care of herself. She has a good figure, when you think about it, and yet you have to think about it to realize it ought to be attractive. When she sings "Carmen" she is just about as abandoned as a Girl Scout playing charades. A good pal, an ambitious girl success.

If I were reviewing for *The Ladies' Home Journal* I might find a good deal of commendation for "There's Always Tomorrow," because it presents a sympathetic suburban family portrait, with nice, upstanding children, and the problem-play approach of authoress Ursula Parrott. Also much gab about the "younger generation." And the "single woman." For Esquire, I can only say that it is pretty sluggish and obvious, that Frank Morgan is not at his best, that the "problem" of the neglected father and husband is not completely handled. The solution, like all "solutions," is no solution.

If I were reviewing for *Liberty* I would stick four stars onto Cleopatra, because it cost a lot.

If I were reviewing for *The New Yorker* I would patronizingly approve Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Chained," because the bar-fly persiflage is so gay and "modern," because the dialogue through the film is of that crisp toss-and-catch variety identified as smart. Myself, I would pooh-pooh this triangle in which every character continually tries to be more noble and sacrificial than the next party. All attitudes become irritating. Which you may, of course, interpret as an attitude.

Ricardo Cortez in Warner Bros. Production of the "FIRE-BIRD."

For Men who dress well
—day and evening

A man's evening jewelry stands out. Proper styling and true quality are important. There are Swank designs for the sophisticated—the conservative—all are correct—all in good taste.

$5.00—others lower and higher.

Swank daytime sets provide harmonious jewelry accessories in many designs of collar holders, cravat holders and cuff links. May be purchased separately or in sets.

Set $3.50—others higher and lower.

Here is the new Bar Link, set with cabochon stones—an original Swank cuff link creation.

$2.50—others lower and higher.

AT JEWELERS AND SMART MEN'S SHOPS
The Baer & Wilde Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SWANK
Jewelry Accessories for Men

A Date with Jean

Continued from page 55

say 'D'ya think we can make that mountain ahead, Admiral Byrd?' He had us in hysterics dodging mountains and glaciers, and with forced landings and everything! Honestly, he has such a vivid imagination that I really believe he sees some of the things he tells about. It was a scream all through."

Tony laughed.

"What's he taking at Cornell?" he asked.

"I don't know. He's a friend of the boy I know in Law School."

Tony swallowed. It was a law student at Cornell who was Jean's man.

"It's pretty hard to be a lawyer these days," he said.

"I know," Jean said, "but this boy knows a lot of lawyers, so he may be able to get a good job when he finishes school. He's a Deke, you know."

"Oh," said Tony, who wasn't a fraternity man himself.

"Yes. He's smart too."

"Is he?" Tony said. "He ought to make a good lawyer then."

"Oh, he will."

Tony was miserable. It was a lawyer and a fraternity man whom Jean loved. He smiled faintly as the girl continued talking. He felt the muscles of his face tighten and he thought that the smile must be set and mechanical.

"And what do you suppose we did Sunday afternoon? You'd never guess."

"I don't know," Tony said.

"We listened to a symphony orchestra broadcast! Would you ever have guessed it?" She laughed again with that musical tinkle he liked so well.

"I like to travel," Jean said.

"So do I," said Tony.

"I'd like to go to Europe."

"Do you know," said Tony, "I think I'd rather tour South America than Europe. Rio de Janeiro—Buenos Aires. That's where I want to go."

Jean looked at him.

"I want to go to Paris," she said, "I've always wanted to go to Paris." Her cigarette had burned down. She laid the stub in the ash tray and leaned back on the cushions again.

"You know, the next World's Fair is going to be in Paris," Jean said. "I'd like to go and see that."

"What! Why, they just had one there a year or so ago," Tony said.

Jean smiled.

"Well, they're going to have another. I think it's in three years. I'd like to go and see that."

Tony looked at her.

"Maybe you will," he said. "You may be married. Then you can go with your husband. When does he get out of college?"

"No, I don't think I'll be married. He won't be through for two years yet. And then they have to work a year or two in a law office for experience. So I don't think I'll be married."

"Perhaps not," Tony said. There was a lump in his throat. She had fallen neatly into his trap. The law student was her choice for a mate.

They sat silently for a moment.

"Don't you want me to make you some coffee or tea?" Jean asked.

"Oh, no," said Tony. "No, thanks." Tony watched the flicker of the gas flames around the artificial logs. Jean was silent.

The clock struck once. Tony looked up. One-thirty. He wondered how it had gotten so late all of a sudden. He hadn't noticed the clock strike since eleven. It was pretty late. He ought to be going home.

Jean was huddled up at the end of the sofa. Tony couldn't see whether her eyes were shut or not. What a sap I am, he thought. Why did I stay so late? I must have bored her stiff. He got up.

"I must be getting home," he said, "it's late and you're falling asleep."

"Oh, but I'm not," she said, "my eyes weren't shut."

"Well, it's late anyway," Tony said.

Jean followed him to the hall and stood watching him put his rubbers on.

"Thanks for the chat and everything," he said.

"Thank you for the show, Tony."

"Oh, that's all right," he said.

He straightened up and looked at her. She was standing beside the mirror and he could see her profile in it. He looked from the image to the object, trying to decide which was more beautiful. Flustered by her eyes, he took his scarf and put it around his neck, tying it once over at the throat. It wasn't right, he knew.

"I never get this right," he said.

Jean smiled faintly.

What a silly mutt I am, he thought. What does she care about my scarf? Quickly, he put his overcoat on, buttoned it and fastened the belt. Why hadn't he got one without a belt? He could see himself in the mirror, flushed and grinning like an idiot. That silly face. No wonder Jean didn't like him.

He pulled out his gloves and picked up his hat. It was weather-beaten and mis-shapen. He held it up.

"Bohemian," he said, "battered old hat!"

Jean looked so beautiful now. I ought to kiss her, Tony thought. I ought to kiss her and beat it. Then her eyes held his. No, I haven't got the nerve. I'm too yellow. Besides, what kick would she get having a sap like me kiss her? She's got a boy-friend in college.

"When can I see you again?" he asked, fingering his hat.

She looked down with that half-smile. She was delicious now.

"Oh, we'll be thinking about it," Jean said.

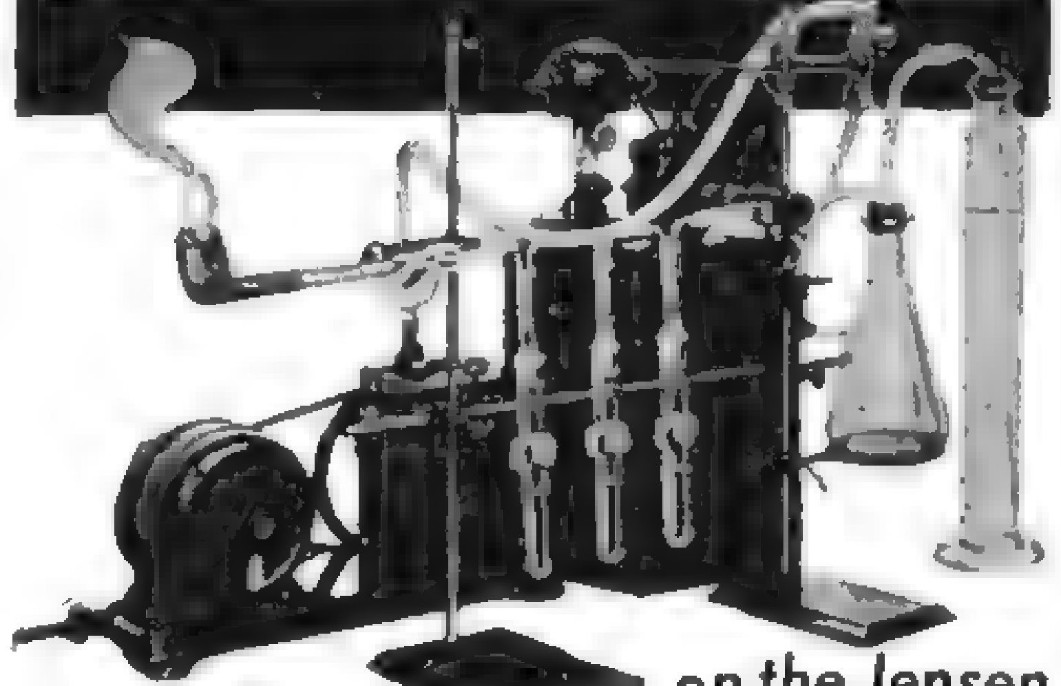
There, Tony thought. There it

Continued on page 173

NEW

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

PROVED
THE BEST SMOKING PIPE IN THE WORLD



on the Jensen Smoke Tester

● Think of all the famous foreign pipes! Then read what an American pipe has done with the choicest imported briar: *University scientists made over 410 tests with every well known pipe in the world and proved New Drinkless Kaywoodie best.* By actual laboratory measurement—purer smoke, cooler smoke, better taste. Only New Drinkless Kaywoodie could challenge foreign pipe supremacy—*and win.* It's the only pipe for you.

$3.50

7740 Overall size—5 in.
7231 Overall size—5½ in.
7426 Overall size—5½ in.
7772 Overall size—5¾ in.

Send for Proof and Handbook

Booklet describing the 410 tests, and the only Handbook of its kind, showing over 100 Kaywoodie styles in full colors, also showing the famous Tobacco Yello holder for cigarettes. Enclose 10c for mailing.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.
(Established 1851) Dept. E1
Empire State Building,
New York City

Ask your dealer to show you

Super-Grain $5
A SUPER-KAYWOODIE

Each pipe a rare and beautiful specimen —pick of the world's choicest briar roots

JOHN JAMESON & SON
JJ&S
DUBLIN WHISKEY
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL ITS SEVEN YEARS OLD

Makes a grand Hot Toddy—and a wonderful Old Fashioned.

If you don't like John Jameson, you're no judge of whiskey

Its Taste May Surprise You—
It's the Way Real Whiskey Tastes

You may not even like John Jameson the first time—a few people don't. But if you don't like it the fifth time, then—although we don't mean to be rude about it—you must blame yourself. Because John Jameson is whiskey reduced to its honest fundamentals. Here's why: it is made of barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat and oats—and absolutely nothing else whatever except water and time. It is made well because we have been at it 150 years. It is made by the pot still method because that is traditional and, we feel, best (although it is more expensive—to us, not to you). Then it is aged seven years in the wood before bottling. If this method doesn't produce *real* whiskey, then there isn't such a thing. If you know whiskey you will like John Jameson.

JOHN JAMESON
Pure Old Pot Still
IRISH WHISKEY
JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET, DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND
Established A.D. 1780
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING
IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO. N.Y.

Devil, George and Rosie

Continued from page 29

A score of fine legal points were involved: George dispatched an S.O.S. for one of the leading casuists of Hell proper: unfortunately they were all engaged in committee on some fine point concerning an illuminated address that was being prepared on the saviors of Germany. George therefore had nothing but precedent to go on, and precedent made it clear that a mortal must sin in such-and-such a way, die in such-and-such a condition, be checked in, checked out; it was as complicated as an income tax form. George scratched his head in despair.

What made it all the worse was, the Devil himself had given him most serious warning against the least infringement of privilege. "One single step," he had said, "beyond the strict legal limits, and I am back on my red-hot throne in that pit whose bottomlessness I shall heartily envy. As for you . . ."

George therefore had every incentive to caution: he turned over a large number of volumes, tapped his teeth: in the end he knew not what to make of it. "Send the young person in to me," said he.

The young girl was ushered into his presence: the very lackeys who brought her in rolled their eyes till the whites flickered like the Eddystone lighthouse. She was complete in every particular, and all of the highest quality: she was a picture gallery, an anthology of the poets, a precipitation of all that has ever been dreamed of love: "her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright, her forehead yvory white, her cheeks lyke apples which the sun hath rudded, her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte, her breast lyke to a bowl of creame uncrudded, her paps lyke lyllies budded, her snowie necke lyke to a marble tower; and all her body like a pallace fayre, ascending up, with many a stately stayre, to honours seat and chastities sweet bowre."

Her name was Rosie Dixon. Moreover, she gained enormously in contrast to her surroundings, by the mere fact of being alive. It was as though a cowslip were to bloom miraculously between the dark and sterile metals of the underground: as if its scent was wafted to one's nostrils on the nasty, sultry, canned Sirocco of that region. It is no exaggeration to say that she was as good as she was beautiful. It is true her pretty face was a little blubbered with tears: "My dear," said George, taking her hand, "there is no reason for you to cry in that fashion. Have you never heard the good old saying, 'Never holler before you're hurt'?"

"Pray, Sir," cried she, "tell me only, where am I?"

"Why, in Hell, to be sure," said he with a hearty laugh.

"Oh, thank goodness!" cried she. "I thought I was in Buenos Aires."

"Most of 'em think that," said our hero, "owing to the liner. But I must say you are the first who has shown any gratification on learning otherwise."

They had a little more conversation of this sort: he questioned her pretty closely as to how she came to be stowed away on Charon's vessel. It appeared that she was a shopgirl who had been much tormented by her workmates; why, she could not say. However, she had to serve a young man who came in to buy some stockings for his sister. This young man, William Smoothhead his name was, had addressed to her a remark that brought her soul fluttering to her lips. At that very moment the cruelest of her envious colleagues had manoeuvred to pass behind her, and had bestowed on her a pinch so spiteful, so sudden and so intensely and laceratingly agonizing, that her poised soul was jolted from its perch: it had spread its wings and borne off her swooning body as a woodcock bears off its young. When she had regained her senses, she was locked in one of the narrow staterooms of a vast ship, stewarded by black men.

George was very thorough: he minutely examined what little evidence she had to offer. "There is no doubt," said he at length, speaking in tones of the greatest sympathy, "that you have received a very cruel pinch. When your tormentor comes into my hands, I myself will repay it a hundredfold."

"No, no," said she. "She did not mean so much harm. I expect she is a good girl at heart: it is just her little way."

George was overcome with admiration at this remark, which, however, caused a tremor to pass through the whole of the vast black palace. "Upon my word," said he, "I can't keep you here. You will bring the whole place crashing about my ears. I dare not put you in one of our punishment cells, for, if I did so against your will, all our system of home rule would be snatched away from us, and we should return to the crude discomforts of primitive times. That would be intolerable. There is a museum over on the mainland, that would make your blood run cold."

"Could you not send me back to earth?" said she.

"No woman has ever left this place alone," cried he in despair. "My position is so delicate I dare not make an innovation."

"Do not take on so," said she. "I cannot bear to think of so kind a gentleman being plunged into fiery torments. I will stay voluntarily, and perhaps then no fuss will be made. I hope it will not be terribly painful."

"You adorable creature!" cried he. "I believe you have solved the difficulty."

The second part of this two-part story will appear in the December issue.

A Date with Jean

Continued from page 171

is. I've bored her stiff. She'll never give me another date. He swallowed. Well, why should she? She doesn't give a damn about me.

"Nothing definite?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know."

"I'll call you up."

"All right."

"Goodnight, Jean," said Tony, opening the outside door.

"Goodnight," Jean said.

"Goodnight," he said again. She's wishing I'd get out of here, he thought. Gee, she's beautiful.

"Goodnight."

Tony put on his hat and went out, shutting the door behind him. The hall light flicked out. He went down the veranda steps two at a time and started up the street with a long stride.

She's glad I've gone, he thought. She doesn't give a damn about me one way or another. What a fool I am to think that I could ever have a girl like her. She's going to marry that law student. I'm just one out of a score she knows.

At the first corner Tony passed a policeman. Before he had reached the car-stop he decided it was pretty cold. He stood waiting for a trolley, shivering and thinking. Jean's a swell girl. I wish she could see me. But I don't blame her. What a sap I am!

At last the trolley came and Tony boarded it. It was nearly as cold in the car as outside. All the windows were frosted. You could hardly see out. There were only a few passengers—all men. While the trolley pounded homeward, Tony kept thinking of Jean and how nice she was.

When he got home everyone was in bed. He unlocked the door and turned the hall light out, then locked the door again behind him. The kitchen light was burning. He went out to turn it out. He looked around. The room depressed him. Why can't I do something to get my family and myself out of this dump, he thought.

Before he went to bed Tony looked at himself in the mirror. The chin was weak. His face lacked character. He sat on the edge of his bed in his pajamas. Jean doesn't care for me. I'm a terrible sap. Why don't I get some guts and backbone? She's going to marry that other fellow.

He switched off the light and pulled up the window-shade. Opening the window a few inches, he could hear the wind blowing outside. There was a crust of frost on the window-pane. He could feel it with his fingertips.

Tony stood before the open window for a moment and shivered.

Then he got into bed. He felt very sorry for himself just before he fell asleep.

The Prize-fighter and the Bull

Continued from page 52

erous human being, he did not go in for comedy.

No. It is not by distorting their language that Lardner robs the pugilists of their moral grandeur and their nightly tragedy. It is by observing them with less romance than Hemingway observes a sailfish or a bull. For that is the truth about Hemingway, a flattering and important truth, that he is a great romantic writer and that he is presenting to the world a series of magnificent unreal ideal characters upon whom we can hang wreaths and togas and all the other trappings of greatness. His bullfighters, soldiers, killers, boxers, and drinkers are all of heroic size, although they do not seem so at first because the old lush language isn't there. Victor Hugo's lady calls her lover "a lion, noble and generous" and Hemingway's lady says, "You mustn't miss your train." The two men are gigantic in comparison with the people we know in physical prowess, they are also miraculously endowed with sensitiveness. Also they are sad. Hemingway loves sadness; after a bullfight is over he feels "very sad but very fine." Sadness is the mark of romantic greatness.

If you think five minutes about Hemingway's work you have to think of dying decently, silently, uncomplainingly, nobly. And you have to think also that nine-tenths of us die undistinguished deaths and the others make ungodly messes of our deaths as we do of our lives. Hemingway's people are better than life, more interesting by a damn sight, and actually inspiring. Lardner's people are not. They are horribly like ourselves.

When it occurs that Hemingway and Lardner are writing about the same people—prize-fighters for instance—you either feel that Lardner knows them and thinks little of them and is right, or that Hemingway knows them, admires them hugely, and is right. About that I have no opinion which anyone else need accept. But when you wonder how it is that Hemingway should have chosen to find certain individuals and certain actions glorious, you arrive at a real understanding of his work. For Hemingway is the man who certainly did not glory in the blood-and-dirt nobility of the trenches, and cast a sour eye on the lost generation when he began to dig himself out of it, but finds most forms of physical action, from sex to fishing, enormously important and definitely tragic. So that he is the man who can ascribe to bulls the quality of being noble which, if you are at all serious about it, you cannot ascribe to one man in ten thousand, and at the same time, because he has actually a sense of tragedy in addition to his romances about it, he is the man who admires the bullfighters who "must love to kill" the very bulls Hemingway adores.

Continued on page 174

SUDDEN DEATH TO SMOKER'S BREATH

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Two of these 'holesome, minty rings of fine candy make a complete disguise for any pipe smoker. They take your breath away!

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

STYLE . . .
Gentlemen,
IS A FALLACY

Following the current whims of fashion inevitably leads to mediocrity of appearance.

Thus, the man who chooses to regard himself as something more than just another unit in the passing crowd naturally turns to the merchant tailor—whose art is to cut cloth in such a manner as to properly express the personality of the individual, and to make a man comfortable and well turned out on all occasions.

GRAY & LAMPEL, Inc.
Sporting & Mufti Tailors:
Breeches Makers
18 EAST 53rd, NEW YORK

(Our Mr. Ebenezer Steer visits the principal cities of the Middle West ...Dates on application)

SACK SUITS $135 · TOP COATS *from* $145
DINNER SUITS $175 · RIDING BREECHES *from* $45

Rogers Peet

The right clothes
demand
the right shoes!

That is why we feature

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE

For half a century and more, Johnston & Murphy have lived with the same ideals in shoe-making that we have in the making of fine clothes.

Their reputation for Style and Quality, like our own, is second to none in the country. That is why we are glad to link their name with ours.

"J & M" Shoes for sports wear, business and dress.

Rogers Peet Company

Fifth Avenue at 41st Street
Broadway at { Liberty St. 13th St.
Warren St. 35th St.
New York City

The Prize-fighter and the Bull

Continued from page 173

To me, as I suppose to Lardner, the idea that there is anything tragic about a prize-fight—anything more tragic than there is in the smacking down of two angry truckdrivers disputing a right-of-way—is bunk. To me, also, nobility is a moral value and I call a panther brave and a rabbit cowardly only from force of habit; because courage and cowardice are human names for qualities and the panther and the rabbit and the sacred bull are acting without knowledge, so far as we know, of our system of ethics. It is possible that wild animals are more admirable than human beings and the best thing we can do is to become more savage and, being savage, more noble. The proposition was put up to Voltaire by Rousseau; Voltaire declined.

So did Lardner. He smashed, without hatred or contempt, the illusion that baseball was a sport of superb athletes and mental giants and the fact that a prize-fighter takes punishment (which he is trained to take and to avoid in excess) and runs a small chance of being killed, wasn't enough for him to grow romantic over. From his work you can gather that although he loved the theatre and wanted to write for it, he couldn't make heroes of the Conrad Greens who were so successful in the theatre. You do not find nobility in his characters, nor many people in his stories whom he thought lovable or admirable. I suspect he found most human beings tiresome or silly or cruel or dirty. But that doesn't mean that he belittled them or despised them because they were not respectable; he was saved by being a great artist and by understanding how people happened to be what they were.

Mr. Lardner despised people, if he did, because they were swine; Mr. Hemingway sneers at people because they are not bulls. I stick to Mr. Lardner, considering his attitude of mind more civilized. I also like him because he wrote more than two fine stories.

The Fish Doctors

Continued from page 100

system is quite as vital as the steam coils over which some of the water must flow. And since all the water must be in constant motion, the vigilance expended upon the pumps is probably not exceeded in any other field.

Water is even more vital to these creatures than food. The director, Dr. Charles Haskins Townsend, says: "Lack of food can be endured long, but the impairment of their natural element is immediately fatal." Hence the problem extends beyond mere hydraulics into analytical chemistry. Staff men test the water regularly, making temperature readings hourly and analyzing it periodically with a Van Slyke manometer. The critical hazard is acidity which must be curbed, mainly by the mechanical addition of bicarbonate of soda, one drop at a time in safe proportion to the flow. The oxygen content must also be preserved primarily by allowing the water to splash into open basins at fixed points in its course. This is supplemented by forcing fresh air into the tanks together with the water supply, and at certain seasons the water is forced through sprays under electric fans.

For emergencies all 150 tanks are equipped with compressor air lines capable of supplying air at 20 lbs. per square inch pressure. If both water systems should break down simultaneously, the compression pumps would be relied upon to keep the fishes alive.

Diet is another vital factor which is complicated by captivity. The tenants of an aquarium eat a wide variety of foods but hardly as much in bulk as the outsider would think. With about 7,500 specimens of some 350 species to board, the monthly consumption seldom exceeds 500 pounds of fish and 100 pounds of meat. In the old days daily feeding required more, but now many fishes are fed only once a week; others two or three times weekly, and only a few daily. The important result of this curtailment has been better health and longer life among the fishes.

Herring is one of the most important items on the aquarium menu, with clams and shrimps next; beef heart is much used and, in season, several hundred quarts of live minnows will be consumed in a month. Living food is imperative for some species, but sometimes a little ingenuity gets around this. The gars are supposed to eat nothing but live fodder, yet tests showed that they would go after beef cut in long strips whereas they ignored it in chunks. The important factor was perception rather than cannibalism: the long, waving strips of meat caught their eyes while the chunky pieces dropped to the bottom unobserved. The menu also includes such tid-bits as mosquito larvae, minced liver, corn meal, beach fleas, lettuce, cabbage, eel grass and vegetable trimmings collected daily from nearby restaurants. The manatee formerly at Battery Park used to eat 22 bushels of eel grass and pondweeds daily, plus enough bread to keep a baker hopping.

Variety is more important than bulk, and that curse of captive animals, over-feeding, must be avoided. The technique at the Aquarium is so well developed that they can boast of having kept striped bass, gar and bowfin as long as twenty-eight years (and still going!), with many other specimens rounding out twelve

Continued on page 175

Rogers Peet

The right clothes
demand
the right hats!

DOBBS
HATS

Our own manufacturing is devoted to clothing—the finest we can turn out. We are glad to feature "Dobbs Hats" to top such fine clothing because Dobbs' goal in hats is the same as ours is in clothing.

•

DOBBS GAME BIRD MIXTURES

There's a Dobbs Game Bird Mixture Hat that will smartly match your Fall suit or overcoat. Fine mellow felt. A wide array of mixtures—greens, blues, grays and browns. With the Cavanagh Edge $10. With Cronap Edge, $8.50.

Other Dobbs Hats from $7.

Rogers Peet Company

Fifth Avenue at 41st Street
Broadway at { Liberty St. 13th St.
Warren St. 35th St.
New York City
In Boston: Tremont at Bromfield

The Fish Doctors

Continued from page 174

to fifteen years in the big tanks.

At the festive board, as in transit, individual preferences have to be recognized. For some specimens clams have to be ground up; others get them whole: food fish for some must be cleaned and the heads removed, but this isn't necessary for others. The dogfish, appropriately enough, requires plenty of bones, so fish is fed to him scraped almost to a skeleton.

In the Tropical Fish section whims and fancies run riot. Here, especially, meals are served on time, for many of this group don't hesitate to eat their own offspring if there is any delay in the feeding schedule. Many of these Tropicals are no larger than a fingernail yet some eat one-fifth of their weight at a "sitting." This is the equivalent of a 35-pound meal for a 175-pound man. In contrast, others get a generous portion for forty fishes from the food that can be piled on the narrow end of a toothpick.

As in a hospital, part of the dietician's problem at the Aquarium is to see that his boarders get their food harmlessly. The recipe for shrimp, for example, requires it to be baked until brittle, crushed to a powder and then sifted through a tea strainer into scalding water where it is soaked before serving. This last is to pre-swell the food so it won't swell in the diner's stomach with dire results. Those who do develop dyspeptic symptoms get epsom salts, even as you and I.

Graver ailments than indigestion occasionally crop up and these call for more stringent measures. Instead of our ills such as arthritis, bronchitis and the like, the fish doctors worry about Costia, Argulus, Saprolegnia, Ichthyopthirius and others too discouraging to spell. This indicates that in the fish world even clinic patients can enjoy belly-aches with fancy names. The medicine cabinet, however, contains many familiar items: bicarb, peroxide of hydrogen, permanganate of potash, mercurochrome, silvol for the eyes, and the old reliable sun ray lamp.

Parasites are a constant threat in all water but never get a foothold unless a fish loses some of his protective slime. Then they may be dipped in vinegar baths, painted with kerosene or mercurochrome, or treated by the mere addition of lime water or permanganate to the water supply. Sometimes "fish lice" are picked off by hand.

In between these sundry duties, the modern aquarist spends his idle moments in research; in experiments on the movements of fishes; the principles of color changes; the influence of heredity in cross-breeding; the treatment of parasites; the determination of sex; the significance of environment; cancer research, or whatnot.

Meantime the institution and its resources are there for those who can use them—and many do. Staff men from hospitals, medical and dental schools, and specialists from Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, New York University and others spend considerable time at the Aquarium in pursuit of their respective researches. Authors come for material; newsreel men for pictures; fish culturists and amateur breeders for advice—dead pets are sent in for post-mortems; artists seek designs, and not only do textiles acquire some of their fanciful patterns from aquarium inmates, but even modern automobile colors have been derived from fish models. In addition, of course, the institution cooperates with public schools and with both State and Federal fisheries bureaus. Something over 300 small aquaria have been stocked for school use, and from the hatchery in a normal year anywhere from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 young fry are sent out to various public lakes and streams.

Even the lay public gets much more out of its Aquarium than the mere sight of 7,500 fishes. The educational possibilities of such an institution are not ignored, as was clearly demonstrated when a newspaper ran a cross-word puzzle contest in which one of the elusive words was "the swimming plate of a jellyfish"—in six letters. During the first two days of that contest 1,400 telephone calls came to the Aquarium on this question, and in the ensuing two weeks more than 6,000 inquiries were received, making that word worth $50 a letter to the telephone company.

In addition to the "wire business," countless hundreds came in daily to worm the coveted information out of the officials. It soon became necessary to letter a sign reading:

"The swimming plate
of a Jellyfish is
CTENES"

This was put on the novelty counter near the door. And when some sheepish individual would start with, "I'd like to get some information . . ." the weary clerk would automatically point to the sign.

The lay public also gets its money's worth out of the Aquarium on other lines. For good, clean fun nothing quite compares with the stunt of putting a memo on your co-worker's desk: "Call Mr. Bass at Whitehall 4-1560." It may be Mr. Fish, Miss Trout, Mrs. Waters, C. Lyons & Son, or any of a dozen other standbys, but the effect is the same. No day passes without at least one call for Mr. Fish—and on last April Fool's Day the telephone company reported more than 2,500 such calls, many of which were diverted by special operators. The only drawback in the interception, however, was that the bulk of the callers didn't catch on—and so called the same number later in the week!

Such are the manifold uses of an aquarium.

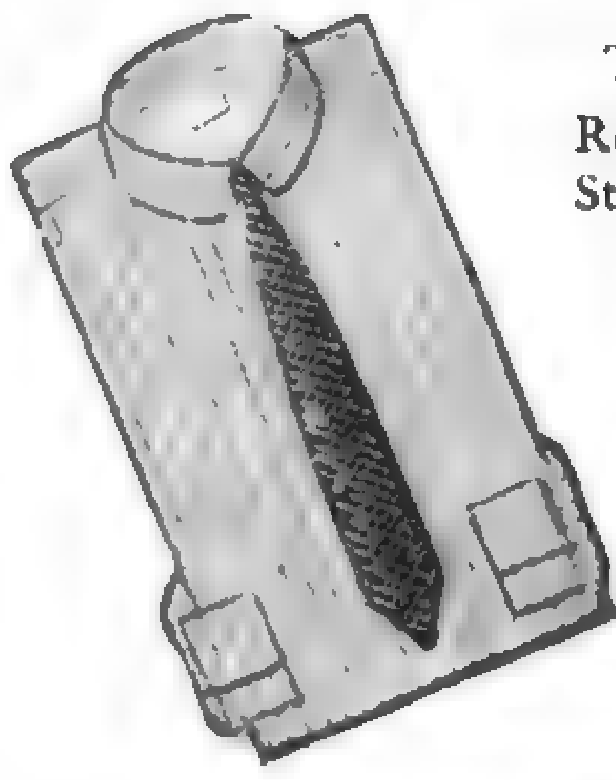
Rogers Peet

In "lighter" vein!

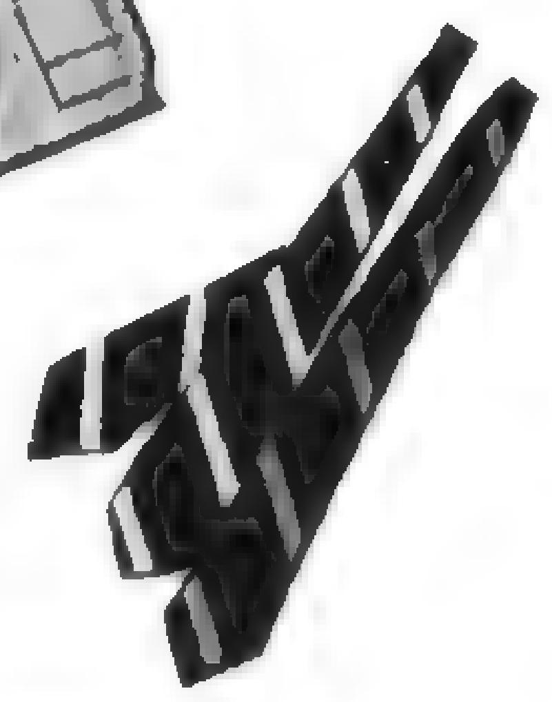
DESTROY the evidence! Other men won't know you've bought the wrong clothes—if you don't wear them!

Whether in business or at college, you *must* have the *right* clothes.

Our young men's styles are the identical university fashions we make for Douglas MacDaid, foremost college outfitter at Princeton and New Haven.



THE CHAPEL
Round pinned collar. Striped broadcloth. $2.50.



Seven-fold repp silk neckwear. 18 color combinations. $2.

THE LOUNGE
The suit of general acceptance in Princeton and New Haven. Straight hanging coat with center vent. Single or double-breasted . . $55.00. Other suits from $35.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COPY
OF OUR NEW
FASHION BOOK

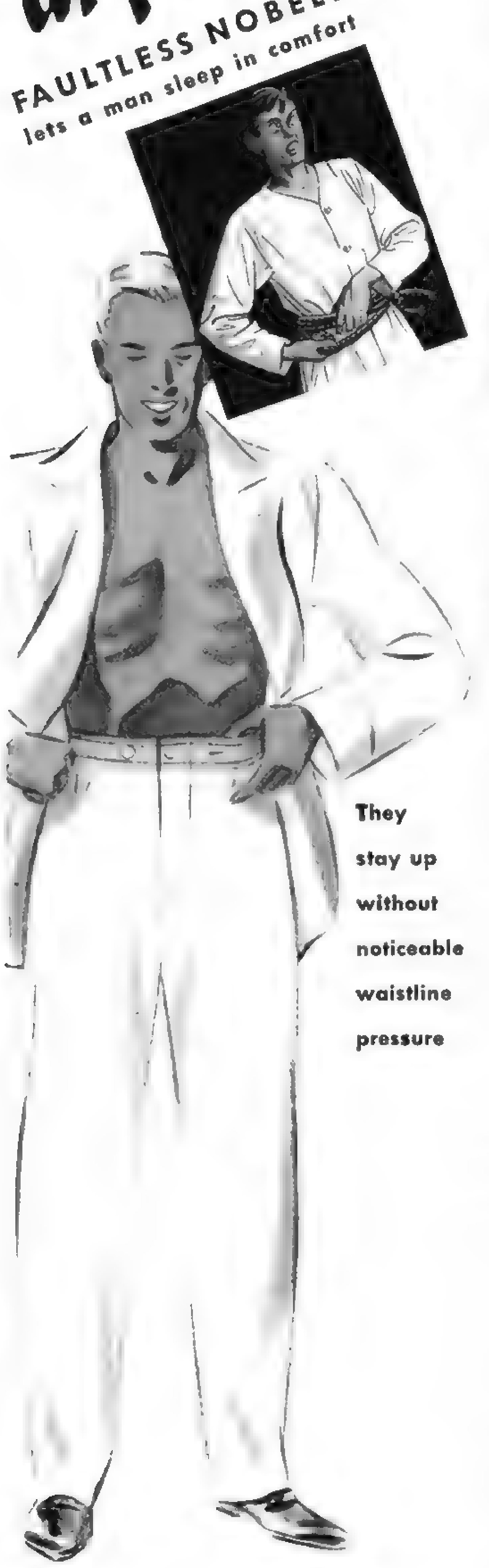
Correct Dress
Whatever the Occasion

Rogers Peet Company

Fifth Avenue at 41st Street; Broadway at Liberty, Warren, 13th and 35th Sts.
New York City
In Boston: Tremont at Bromfield

the one REAL improvement in pajamas!

FAULTLESS NOBELT lets a man sleep in comfort



They stay up without noticeable waistline pressure

● Slip into a suit of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas . . . the one and only real improvement in pajamas . . . and learn the true meaning of sleeping *comfort*. No drawstrings to cut and bind your flesh. The gentle, resilient Nobelt waistband holds trousers up where they belong, without a bit of noticeable waistline pressure. You'll sleep in comfort when you sleep in Faultless Nobelt Pajamas. *Guaranteed!* The Faultless Nobelt waistband is guaranteed unconditionally for the entire life of the garment.

In lustrous Sateens, **$3 to $5.** Luxurious Silks, **$5 to $15.00.** Fine Broadcloths and other fabrics, **$2.50 to $3.50**

Faultless NOBELT Pajamas Tailored exclusively by Wilson Brothers, also makers of V-line Shirts, Super Shorts, Buffer Heel and Toe Hose, Wilbro Neckwear.

The First Hundred Seconds

Continued from page 34

the time Dalton crossed Michigan's 15 yard line. The First Hundred Seconds!

I'd rather go through that Hundred Years War and Napoleon had a cinch with his famous Hundred Days.

Haven't you stepped out to your own first tee on a Saturday afternoon with an immense gallery of 15 golfers waiting and dribbled the first shot 125 yards into the rough?

Now magnify the audience to 75,000 and remember these boys are not the President of the Amalgamated American Andiron Company the way you are, with your worldly poise, experience and a certain sang-froid that comes only with the heavy and measured passage of years.

No, sir. They're just an aggregation of fine, clean youngsters that only have to shave on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and they haven't the experience of your mature years. So I repeat, these First Hundred Seconds are none too easy.

A recruit baseball player is purchased by a major league club and he goes south and plays 25 exhibition games, many of them against major league opponents and yet for the first year (154 games), he is a rookie and allowances are made for his mistakes. The oldest veteran on my team when we started this fall had only played 16 games of college football over a two year span.

Those First Hundred Seconds are Big Moments.

I recall the First Hundred Seconds that Dave Hunn helped us with on one occasion. Dave is a magnificent pole vaulter and he came out for halfback and showed a lot of stuff; but he was always handicapped when he reached the line of scrimmage by the fact that they made him leave his pole in the gym. If Dave could have used his regular equipment, I'd have employed the one-man backfield. One Saturday I assigned him the job of sitting with the radio announcer and identifying the boys. Suddenly there was a roar of laughter and I later found out that Dave had addressed the squad as follows:

"Listen, you birds, I'm a Big Shot in your lives today. I call the names. In all your home towns the natives will be huddled around their two-tube radios. Now, for two bits I'll have you out there running up and down the side lines, warming up. For fifty cents, I'll put you right in the game and for a dollar—boys, for a dollar cash, you can score a touchdown."

That team went out and faced the First Hundred Seconds with a laugh.

And now we come to a very tragic and yet a very amusing First Hundred Seconds. When I was an undergraduate, we had a boy on the squad named John Henry and this isn't a fictitious name.

John is a physician today in Pittsburgh and if I only knew his office telephone number I'd insert it right here in Esquire so I could atone in part for uncovering his shameless ignominy in the episode at hand.

John wanted to play in a game so badly I sometimes wondered if I couldn't sneak him in as my halfback for a few minutes before Yost caught up with us. However, I weighed 160 and John tipped the beams at a modest 220 and so time passed and games slipped away and John Henry never quite made the grade. We had a championship team and it was tough breaking through. He was an exceptionally good boy and is a wonderful physician today (adv.). Finally, his chance came. It was late in the season on a bitter, cold day and as John sat there shivering on the bench, Coach Yost sent him in.

John threw aside his blanket and almost pushed Mr. Yost over as he raced at top speed for the field. Only Willis Ward's entrance was faster but Willis maintained the same speed all the way, while John's pace began to diminish after he had covered the first ten yards. The closer he got to the teams, the slower he seemed to move, but he finally reached the spot and John Henry was in the old ball game!

On the first play the teams swept wide and as they lined up over near the other side line, John Henry was glimpsed dragging himself slowly and painfully—very slowly and very painfully, too—in their direction. A mystified Yost sent out another tackle at once and John Henry's First Hundred Seconds proved to be his last. It seems that he jumped to his feet so rapidly and started running at top speed, chilled as he was, without taking precautions, that he developed an acute charley horse in one leg, long before he reached the officials.

By the time he arrived out there, an even worse one had started in the other leg and there was poor old John—my close friend—in the game, ready to go, but with nothing to go on.

If Dr. Henry's patients ever visit him because of a charley horse, I personally guarantee that they will be in the sympathetic and skillful hands of an expert. The enthusiasm of the First Hundred Seconds was John's undoing.

The perils of this short space of time add a little extra spice and zest to the old game. Often the first kick-off is a miserable effort. Often there's an early fumble.

Possibly I haven't timed it exactly right with my First Hundred Seconds but who am I to be too accurate?

History's Hundred Year War really lasted 116 years.

But what are 16 years and a few seconds one way or the other between good friends—like John Henry and me, for example.

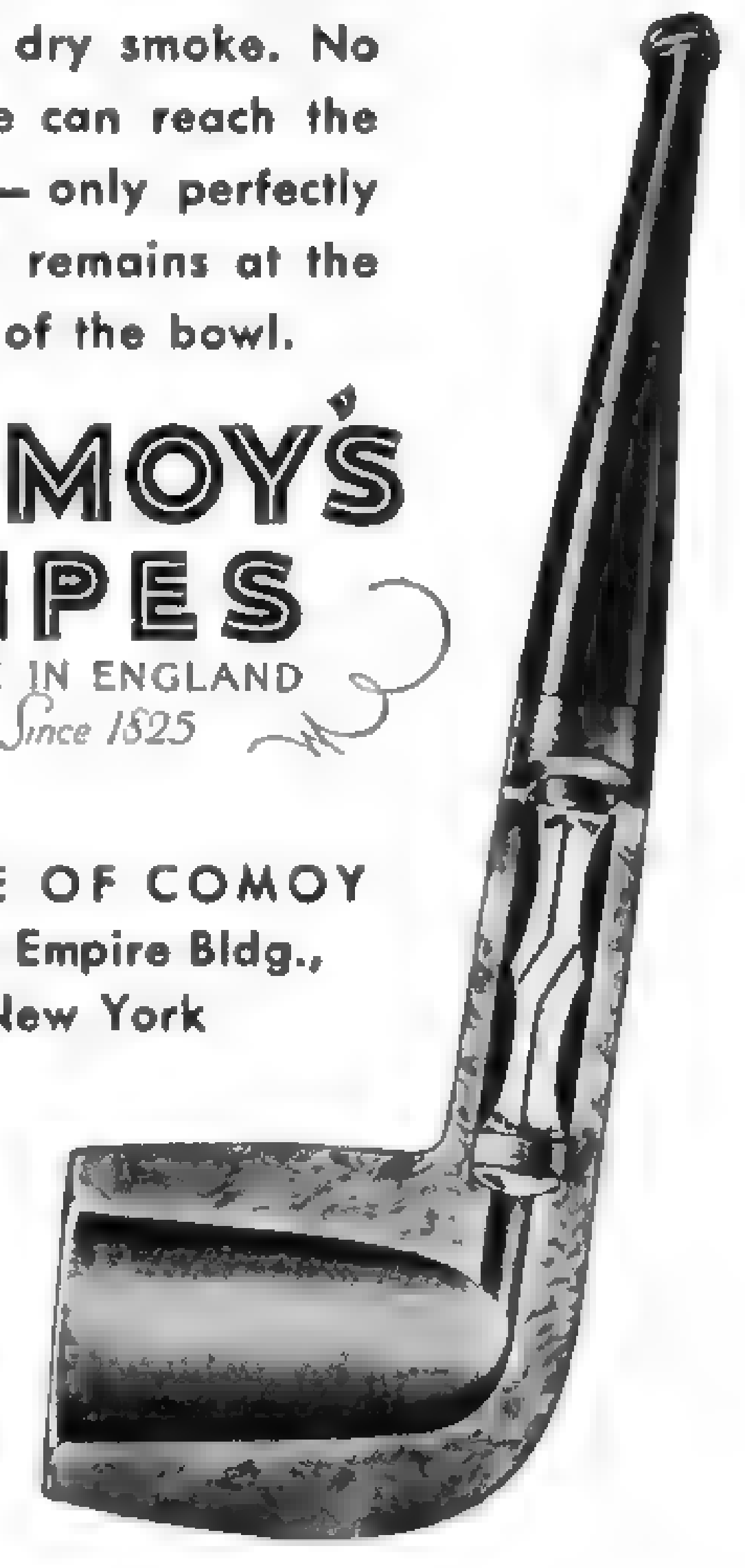
THE MAJOR: "Just time for a pipe . . . do you mind?"
MARGOT: "Not if it's a Comoy."

Between the acts . . . or any other time, Comoy's new Supreme Patent Bruyere Pipe gives you a cool, dry smoke. No moisture can reach the mouth — only perfectly dry ash remains at the bottom of the bowl.

COMOY'S PIPES
MADE IN ENGLAND
Since 1825

HOUSE OF COMOY
British Empire Bldg.,
New York

At your Tobacconist's from
$4.00 to $7 00



A HAT that fits like a Glove

by SCHOBLE

- GREATER COMFORT
- PERFECT FIT
- LONGER WEAR

Smarter, too, because it fits itself to any head shape — long, round or medium oval. The secret is Schoble's exclusive "Lastex" sweatband inserts, that *stretch*. Only in hats by Schoble will you find this *self-size* feature.

See it demonstrated at leading stores before selecting your Fall hat.

SCHOBLE HATS, Inc.
New York Philadelphia

Author! Author! For Governor

Continued from page 32

"Showman, nothing!" snarled the producer. He's *opposition*. Our houses show double-features and even then can't gross as much in a *week* as he does in a *night*."

"But this is marvelous! You mean he actually can get people to *pay* to hear him talk about himself as the candidate they should elect governor of California? Why, don't you see this turns the whole political system cockeyed? Don't you know the regular way is to get some well-heeled industrialists, solvent bankers and so on to finance your campaign, hand out a lot of honeyed hooey and cigars, kiss babies, and otherwise show you're the friend of the peepul; and then after you're elected, hand over all the state's natural resources to the boys who backed you, clean up plenty of loot for yourself, and quit politics in four years to head some big insurance concern or public utilities outfit? How can Sinclair do all this if he has nothing to do with the old crowd, and finances his campaign by making the peasants pay for whatever instruction and entertainment he gives them?"

"I don't know how he does it. The point is he does," said the producer. "Not only that but he wants to sock our incomes with a 30 per cent tax if we make more than $50,000. And with this depression on, that's a lousy trick. That nicks me poisonally two weeks' salary every year. I don't think anybody in Hollywood will vote for him."

"Not even Charlie Chaplin? Not even Rob Wagner?"

"Oh, those nuts," said the producer.

"But tell me about this *Depression Island*," I said. "Is there a picture in that?"

"No, it's just a build-up for this Saintclair's political spiel, I tell you! You see he had a lot of N. G. shots left over from Sergei Eisenstein's *Thunder Over Mexico*. So instead of cutting them up and using them for banjo picks, he made them into a short and called it *Death Day*. Then he followed the film with this skit called *Depression Island*, and billed the thing as 'a double world-premiere.' Imagine, 83 cents, $1.10 and $1.65 for crap like that."

"What do you mean 'crap'?" I said. "What was the skit about?"

"Oh, a dizzy thing. I think he called it a 'satire' and there's something phoney about a satire as a money-maker."

"Well, anyway, this one is about a real estate dealer, a song-writer and a taxi driver," said the producer. "They're cast on a desert island, see. All they got to eat is cocoanuts and fish, see. They decide to pool their efforts and split the gross three ways, but the real estate shark who's a sort of heavy, see, digs up a pair of dice and finely gets the other bozos to shoot crap for the job of head man.

"They musta been loaded 'cause he wins. After that the song-plugger and horn-tooter work for him, see. He packs the fish and cocoanuts in hollows of hidden trees, sort of branches of the First National Bank of Depression Island, see. The other two get to grousing at this raw deal, and the real estate shark seeing they're going on strike appeals to the patriotism of the taxi driver, and makes him sheriff of *Depression Island*. Then he issues an order that if the other bozo, that is the song-plugger, see, makes any more cracks about equality and a new deal they'll cut off his food supply.

"So what? So this poor song-writing mug finely wins the sheriff over to his side and they hold an election, see, and vote the real estate heavy out of the job of head man. The heavy burns on that and says, 'Nuts to your election!' So they pass a sort of criminal syndicalism law making it unlawful to say nuts to law and order.

"This starts the three of them in a loud argument, see, and when they can't get anywhere, one of them calls the stage manager from the wings. He asks them what's the trouble? They tell him they can't go on 'cause Saintclair didn't finish the piece. So the stage manager turns to the audience (the dopes are playing the sappy piece for laughs and howling) and shouts 'Author! Author!'

"Then a skinny, middle-aged keypounder, looking like a carbon copy of Woodrow Wilson that got left out in the rain and shrunk, starts down an aisle. The palm-slammers start clapping like mad as he climbs to the stage to face those out front.

"Poisonally an author on a stage always gives me a laugh. They can breeze along on a keyboard and get off a lot of smart cracks on paper, but when they have to take a bow and the audience begins shouting 'Speech! Speech!' they gulp, swallow their Adam's apples and make a sound like a whale that has been under water too long. But this Saintclair grins and as soon as they quiet down, goes on to steal his own show. 'The boob of this piece,' he's saying, 'is the typical American voter who'll let you take his shirt off if you'll only hand him enough patriotic hokum. The real estate shark was only doing what the Haves have always done to the Have-Nots. Only this time it didn't work.' Then he goes into this Epic spiel which is going to end poverty in California."

"Well, what was that?"

"Oh, I dunno. He said something about taking the million unemployed off the backs of the tax-payers and putting them back to work in land colonies producing for themselves. Then he wanted the sales-tax abolished because it was taxing the poor consumer and not the rich manufacturer, and topped that by demanding a 30 per cent tax on all incomes over 50 grand. Why, it takes me four

Continued on page 178

FALL AND WINTER COATS OF

Character and Correctness

BY TRIPLER

Tripler styling, of detailed correctness and individuality, is demonstrated by the coat shown. It typifies our new Fall presentations, tailored for us by HICKEY-FREEMAN, *the foremost makers of gentlemen's fine clothes ready for wearing, in accord with our ideas*

At the leading football games and other important sports and social events, Tripler coats express the newer, international style preferences of well-dressed men. The woolens are the best production of British and American mills and have been chosen to afford the widest selections of colors and patterns

TRIPLER STYLES ARE KNOWN
& RECOGNIZED FOR THEIR LEADERSHIP
CORRECTNESS & ORIGINALITY

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 · NEW YORK

REINFORCED
THREE TIMES
AT TOE AND HEEL

LISLE . . . . . 35¢
SILK . . . 50¢-75¢
FULL-FASHIONED SILK . . . 75¢-1.00

TRIPLE GUARD
TRIPLE GUARD

Westminster
TRIPLE GUARD
Hosiery

A PRODUCT OF THE NOLDE AND HORST COMPANY, READING, PA.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

CLIP OR TEAR AND MAIL

SEND

ESQUIRE, THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN, for

☐ 1 Year, $5.00 ☐ 2 Years, $8.00
Canada $1, Foreign $2. Additional

Name ....
Please Print Plainly
Address ....
City.......... State ....

Mail Today to Circulation Dept.
ESQUIRE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Author! Author! For Governor

Continued from page 177

weeks to make 50 G's! So on that crack I walked."

I was sorry to hear this. If he had stayed it would have saved me a lot of walking too. By bolting the dessert, he drove me to Sinclair's headquarters to find out what Hollywood didn't want to know but which more than nearly half a million voters did. You couldn't find the program in the leading dailies, not even after Sinclair had polled the biggest vote in any primary in California's history, topping by thousands the total of even Governor Frank Merriam, an old guard politician who led the four Republican candidates.

As for the seven Democrats who ran against him, Sinclair snowed them under. Among those buried in the blizzard was George Creel, a fellow author, who had the backing of the Roosevelt Administration, in so far as Hugh Johnson and William Gibbs McAdoo were able to give it. George ran so far behind Sinclair he might just as well have been campaigning in Little America.

The only other candidate who showed anything was Raymond Haight who ran on two tickets, including the Republican. He lost there, but won the Commonwealth Progressive nomination. Being a bit of a left-winger he may hurt Sinclair in the final election, but if he is persuaded to let Sinclair and Merriam fight it out, it looks like a pushover for the author of *I, Governor of California*.

And what a howl that would be! Did any other writer ever write a past, present and future history of an Almost Perfect State and then climb out of his ivory tower and make it happen? Imagine Plato doing that with his *Republic*. Or Sir Thomas More with his *Utopia*.

As for getting voters of the major parties to pay for the privilege of hearing their candidate give the other guy the works, that sounds like *le dernier rire*.

When I was a kid the shoe was on the other foot; Tammany used to pay us a quarter a head to join a Democratic torch-light parade. Of course, Gene Debs used to pack 'em in the old Madison Square Garden at two-bits apiece, but everybody knew that was for the "cause."

For Sinclair to transfer that technique to a campaign in a major party shows how smart a Socialist can be if he'll only call himself a Republican or Democrat. It may be true a leopard can't change his spots, but if you call him "a dappled lap-dog" society might make a craze of him.

Beyond a change in title you don't have to do much. Sinclair ran for U. S. Senator on a Socialist ticket in 1922 and polled 50,323 votes. Then in 1930 he ran for Governor and polled 50,480 votes. "I persuaded myself that was progress," he says ironically. But by putting himself down as a Democrat and changing nothing else in his credo he increases his following 1000 per cent!

And his alibi is very sound. "I am a Democrat," he says, "by the same right that makes all Americans either Democrats or Republicans. I was born one. In Baltimore, Maryland, no less. My father, an old-fashioned gentleman from Virginia, would have considered himself degraded if he had so much as thought of voting the Republican ticket. My grandfather, Captain Arthur Sinclair, commander of a warship which helped to open Japan to the western world, was a Democrat. So was my great-grandfather, Commodore Arthur Sinclair who commanded the *Congress*, the first frigate built by this nation."

The opposition tried to put him into quite another camp. Hadn't he boasted how much his books were read in Russia? Wasn't he making money out of a picture by a Russian director—Eisenstein? In fact they happened to know that he was really a Russian Jew, born in Riga, and had changed his name from Sinklerovitch to Sinclair. Stalin, to hear the Better American Federation tell the DONMAR (Daughters of No More American Revolutions), was financing his California campaign direct from Moscow, sending one hundred thousand dollars a month to old Comrade Sinklerovitch.

All this bilge, because a writer saw that the battle between Democracy and Big Business which began after the Civil War had got to the point where one was all set to destroy the other.

And what was this EPIC plan? Briefly, Roosevelt's NIRA sprayed with the perfume of California's orange blossoms—and possibly a bit more workable in that it's confined to a smaller area and has 800 clubs throughout the state already working out the details from below, which assures democratic control.

The million unemployed will be set up in colonies to do the work they did before, but whatever they produce will be consumed by themselves. They will not be in competition with the capitalist order, any more than the socialist fire department is in competition with a capitalist hotel. But they *will* be taken out of bread lines and off the backs of taxpayers.

They are free to enter the colonies or not as they like, but as Sinclair believes that modern conditions of production have permanently retired one-quarter of our workers and that these will never again be re-absorbed in the old capitalist system, he can't see these workers refusing the security his colonies offer them.

This is in line with certain Roosevelt policies. Of course most candidates these days take refuge in the statement that they are behind Roosevelt. That's the trouble with them, says Sinclair. They're

Continued on page 179

MARTELL'S
COGNAC *Brandy*
"Three Star"

MARTELL
VERY OLD
PALE
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC
CONTENTS 1 PINT 8 FL. OZS. - ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 84

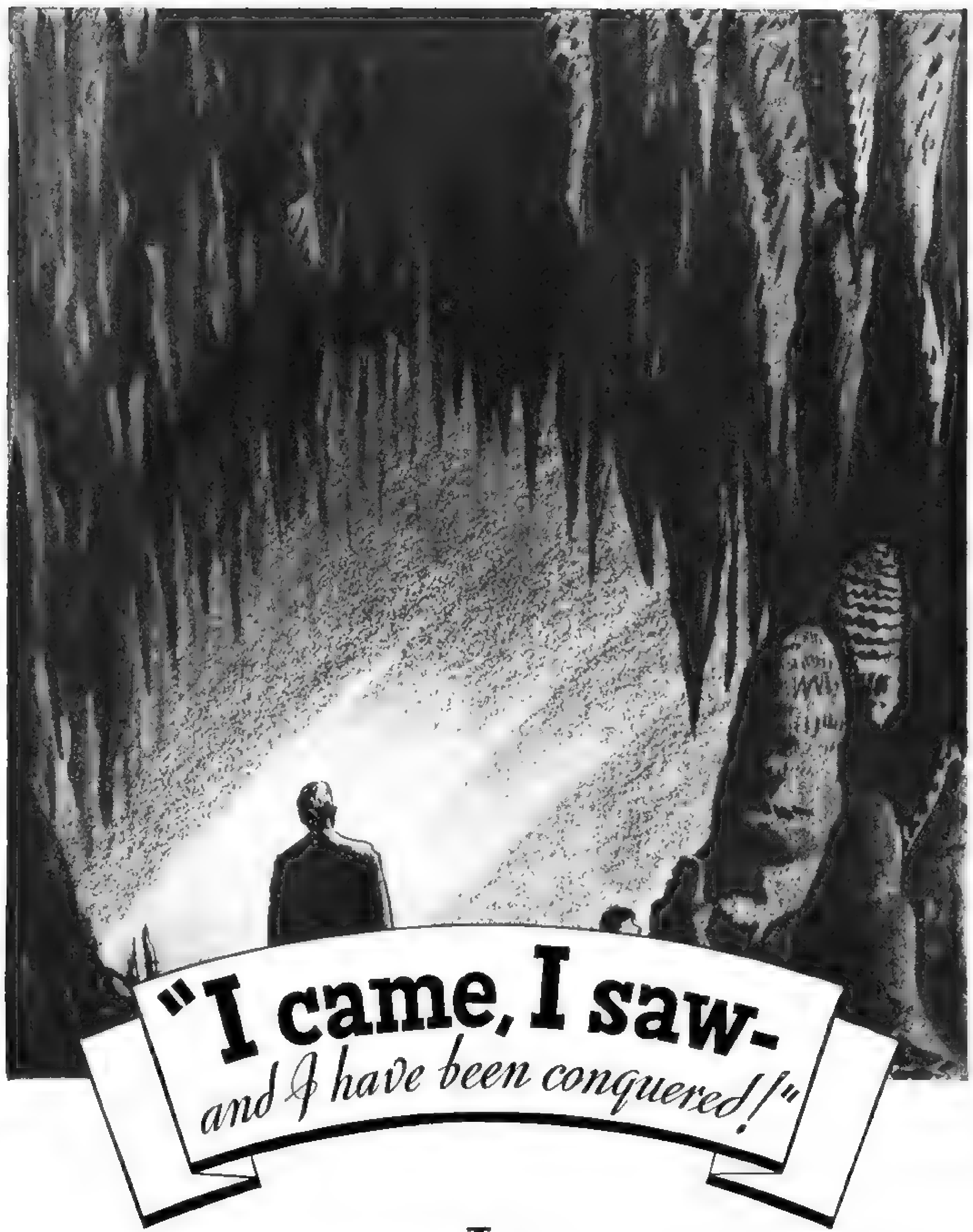
The world's standard of quality for over two hundred years

◖ BOTTLED IN COGNAC, FRANCE, SINCE 1715 ◗

At all leading Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants and Retail Stores

An interesting illustrated booklet—"The Return to An Old Custom"—will be sent on request

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORPORATION, 485 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Exclusive U. S. Representative.


"I came, I saw-
and I have been conquered!"

In his column in the Chicago *Daily News,* Howard Vincent O'Brien wrote: *Everyone said I must see the caves of Carlsbad—they were "wonderful", "marvelous" and what not. But I had seen caves, and I wasn't especially keen to see another one.*

However, I came, I saw—and I have been conquered!

I shall not attempt to describe what I saw. I couldn't if I used all the adjectives of awe and immensity. These caverns are simply not to be rendered in any language...

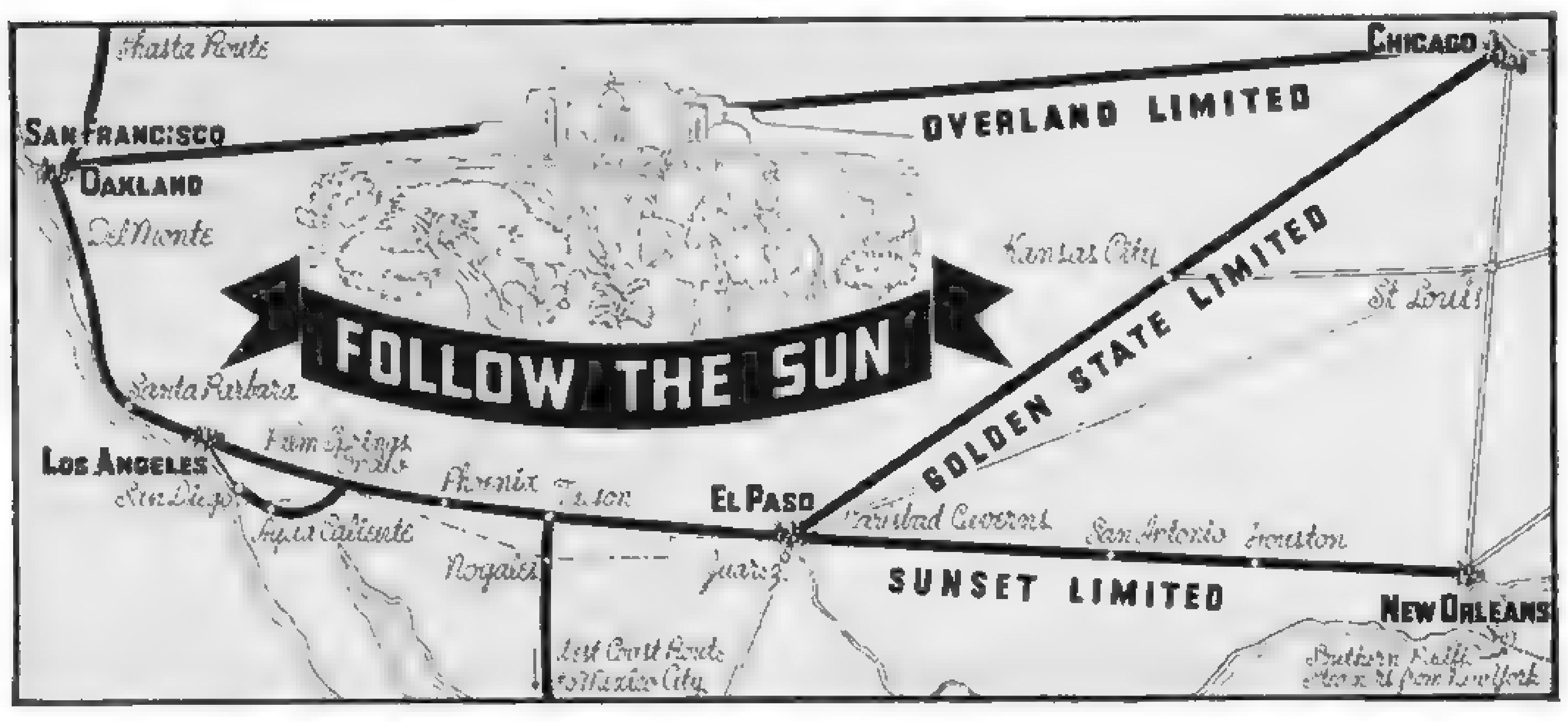
Carlsbad Caverns are reached by comfortable motor coaches from El Paso, on the main line of our Sunset Limited and Golden State Limited to California (see map below). The trip takes only a day's extra time.

FOLLOW THE SUN TO CALIFORNIA Our Sunset Limited and Golden State Limited follow the southernmost routes to California, the sunniest routes in winter. You'll enjoy the western hospitality on these trains, the modern Pullmans, the quiet, dust-free air-conditioned cars and the many other travel luxuries for which you pay *no extra fare.* Starting last December 1, Pullman charges out west were cut a third. Winter rail fares are on a new low basis.

DESERT RESORTS SOUTHERN ARIZONA We have the fastest trains to Phoenix, Tucson and Douglas, headquarters for Southern Arizona's popular winter guest ranches. We have the only trains directly serving the California desert resorts at Indio and Palm Springs. If you are interested in a sunny winter vacation, we'll be glad to send you our booklets—"Guest Ranches", "Southern California Desert Resorts", "Carlsbad Caverns".

For booklets mentioned here, or any other information on a trip west, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. Z-11, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago. Offices in other principal cities.

Southern Pacific



The Listening Post

Continued from page 132

it is difficult to choose between them. There is the first duet of Casilda and Luiz, as well as their later "There was a time," with its repeated "Ah, woe is me" and the beautifully harmonized refrain "Oh, bury, bury." There is the parting song of the Gondoliers' sweethearts, Tessa and Gianetta, and the solo of the latter, "When a merry maiden marries," which may or may not have inspired "Love's old sweet song." There is the lilting tenor solo in the second act, "Take a pair of sparkling eyes," and finally there is the Mozartian Gavotte, surely one of the best melodies that ever came out of England.

But the patter songs are equally impressive, led by that scintillating, titillating, aggravating ditty of the Duke of Plaza-Toro. Its music has been known for years to most of the male population of the world through the pornographic classic, "Christopher Columbo," and what higher compliment can you pay a tune than to use it for a dirty song?

Martyn Green, who plays the Duke, is a model of agility with his tongue as well as his legs, and one can forgive him if he let himself go a bit in the direction of burlesque by the time the third and fourth encore of the Gavotte had been reached. Leslie Rands, who sings the important "Rising early in the morning," is also a master of the pitter-patter style, and, like all the Savoyards, seems able to sing while dancing freely.

The chorus itself gave a fine exhibition of rapid-fire singing in "The Gondoliers," especially when the stirring Cachucha came along; and there was perfection of detail, in harmony as well as enunciation, in all the smaller ensembles, including that remarkable piece of contrapuntal writing, the quartet beginning "In a contemplative fashion" and running into an orgy of musical cross-word puzzles.

Sydney Granville, the Grand Inquisitor of "The Gondoliers," is another expert in the musical utterance of words, with a face and a manner at times suggesting our own De Wolf Hopper. (But thank God he never offered to recite that great cricket poem, "W. G. Grace at the Bat.") Bouquets belong also to Derek Oldham, the tenor Gondolier, whose style and stage presence are superior to his vocal quality, and to Dorothy Gill, a dignified and voluminously bosomed Duchess, later heard as Ruth in "The Pirates," the Fairy Queen in "Iolanthe," and Little Buttercup in "Pinafore."

If the public were allowed to pick a favorite, however, it would probably be Marjorie Eyre, the soubrette, who made a ravishing Tessa, but was content with lesser parts in the later productions. Her singing and playing were balanced by Muriel Dickson as Gianetta, and Eileen Moody left little to be desired as Casilda. As Mabel in "The Pirates," Kathleen Frances displayed a light coloratura voice of real charm, and the minor feminine roles were always well taken.

Of the remaining men, Darrell Fancourt and John Dean deserve mention. They appeared with Mr. Green in a first American performance of the curtain-raiser, "Cox and Box," which amateurs have played in its dramatic form all over the world (generally with the names reversed). There is even a negro version, which was used by the old minstrel companies.

"Cox and Box" proved an interesting museum piece, not to be taken too seriously. Its outstanding number is a lullaby addressed to a piece of bacon on the grill.

So the Savoyards have brought us novelty as well as tradition. They have driven the confirmed Gilbert-and-Sullivanites into ecstasies of delight with the polished brilliance of their performances, but they have also brought new worshipers to the shrine, who in the past may have wondered uneasily if all this hullabaloo over simple tunes and old-fashioned words might not be something of a pose after all. Such questions have been settled by the honest enjoyment of honest interpretations of an art whose integrity can no longer be questioned.

Grace Moore, once of the Music Box and later of the Metropolitan Opera, has become established as an outstanding singer of the screen through her first important picture, hypocritically called "One Night of Love." It represents perhaps the best mechanical reproduction of the human voice yet heard in a theatre, and fortunately the voice itself is well worth reproducing.

But why is an operatic prima donna who is obviously a high lyric soprano shown singing Carmen, a mezzo or contralto role? Miss Moore is told by her teacher to sing high C, and immediately guaranteed a success as Carmen of all people, while a rival singer refers in one breath to her "Rigoletto" (necessarily a coloratura role) and in the next to Carmen once more. When Miss Moore actually sings the Habanera, she is a very nice American girl.

There are similar but worse mistakes all through the musical novel, "Love Song," by Rupert Hughes, who has written both a dictionary and a history of music and should know better. He not only has Lucrezia Bori sing the coloratura role of Lucia, which is not in her repertoire, but he quotes an oboe player as referring to his solo at the start of the last act of "Tristan und Isolde," which happens to be written for the English horn. Finally, after panning the New York critics plentifully, Mr. Hughes lets his heroine advertise the reviews of her concert by both Perkins and Gilman, who write for the same paper, the Herald-Tribune.

In CHICAGO
A *Luxurious* HOME...
AN *Hospitable* CLUB...
A *Sportsman's* PARADISE...
All Under One Roof

An Outstanding Club With All The Facilities of a Fine Hotel

More than 400 luxuriously appointed Rooms and Suites with every modern convenience . . . For transient guests . . . Men, Women, and Families.

$3 Single—$5 Double

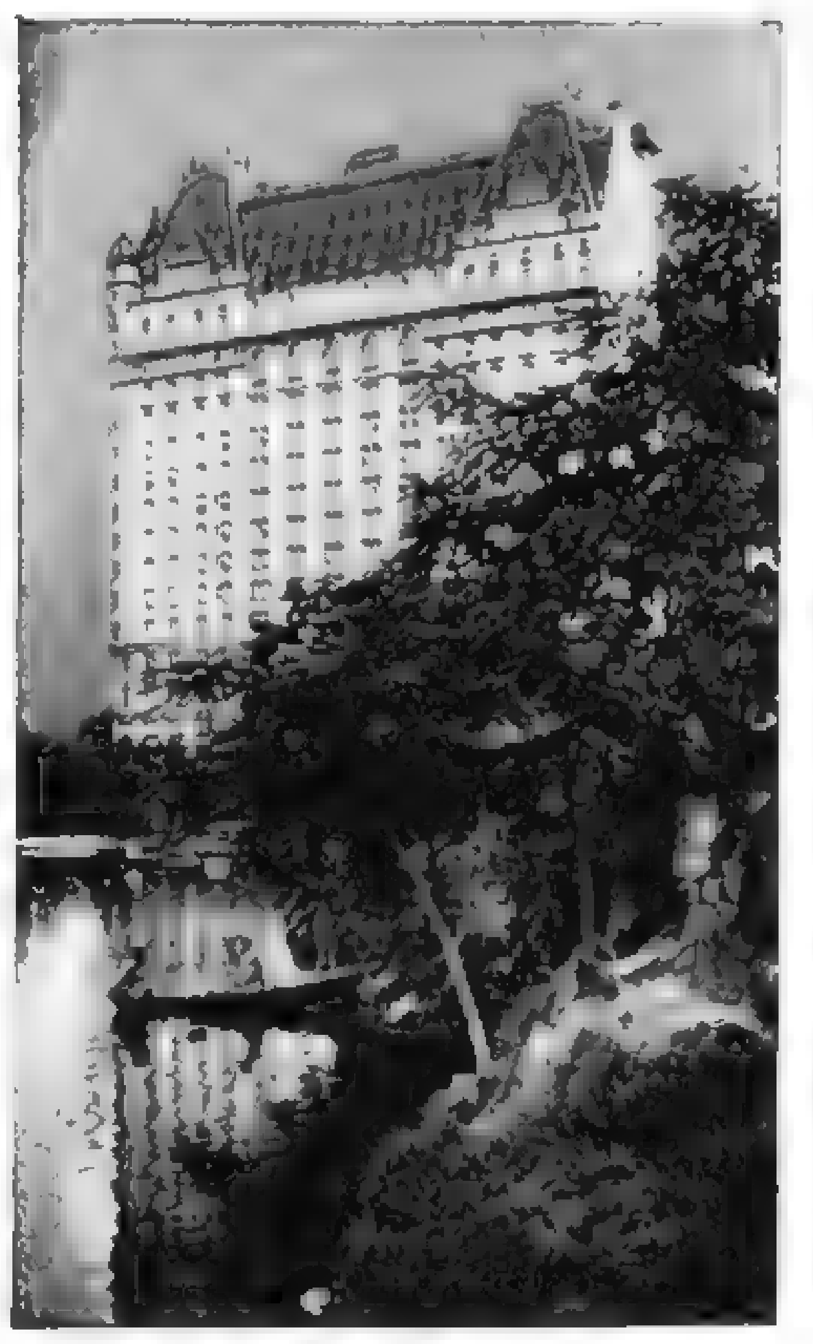
●

CLUB PRIVILEGES
Available to Guests
Swimming Pool, Men's Health Baths, Ladies' Health Baths, Billiard Room, Golf Course, Gymnasium, Handball Courts, Rifle Range, Bowling Alleys

MEDINAH
CLUB *of Chicago*
505 NORTH MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

Dinner Dancing NIGHTLY
Address Reservations to H. G. PHILLIPS Business Manager

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY



AT THE PLAZA
Central Park your garden . . . your room large and elegantly appointed . . . a cuisine which acknowledges no rival . . . quietly efficient staff . . . fine shops, theatres, Radio City, all but a few steps from our very door . . . the cost . . . a pleasant surprise . . . Single rooms from $5. Double from $7. Suites begin at $10. Experience New York at its best.

THE NEW PERSIAN ROOM
The De Marcos in costume dances
Emil Coleman and his dance orchestra

The PLAZA *New York*
Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director
John D. Owen, Manager
FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

A Gentleman's Game

Continued from page 58

tenderly. "Not after what he's done. Not after what he's survived. Not after the valiant battle he's made against what, at times and in places, is called civilization."

No smile there. He was bitter. He crowded tobacco into pipe bowl.

"He's the stalwart of stalwarts!" the Doctor declared. "He scorns adaptation. He won't shift to new foods and ranges as, say, the prairie chicken has. He was created for certain of this and certain of that. He sticks to his setting. It's . . . it's Spartan."

The match flared and he puffed quickly to have it done so a point might be made.

"We've narrowed his range, shoved him north, leaving him only fragments of habitat to the south and eastward. We pursue him in those isolated patches of covert; predators harry him and disease assails him, probably, until he barely occurs where once he was abundant. He's gone at last, people will tell you, in those places. He used to be there, they'll say, but he's gone. We haven't seen more than one or two for half a decade, they'll tell you . . . And then, between seasons, he's back! The remnant has survived and gotten another breath and dug in and multiplied. That's defiance!" he said.

"That's character," he said, and the Drummer would have looked blank, hearing.

He gazed into the deep swamp, thinking an interval.

"We've left him nothing much but a land of hard winter for range. He won't migrate. He's the only native upland game bird we have who's never been known to compromise with winter. Snow. Sleet. Zero. Food shortage. He takes them all . . . Until one considers such items, missing a fair shot *is* annoying," he said.

A chickadee flitted in a balsam; a lone black duck squawked overhead. A bee, stimulated by the noonward sun, buzzed.

The dog watched us, curbing impatience as one of breeding should.

"Think of what winter alone does to grouse," he said as if to himself. "In Michigan they've checked up on winter shrinkage on a typical area. Forty-five per cent!" he said.

"Between November and April half of them perish. Tough to miss one that survives winter? Hardly! Let's go on . . ."

He wiped his brow and squinted at the sun and remarked that it was noon.

He ate his sandwiches slowly, and talked the while. We counted, from memory, the number of birds encountered of which we had taken but one.

"Below the average," he said, "but enough . . . Enough. At the most, in real grouse country like this, the gun scarcely makes an impression.

"If the guns take ten per cent they're killing heavily. Watch it over a period. It'll seldom run higher.

"The gun doesn't matter to the grouse. Not materially," he said, almost as if on the defensive. "Praise be, it doesn't," he said. "Facts help rationalize the pursuit of such a wholly admirable creature.

"And the cycle of abundance justifies our taking them. In moderation, I mean. You and I, we may as well take them as leave them here to disappear in the cyclic lows.

"The gun isn't a factor," he said for the third time. "Along the south shore of Lake Superior is some of the most magnificent ruffed grouse range left," he said, "and I can take you to townships, almost, where no partridge is killed by man year in and year out. Yet they all but disappeared on the last low.

"That was in 'twenty-six. They all but disappeared," he said, "and came back in thousands. Doesn't that justify our taking them? Or doesn't it?"

His own dilemma amused him.

I hazarded a guess or two as to factors influencing the cycle.

The Doctor shrugged. "A multiplicity of things. Maybe sun spots. I'm serious. Maybe the changing relative amounts of ultra violet, basically. Tularemia has been found, but not generally. Wet nesting seasons, predators, parasites . . . Many things. Some day we'll know.

"And, when we do, what? Can the bad influences be controlled? The grouse, he's no bird to service and manage as the pheasant and Hungarian can be handled. It would be out of the question, managing big country like this for a bird like this.

"New York has at long last reared them in captivity, but what of it? Practicability and costs remain to be determined. And then, what of it?"

His eye hardened with conviction.

"Sacrilegious, to hand-rear a bird who's battled so nobly and then release him for the guns!" he said, and a little creep went down my spine.

The Drummer, now, wouldn't have gotten that at all . . .

He lowered his long body to his back, locking the fine surgeon's hands beneath his head.

"All he needs is a chance," he said. "No further curtailment of his range, complete protection from guns when the downward dip becomes pronounced; perhaps some planting of food and covert here and there.

"The dip has started," he said. "You'll hear your grouse-shooting friends comment on it this autumn. By 'thirty-five the dip may become a plunge.

"Then for a year or two or possibly three we'll be rid of the com-

Continued on page 184

CONVENIENT
MODERN
REASONABLE

Had passing generations of Philadelphia's city fathers said to each other, "Let us *plan* our historic shrines, businesses, amusements, and leading stores, so that eventually ONE hotel may be equally accessible to all"—they couldn't have done better for the Benjamin Franklin... Modern, also, in method, make-up and management... Service never too perfect to bow gracefully to the whims of those it serves... and to a livelier modern tempo, add the very persuasive appeal of not paying top rates.

1200 Outside Rooms
1200 Modern Baths
Single Rooms from $3.50
Double Rooms from $5.00

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
CHESTNUT AND NINTH STREETS
PHILADELPHIA
E. LESLIE SEFTON, MANAGING DIRECTOR
●
THE LARGEST UNIT IN THE UNITED HOTELS CHAIN

The Gillman
A staunch mirror-like Cordovan, with the new Spring Heel. $14⁰⁰

FROM generation to generation, from prep school and college into the business and professional worlds . . . Frank Brothers men's shoes have been accepted as the highest standard of shoe excellence for nearly a century.

Frank Brothers
FOOTWEAR, INC.
588 FIFTH AVENUE
Bet. 47th and 48th Sts., New York

KENNETT BRIAR
(Made in England)

COOL
as a cucumber

LIGHT
as a feather

SWEET
as a nut

ONE SIZE • ONE SHAPE • ONE PRICE
$5⁰⁰

MM IMPORTING CO. Inc.
515 Madison Avenue, New York

I enclose $5 for a Kennett Briar (carriage prepaid.)

Name..

Address..

A Gentleman's Game

Continued from page 183

pulsion of justifying what occupies us today . . ."

He closed his eyes and we talked indolently of this and that.

Mid-day warmth is brief in grouse country. We went on soon, which pleased the setter beyond words. Birds were scattered and scarce until the drop of the sun became noticeable.

The Doctor killed one and again we handled and discussed and admired. I took another, feeding in white clover. We were swinging back to close our day-long circle by then and came on more cherries. They were there, five under one tree, seeking the dried and fallen fruit but they flushed wildly ahead of the dog because the ridge was open.

Later, in wet poplars, I missed. And the Doctor missed. He dropped his second and I matched him as the sun touched the tree-tops and evening's chill breath came pleasantly upon the land.

An old chopping was crossed and we followed the faint track of an ancient tote road. The setter cast ahead, showing up, worked to the left, swung back, puzzled, dropped behind us and stood.

His nose was toward us. The bracken grew densely there and the dog, standing on a little knoll, said a bird was in the tangle.

"He's there, Doctor!" the dog said, without movement of a lash. He seemed not to breathe, there on his small eminence. "He's there, Doctor!" he said.

"He's down in that tangle. Between us," he said. "It'll be an open shot because the poplars are sixty yards away," he said. "Come toward me," he said, "and you *can't* miss!"

We went toward him, stepping carefully, guns at ready. The dead bracken rustled harshly about ankles and shins.

The bird stormed out. He broke into view not a dozen feet from the dog, not fifteen paces from us. He was headed for the swamp timber beyond the poplars. He had no cover.

No tree or stub or stump, even, to dodge behind, so he flew at the dog.

I say, he flew at the motionless, pointing dog! He flew as if he would hurl himself into the dog's face! He flew with a roar and a flutter, thunder-loud by contrast with the late day's silence. He flew as if he would smother the dog's nose in feathers!

What dog could stand that? The Doctor's setter couldn't. He broke point as the bird lifted over his head and reared to his hind legs and snapped savagely at the streaking grouse but his teeth clicked on air and he whimpered in amazement as he watched his quarry speed on.

In a blur of wings, banking and dipping, the bird pitched low. He pitched, I'm telling you, down behind that dog on his little knoll. He went down until you'd think his primaries would brush the ground as he flew.

He skimmed, he hugged the earth and the Doctor and I held fire an instant because the dog was there, right in our line of fire.

We held fire that instant and yet one more and then . . . the grouse was out of range!

I turned, wordless, to my companion. I'd thought I'd seen all the tricks grouse had in the bag, but never before had I seen a dog used as a screen!

The Doctor's hat came off. His laughter covered the slap of wings as the partridge threaded the distant poplars to safety.

"Bravo!" he cried. "Bravo, brave bird!" he cried and his eyes were crinkled and his words were broken by laughter. "Uncover in salute!" he cried and I obeyed the command gladly.

The dog went on, a bit flustered but ready to make amends. We stood there an interval in excited talk and then the Doctor ejected the shells from his gun and pocketed them decisively.

"We've birds," he said, and we walked the last half mile with unloaded weapons in our hands . . .

The Drummer's car stood parked at the makeshift hotel in the little town. He had been present last evening when we arrived and at breakfast also. He was at the door to greet us, too swankily dressed, too affable, with too many gold teeth.

"Good luck?" he asked, in his moist and jovial voice.

Excellent! he was told. Excellent, indeed.

"But you've be'n places, I'll say," he said. "You both look all in! How far, for God's sake, did you walk?"

I attempted to calculate; so many hours, so many miles an hour.

"My God! You birds must be screwy to work like that. But where's all your game?" he asked.

The Doctor was taking his brace of birds from his coat. I took mine out also.

Two brace; four birds, lying on the cracked little cigar case, the Doctor smoothing the rumpled plumage down gently.

"My God!" the Drummer exploded. "Only four birds? You'd walk all them miles for four dinky little birds and call it a good time? My God!" he said and might have said more but for the Doctor's look.

One doesn't explain or define a look like that. It's neither this nor that, nor still the other. But it withers.

"Yes," said the Doctor, as if absently agreeing to something. "Yes, indeed," he said as if the Drummer could never hope to understand.

"You see," he said, "it's a gentleman's game."

He hung up his coat, then, and led the tired setter to his reward at the kitchen door.

Pigs ain't always pigs!

$10
Button-front, $8.95

Block Bilt

PIGGRAIN COATS
have no squeal, let's be honest about it. They're genuine leather in a simulated pigskin finish, right down to the last bristle-mark. Like every BLOCK-BILT Leather Coat, famous for service that satisfies—and cost far less than real pigskin. If your dealer can't supply you, send us your size and color preference (Natural or Walnut) and we'll forward in care of your favorite store.

★ ★ ★

Give a Leather Jacket for Christmas! For him or for her, BLOCK-BILT and DEL MONTE stand for quality and value!

H. & L. BLOCK
Specialists in Leather Sportswear
SAN FRANCISCO

Let's Go *Native!*

IF you like super-streamlined bodies, night life, casinos and sophistication . . . there's MEXICO CITY.

But IF you're aching for a respite from this mad age in which we live . . .

IF you seek a happy antidote for the pace of 20th century living . . . take your choice of these:

LAKE PATZCUARO. In a primitive Indian dugout canoe you'll explore quaint fishing villages.

URUAPAN. Complete rest in an unspoiled semi-tropic paradise . . . home of famed lacquer ware and feminine beauty.

JALAPA and TEXOLO FALLS. Relax midst myriad orchids in the very shadow of 19,000-foot Mt. Orizaba. Land of oranges, coffee, bananas, waterfalls.

Comfortable hotels in all three districts. See your TRAVEL AGENT today for a Mexico itinerary that's off the beaten path.

NATIONAL RAILWAYS
of MEXICO
201 N. Wells Bldg., Chicago

MEXICO

300,000 beam candle-power

"BEAMOLITE"
"See-a-Mile-Away"
Finest—*Most Powerful*
AUTOMOBILE-MOTOR BOAT SPOTLIGHT
Ever Made

Send $18
Full Chrome $25

Write for descriptive folder giving complete information

The Port-a-Lite Co., 72 Arrow St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 14

S & F IS A SAFETY VALVE

Esquire is the magazine that, in my own estimation, comes nearest to that which the college student considers a good magazine. Its editorial tastes seem to be those of the younger Americans who are quite sick of the usual quasi-pulp magazines on the market.

I have but one complaint to make; the American magazine reader is obliged to find fault with even his favorite. Couldn't you find it possible to eliminate the department known as *The Sound and the Fury?* It seems to me that this correspondence department is the only thing that you have in common with such rags as *Liberty, Argosy,* etc. Please keep out of the class of monstrosities like these! Such a move will, let us hope, get rid of the worst of all show-offs, the literary.

Yours truly,
Frank McGurk
Webster Springs, W. Va.

ESQUIRE IN A SICKROOM

I wrote you a few weeks ago and asked you to discontinue sending me your wonderful, brave, and interesting publication.

I want to say, as we say in Court "off the record," that I have traveled 214,000 miles up and down this great Pacific Coast in the last twenty-five years, and I am fifty-one years old, and have never had a sick day in my life. Recently, on my last trip, somehow I caught neuritis from the wind that comes up from the bottom of the car in the front seat, and have been very ill.

The Doctors started their usual procedure, giving me prescriptions written in a foreign language, which I never knew nor ever will know what they contained. They have not brains enough to cure people, and in order to take money from the poor public they prescribe prescriptions in a foreign language, so that the public will never know that they are giving them poison. I had a beautiful home, and was apparently well taken care of—which I am not now—and they tried to poison me. However, I will never let another one of them touch me as long as I live, and neither will my friends who know about it. In spite of them I am getting well, and I have thrown every pill, prescription, and creosote away. Never Again! Therefore I am getting well! The pain is gone! I can stand up and I can sleep.

What I intended telling you was that when I was ill, perspiring hour after hour, with a terrific pain, and could not sleep at all, your magazine was the only one that kept me interested and gave me a laugh, which I tell you was very much needed. At four in the morning, your wonderful magazine gave me a laugh with the wonderful stories and articles.

Rescind my former order, and I am enclosing my check for a renewal of my subscription for the coming year.

Again, I want to congratulate you upon your splendid magazine, out of which a real man can get a laugh, and which is not a women's magazine.

With best wishes for continued success, I am

Very truly yours,
San Francisco, Calif. F. D. Wismer

ENIGMA vs. PETREL

On Page 40 of your September Issue was a most interesting and salty yarn, *Mother Carey's Chicken*, but, in justice to truth versus fiction, there is a true story even more dramatic than the adventure of the *Petrel* and even more worthy of the author's able pen.

The Schooner *Enigma*, in an equally violent storm, by doing half as much as the *Petrel*, achieved results twice as dramatic. In other words, in a violent storm the schooner made one-half of the *Petrel's* complete circle and came to rest upside down with the crew imprisoned in the cabin of the vessel.

The story of how the men with only one hatchet chopped through the cabin bulkhead into the ship's hold and then chopped through the bottom of the ship and emerged on the keel and for seven days stayed on the bottom of the upturned boat, during which one of their number died and one went insane, makes a hair-curling tale.

This story is told in a book entitled *True Tales of the Sea* by the late Edward C. Plummer, Vice-Chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

Very truly yours,
San Francisco, Calif. Tirey L. Ford

LOOK OUT, LIBRARIANS!

I read with interest Theodore Pratt's *Women and Adults Not Allowed*, and it brought to mind sophomoric years in college (never mind how long ago) when I browsed around in the library of the institution. They have secret rooms in libraries, too.

One of the books I unearthed I remember vividly. It contained a description and pictures of the articles in the Secret Museum of the National Museum at Naples. It was in French, which language I was struggling to learn at that time. Therefore, what the descriptions may have been, I don't know; but the pictures were sufficiently clear.

I was rather surprised to read that Pratt knew of no book in any language with any description or illustrations of that room. For his information and for any of your readers who might be interested (if you care to pass it on), I got in touch with the librarian of that library. He has supplied me with the title and author of the book I had seen.

It is Vol. VIII of a set of eight bearing the title:

Herculaneum et Pompei
Recueil Général des Peintures,
Bronzes, Mosaiques, etc.
M. Henri Roux Ainé
Paris, 1840
Librairie de Firmin Didot Fréres.

Hoping that I have been of service to Mr. Pratt, Esquire or its readers, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
George W. Hart
New Brunswick, N. J.

SUNLIGHT AND EILSHEMIUS

Like Harry Salpeter who wrote your good article on Eilshemius, the painter, my interest in American art is largely a result of the depression. I too, when my finances allowed, have acquired a "very, very occasional oil." In fact I now own three oil paintings and as two of them are by Eilshemius I wish you had illustrated your article with a reproduction of one of that strange old man's pictures. If you had selected the one in the Metropolitan Museum or any of his early landscapes it would have served to clinch Salpeter's claim that "they are the kind of pictures the average un-arty American can understand and like." But you would also have shown how wrong your author is in saying that there is very little sun in Eilshemius' pictures. In his later, queerer, more publicized paintings, yes; but look at his "Central Park at 72nd Street" now in the Carnegie International Exhibition at Pittsburgh. (Mine, by the way.) Or stand in front of the Metropolitan's "Delaware Water Gap Village" for two minutes. *There* is sunlight! Not the blaze of and bluster of Van Gogh's sun, but the quiet, palpable radiance of summer air which no academician ever manages to express and which not even the late great Inness ever did any better than little old Mr. Eilshemius.

Better still, go up and call on the lonely old man some time, tell him you published something to the effect that there wasn't much sunlight in his pictures and see what he says.

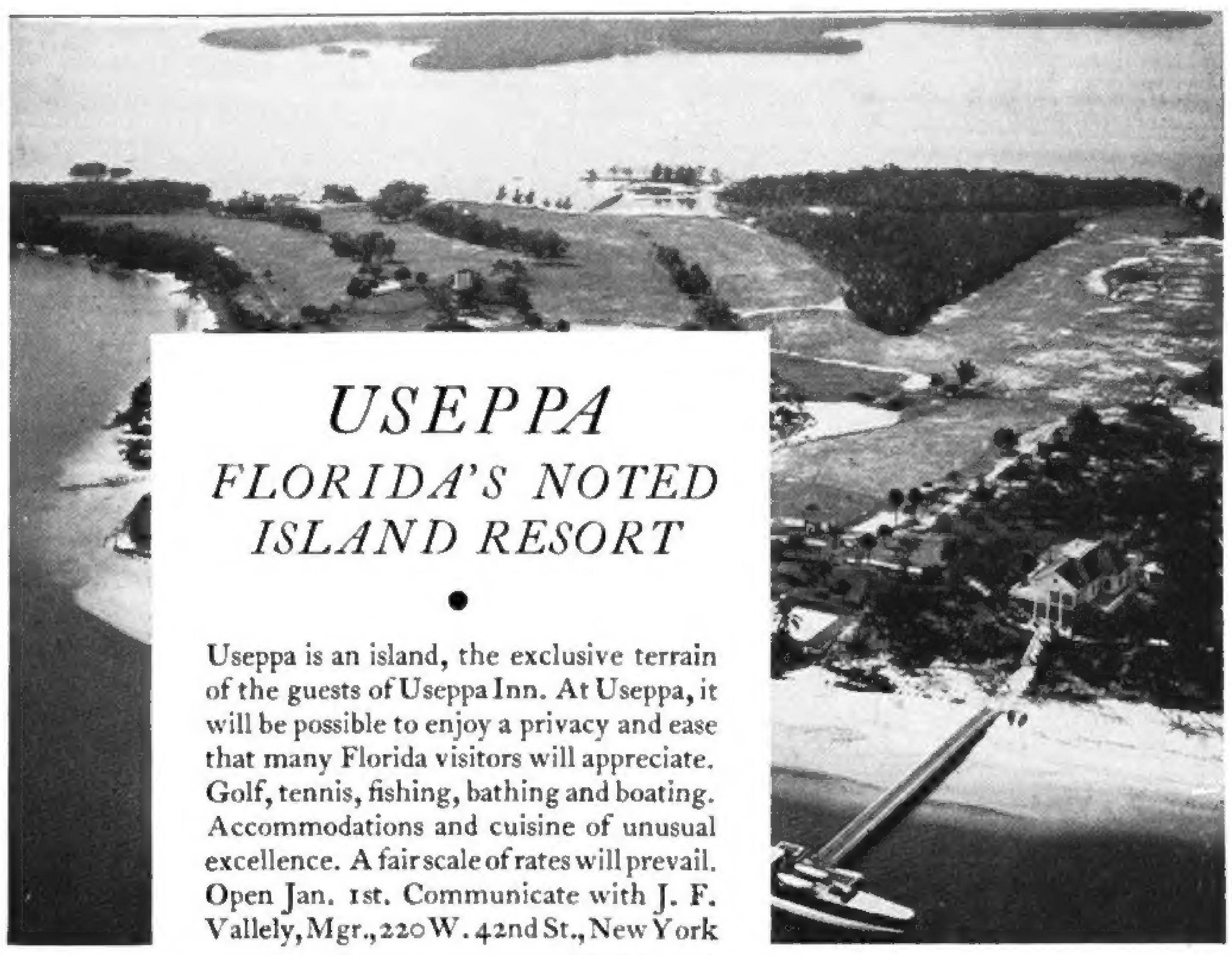
G. W. B. Hartwell
Boston, Mass.

MINT SETTLES MATTER OF WIFE AND BREATH

CRYST-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
CRYSTAL COOL PEPPERMINTS
LIFE SAVER

Your glass of beer will tell no tales if followed by these minty Life Savers. They're really "wife-savers". Try 'em!

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER!



USEPPA
FLORIDA'S NOTED ISLAND RESORT

●

Useppa is an island, the exclusive terrain of the guests of Useppa Inn. At Useppa, it will be possible to enjoy a privacy and ease that many Florida visitors will appreciate. Golf, tennis, fishing, bathing and boating. Accommodations and cuisine of unusual excellence. A fair scale of rates will prevail. Open Jan. 1st. Communicate with J. F. Vallely, Mgr., 220 W. 42nd St., New York

CHAS. HARRIS

The "Man in the Barrel" says:

Arrow Shirts now have a space for marking with Cash's Names. But whether you wear Arrow or any other make CASH'S NAMES will save laundry losses, positively identify you and your wearables. Don't lose your clothes—mark them with Cash's Names. Easily attached with Cash's NO-SO Cement.

Order from your Haberdasher or Department Store or write

Cash's

254 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or
6227 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal.

TRIAL OFFER: *Send 15c for 1 dozen of your own first name and sample tube of NO-SO cement.*

CASH'S NAMES } 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. 9 " 2.00 12 " 3. NO-SO Cement } 25¢ a tube

To the EXECUTIVE
Whose Signature Is Required on Advertising Contracts

Watch That Wish!

In school we learned, "The wish is father to the thought." Later we suspected that sometimes emotions might be wishes in disguise. Now the psychologist explains: "The strongest emotion is a wish."

There is a special kind of thinking known as "Wish-Thinking," which we are told is based on a *wish*, rather than on the *facts* of a situation.

Wish-Thinking claims its victims more readily in time of stress. Clear-headed and normal in other respects, the Wish-Thinker ignores the most obvious facts.

Perhaps you have recognized some such traits in those about you. The member of a large manufacturing concern, for example, who even now likes to think of his product as associated exclusively with an idealized consumer who is forever moving in an environment of luxury.

In this form of Wish-Thinking, what obvious facts are ignored?

Fact No. 1: The very existence of his business today depends upon *Volume.*

Fact No. 2: No matter how proud he may be of his "Class" users, there just aren't enough of them to support *Volume.*

Fact No. 3: Right now the buying power of the nation rests squarely in the hands of the Earner-families.

Fact No. 4: These Earners represent *the sole source of volume sales.*

Fact No. 5: Even in 1930, 98% of all incomes were less than $5,000.

Fact No. 6: The profit per sale is the same whether the purchaser's income be $2,000 or $200,000.

No amount of expert wishing can alter these facts.

Today there is only one place in the United States where this vast army of earners gathers every day, twice a day . . . and that is in the street cars. These street car riders are YOUR *Volume* audience: the Class of the Mass, the Millions who have the Millions.

Elsewhere, you may reach "fractions" of them, at higher cost: but only in street cars can you reach *all* of them, *directly, intimately, frequently*—and at a lower cost than in any other one medium or combination of mediums.

More than ever before, Car Advertising is today *Concentrated Buying Power* . . . the kind of concentration that only Volume can give to a Volume product.

W. S. B.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.
220 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK

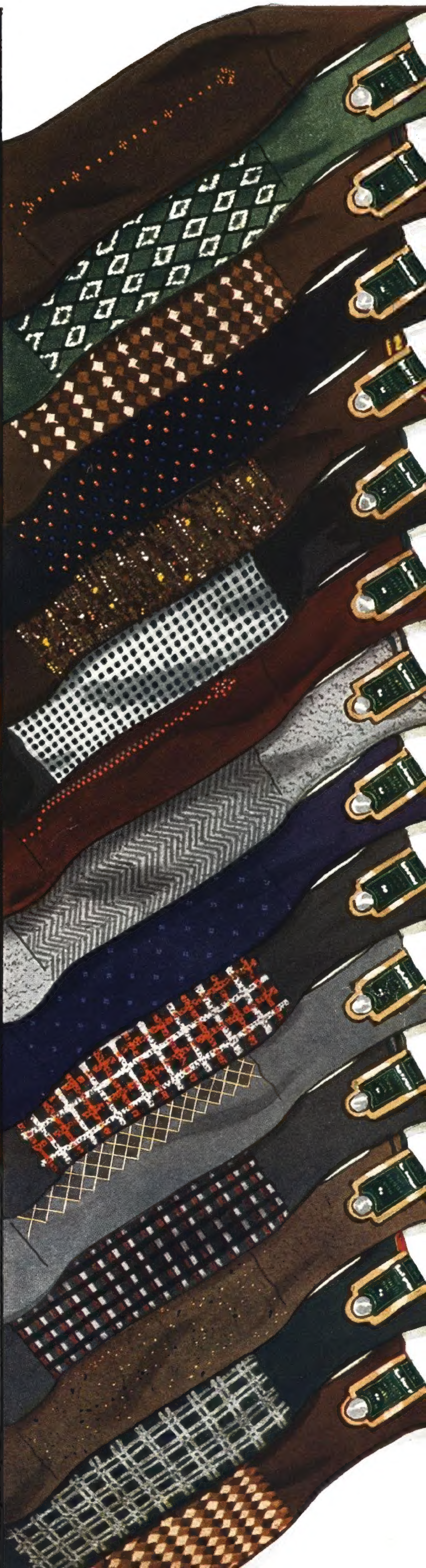
PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Interwoven

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copyright 1934 Interwoven Stocking Co.

G. G. Shepherd



WHERE COMFORT AND EASE COUNT

At the Club . . at the Games . . in Town . . in Country . . you will see fashionably correct men wearing Interwoven Socks. These fine . . smooth-fitting . . longer-wearing socks come in hundreds of attractive patterns . . as well as the correct solid shades. Silks . . Lisles . . Lisle-lined wools. Interwoven Socks are seen everywhere . . that is, everywhere that particular men get together.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
The Cream of the Crop
The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves
They Taste Better!

Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Company